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IRISH LITERATURE

THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

From a photograph

It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the folk tales, folk songs, ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.

IRISH LITERATURE

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VOL. X.

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THE IRISH DRAMA.

In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.[1]

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

> "He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
> He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

[1] The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalle; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoise to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there 's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I 'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

> "I will go cry with the woman,
> For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
> With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
> And a white cloth on his head."

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

"There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow."

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

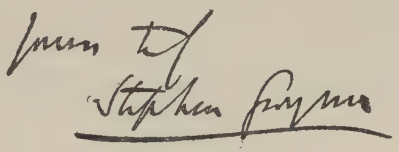
Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, "is at heart disinterested." What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, 'Rivers to the Sea,' was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats' Morality 'The Hornglass,' written like it in cadenced prose, and this by 'The King's Threshold' and 'The Shadowy Waters.' In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in 'The Shadowy Waters,' especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.



In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisin and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,

Sean-sgeuluigeacht, sean-abrain, rainn;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,

bluire as stair na h-éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,

sgéalta, dánta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-ugdaraib an lae indiu:

An nuaḋ-litriḋeact i nGaeḋeilg.

Ċiḋfiṁiḋ inran imleaḃar ḋeiṁiḋ reo, rompláiṫe ar Gnáṫ-Gaeḋeilg na ndaoine, mar ḋo ḃí sí aca in ran tá ċéad bliaḋan ro ḋo ċnaiḋ tarrainn, agus mar tá sí aca anoir. Ní'l act nuaḋ-Gaeḋeilg le fáġail ann ro, 7 caiṫfiḋ an leiġteoir a ḃreiṫeaṁnar féin ḋéanaṁ ar an dream-Gaeḋeilg le congnaṁ na n-airtriġeaḋ béarla ḋo ċuġamar inrna h-imleaḃraiḃ eile. Ni ċuġamaoid an dream-Gaeḋeilg ann ro, oir is ró ḋeacair a tuigsint ḋo aon duine nać ndearna ruiḋéaracт sheirialta innti.

Tá sséalta, aḃrán, 7 náiṫte na ndaoine féin, le fáġail inran leaḃar ro, 7 tá cuid móir ḋíoḃ ro sgríoḃta síor le sgolaiṁiḃ ó ḃéal na dream-daoine i n-Éirinn nár ċuig a ndeanga féin ḋo sgríoḃaḋ ná ḋo léiġeaḋ. Act tá cuid eile ḋe, agus is obair na sgríoḃnoir is ciarḋe i obair na sgríoḃnoir atá ag ḋéanaṁ litriḋeaċta nuaiḋe ḋo ṁuinntir na h-Éireann indiú, mar atá an t-Athair Peadar Ó Laoġaire, Seumar Ó Dúḃġaill, Conán Maol (Mac ui Ġeaġḋa), Páḋraig Ó Laoġaire, Tomár Ó h-Aoḋa, an t-Athair Ó Duinnín, Úna ni Ḟearġaille, "Tórna" 7 daoine eile.

Is an-ḋeacair an rud é béarla ceart blarḋa ḋo ċur ar Gaeḋeilg, óir is é mo ḃaramáil nać ḃruil aon dá ċeanga ar talaṁ na Criortuġeaċta is mó oirir eatorra féin 'ná iad. Agus cid go ḃruiliḋ a ċoṁ fada rin 'na fearaṁ ar an aon oileán, taoḃ le taoiḃ, is fíor-ḃeag an long d'fag ceann aca ar an gceann eile, agus is fíor-ḃeagán d'fóġluim na daoine labrar iad ó n-a ċéile.

Tá sgoilte na h-Éireann, faraor! fá sciúrnuġaḋ daoine d'a ḋtuig an Riaġaltar Sacranać an sciúrnuġaḋ orra, agus bí na daoine reó i scómnuiḋe i n-aġaiḋ na nGaeḋeal agus i n-aġaiḋ ceangaḋ na cine. Ní'l eólar ag duine ar bit aca uirri act oiread le aral no le bulóig. Tá ceathrar de na daoiniḃ reo 'na mbreiṫeaṁnaiḃ ó cúigeannaiḃ an duiġe, nać ḃruil pioc eólair aca ar oideaċar, act ó'r gnáṫ-obair leó daoine cionntaċa ḋo ḋaoraḋ, daorann riaḋ muinntir na h-Éireann, 'gá gcur fa ḃreiṫeaṁnar aineólair, fad a mbeaṫa, i dtaoiḃ na neiṫe bainear leó féin 7 le na dtír. Tá fear eile aca 'na uaċtaran ar Ċolairte na Trionóide—is fuaċ na nGaeḋeal an áit rin—agus tá cuid móir

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

We shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na n'aoinib-uairle raiḋḃe gan aon eólar rpeirialta aca ar rgoiltiḃ ná ar rgoluigeaḋt; agur do ḋoirmearg riaḋ Gaeḋeilg do ṁúnaḋ inrna rgoiltiḃ, no do labairt leir na rgoláirib, go ḋti tri no ceaḋar de ḃliaḋantaib ó foin. Tá aṫruġaḋ ann anoir, 7 go, ḋtugaiḋ Dia ḋúinn go mbéiḋ ré buan! Ni ṁearaim go raiḃ aon tír eile ar ḋalaṁ na Criortuigeaḋta riaṁ, a raiḃ a leiṫéid rin de rgannail le feicrint innti agur do bí i n-Éirinn—máigirtriḋe 7 máigirtreara rgoile nac raiḃ focal Gaeḋeilge aca, ag "múnaḋ"! páirtiḋe nac raiḃ focal béarla aca! Ni h-iongnaḋ gur ḋíbreaḋ amaċ rpiorad na litriḋeaḋta ar na ḋaoinib, agur gur ruaigeaḋ arta gaċ oiḋear, gliocar, criónaċt, agur rtuaim do ṫáinig anuar ċuca ó n-a rinnreamaib rompa. Aċt anoir,—mar ġeall ar Connaḋ na Gaeḋeilge—tá an Gaeḋeilg, ag teaċt ċuici féin arír; agur ir roilér é anoir, do'n doman ar fad, má tá Éire le ḃeiṫ 'na náirún ar leiṫ, no le ḃeiṫ 'na ruḋ ar ḃiṫ aċt 'na conḋae ġránna Sacranaiġ, (agur í ag déanaṁ aiṫrir go faon fann ruar an nóraiḃ na Sacranaċ) go gcaiṫiḋ rí iompóḋ ar a teangaiḋ féin arír 7 litriḋeaċt nuaḋ ċeapaḋ innti.

Agur tá Éire ag toruġaḋ ar rin do ḋéanaṁ ċeana féin, agur tá rompláiḋe ar a ḃruil rí o'á ḋéanaṁ inran leaḃar ro. Ni i ionnta ro go léir (obair na nḋeiċ mbliaḋan ro ċuaiḋ ḟarrainn) aċt céaḋ-ḃláṫa an earraiġ. Tá an Samraḋ le teaċt fór le congnaṁ Dé.

Riġ an Fásaiġ Ḋuiḃ.

Labrár O Floinn, ó Beul-áṫ-na-muice (Swinford i mBeurla) d'innir an rgeul ro do Phróinrias O Concúbair i mB'l'aṫluain, ó a ḃruair mire é.

Nuair bí O Concúbair 'na riġ ar Éirinn bí ré 'na ċómnuiḋe i Ráṫ-Cruaċáin Connaċt. Bí aon mac amáin aige, aċt nuair d'fár ré ruar, bí ré riaḋáin, agur níor ḟeud an riġ rmaċt do ċur air; mar ḃeiḋeaḋ a ḋoil féin aige inr gaċ uile niḋ.

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, "teaching" (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Conor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the "Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach."—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Conor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Aon maiḋin amáin ċuaiḋ ré amaċ,

A ċú le na ċoir
A ṡeaḃac ar a ḃoir.
A'r a ċapall bneáġ ouḃ o'á iomċar,

agur o'imċiġ ré ar aġaiḋ, ag ġaḃáil rainn aḃṁáin dó féin go dtáinig ré com fad le rgeatać mór do bí ag fár ar bruaċ gleanna. Bí rean-duine liaċ 'na ṡuiḋe ag bun na rgeiċe, agur duḃaṙt ré: "A mic an riġ, má ċig leat imirt com maiċ a'r ċig leat aḃṁán do ġaḃáil, buḋ maiċ liom cluiċe d'imirt leat." Saoil mac an riġ gur rean-duine mi-céillide do bí ann, agur cuirling ré, ċaiċ rriam ċar ġeuġ, agur ṡuiḋ rior le taoiḃ an trean-duine liaċ. Tarraing reirean paca cárdaiḋ amaċ agur d' fiarruiġ: "An dtig leat iad ro d'imirt?"

"Tig liom," ar ran mac-riġ.

"Cnéad imeorramaoid air?" ar ran rean-duine liaċ.

"Nió ar biċ ir mian leat," ar ran mac-riġ.

"Maiċ go leór, má ġnóċaiġim-re caiċriḋ cura nió ar biċ a iarrrar mé deunam dam, agur má ġnóċaiġeann cura, caiċriḋ mire nió ar biċ iarrrar cura orm deunam duicre," ar ran rean-duine liaċ.

"Tá mé rárta," ar ran mac-riġ.

D'imir riad an cluiċe agur buail an mac riġ an rean duine liaċ. Ann rin duḃairt ré, "cnéad do buḋ mian leat mire do deunam duit, a mic an riġ?"

"Ni iarrrair mé ort nió ar biċ do deunam dam," ar ran mac-riġ, "raoilim nać bruil tú ionnann mórán do deunam."

"Ná bac leir rin," ar ran rean duine, "caiċriḋ tú iarrair orm ruḋ éigin do deunam, nior ċaill mé geall ariam nár feud mé a ioc."

Mar duḃairt mé, raoil an mac riġ gur rean duine miċéillid do bí ann, agur le na fáruġaḋ duḃairt ré leir:

"Dain an ceann de mo learmáċair agur cuir ceann ġaḃair uirri ar feaḋ reaċtmaine."

"Deunrad rin duit," ar ran rean duine liaċ.

Ċuaiḋ an mac riġ ag marcuiġeaċt ar a ċapall,

A ċú le na ċoir
A ṡeaḃac ar a ḃoir,

agur ċuġ ré a aġaiḋ ar áit eile, agur nior ċuimniġ ré nior mó ar an rean duine liaċ, go dtáinig ré a-baile.

Fuair ré ġáir agur bród mór in ran ġcairleán. D'innir na rearḃṙóġantaiḋ dó go dtáinig draoiḋeaḋóir arteaċ 'ran reomra 'n áit a raiḃ an bainrióġan agur gur ċuir ré ceann ġaḃair uirri i n-áit a cinn féin.

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

" Dar mo láim, ir iongantac an nid é sin," ar san mac sig; " dá mbeidinn 'san mbaile do bainfinn an ceann dé le mo claideam." Di brón mór ar an sig agus cuir sé fior ar cómairleóir críona agus d'fiafruig sé dé an raib fior aige cia an caoi cáfla an nid seo do'n bainfiogain. " Go deimin ni cig liom sin innreact duit," ar seisean, " ir obair draoideacta é."

Nior leig an mac sig air féin go raib eólas ar bit aige ar an gcúis, act ar maidin amárac d'imcig sé amac,

A cú le na coir
A feadac ar a boir
'S a capall bneág dub d'á iomcar,

agus nior tarraing sé srian go dtáinig sé com fada leis an sseic móir ar bruac an gleanna. Di an sean duine liac 'na suide ann sin faoi an sseic agus dubairt sé: " A mic an sig, mbéid cluice agad anoiú?" Cuirling an mac sig agus dubairt: " Béid." Leis sin, cait sé an srian tar geug, agus suid sior le taoib an trean duine. Tarraing seisean na cáidaid amac, agus d'fiafruig de'n mac sig bruair sé an nid do gnótaig sé andé.

" Tá sin ceart go leór," ar san mac sig.

" Imeóramaoid ar an ngeall ceudna anoiú," ar san sean duine liac.

" Tá mé rárta," ar san mac sig.

D'imir riad, agus gnótaig an mac sig. " Créad do dud mian leat mire do deunam duit an t-am so?" ar san sean duine liac. Smuain an mac sig agus dubairt leis féin, " beurfaid mé obair cruaid dó an t-am so." Ann sin dubairt sé: " Tá páirc seact n-acra ar cúl cairleáin m'atar, bíod sí lionta ar maidin. amárac le bat (buaid) gan aon beirt aca do beit ar aon dat, ar aon áirde, no ar aon aoir amáin."

" Béid sin deunta," ar san sean duine liac.

Cuaid an mac sig ag marcuigeact ar a capall,

A cú le na coir
A feadac ar a boir,

agus cuig agaid a-baile. Di an sig go bronac i dtaoib na bainsiogna. Di docúmid ar h-uile áit i n-Éirinn, act nior feud riad aon maic do deunam di.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, cuaid maor an sig amac go moc, agus connairc sé an páirc ar cúl an cairleáin lionta le bat (buaid) agus gan aon beirt aca de 'n dat ceudna no de'n aoir seudna, no de'n áirde ceudna. D'imcig sé arteac, agus d'innis cé an sseul iongantac do'n sig. " Teinig agus tiomáin iad amac," ar san sig. Fuair an maor sin, agus cuaid sé leó ag

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tigmáinc na mbó amach, act ní luaithe cuirfeadh ré amach ar aon taoib iad 'ná tiucfadh riad arteach ar an taoib eile. Cuaid an maor do'n rís arís, agus dubairt leis nach bfeudfadh an méad fear bí i n-Éirinn na bat rin do bí ran bráirc do cur amach. "Is bat dhaoidheacta iad," ar ran rís.

Nuair connairc an mac-rís na bat, dubairt ré leis féin: "Déid cluiche eile agam leis an fean duine liath anoiú." D'imtig ré amach an maidin rin,

A cú le na coir
A feadhac ar a boir
A'r a capall bneág dub d'á iomcar,

agus níor tarraing ré rian go dtáinig ré com fada leis an fseic móir ar bruach an gleanna. Bí an fean duine liath ann rin roimhe agus d'iarr ré air an mbeidheadh cluiche cárdaid aige.

"Déid," ar ran mac rís; "act tá fior agad go maith go dtig liom tú dualadh ag imirt cárda."

"Déid cluiche eile againn," ar ran fean duine liath. "Ar imir tú liathróid ariamh?"

"D'imfear go deimhin," ar ran mac rís; "act faoilim go bfuil tusa nó fean le liathróid d'imirt, agus cor leis rin ní'l aon áit againn ann ro le n'imirt."

"Má tá tusa úmal le h-imirt, geobaid mise áit," ar ran fean duine liath.

"Táim úmal," ar ran mac rís.

"Lean mise," ar ran fean duine liath.

Lean an mac rís é tríd an nGleann, go dtángadar go cnoc bneág glas. Ann rin, tarraing ré amach fiaitín dhaoidheacta, agus dubairt focla nár tuig mac an rís, agus faoi ceann móimid, d'orgail an cnoc agus cuaid an beirt arteach, agus cuaid riad tríd a lán de hállaib bneágha go dtángadar amach i ngáirdín. Bí gach uile nid nior bneágha 'ná céile in ran ngáirdín rin, agus ag bun an gáirdín bí áit le liathróid d'imirt.

Cait riad piopa airgid ruar le feicfint cia aca mbeidheadh lámhartig aige, 7 fuair an fean duine liath rin.

Torais riad ann rin, agus nior fiad an fean duine gur gnótaig ré an cluiche. Ní fuair fior as an mac rís cnéad do deunfadh ré: faoi deóid d'fiarfuig ré de'n trean-duine cnéad do bud maith leis é do deunamh dó.

"Is mise Rís an an bfáraig Dub, agus caithfid tusa mé féin agus m'áit-cómnuide d'fágail amach faoi ceann lá agus bliadain, nó geobaid mise tusa amach agus caillfid tú do ceann."

Ann rin tug ré an mac rís amach an bealach ceudna a ndeachaid ré arteach. Dhuid an cnoc glas 'na diaig agus d'imtig an fean duine liath ar amarc.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

> His hound at his foot,
> His hawk on his hand,
> And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Cuaid an mac rig ag marcuigeacht ar a capall;

A cú le na coir,
A feadac ar a boir,

agus é bronac go leor.

An tráthnóna rin, do bheachnuig an rig go raib bron agus buaidhreadh mór ar an mac óg, agus nuair cuaid ré 'na codlad, cualaid an rig agus gach uile duine do bi in san gcairleán tromornaoil agus ráméalaid uaid. Bi an rig faoi bhón ceann gabair do beit ar an mbainrioghain, acht bud mheara é feacht n-uaire nuair d'innir an mac dó an fgeul, mar táirla ó túr go deireadh.

Cuir ré fior ar cómairleóir chíona, agus d'fiafruig ré dé an raib fior aige cia an áit a raib an Rig ar an bfárac Dub 'na cómnuide.

"Ni'l, go deimin," ar feirean; "acht com cinnte a'r tá ruball (earball) ar an gcat muna bfágaid an t-oidhe óg an dragoideadóir rin amac, caillfid ré a ceann."

Bi bron mór i gcairleán an rig an lá rin. Bi ceann gabair ar an mbainrioghain, agus an mac-rig dul ag tóruigeacht dragoideadóra, gan fior an dtiucfad ré ar air go deó.

Tar éir feachtmaine [do] bainead an ceann gabair de'n bainrioghain, agus cuiread a ceann féin uirri. Nuair cualaid rí an caoi ar cuireadh an ceann gabair uirri, táinig fuacht mór uirri anagaid an mhic rig, agus dubairt rí: "Nár tagaid ré ar air beó ná marb."

Ar maidin, Dia Luain, d'fág ré a beannacht ag a athair agus ag a gaol, bi a mála-riúbail ceangailte ar a dhruim, agus d'imtig ré,

A cú le na coir
A feadac ar a boir
A'r a capall bneág dub d'á iomdan.

Siúbail ré an lá rin go raib an ghrian imtigthe faoi rgáile na gcnoc, agus go raib doirchadar na h-oidhe ag teacht, gan fior aige cia'n áit a bruigfead ré lóirtín. Bheachnuig ré coill mór ar chaoib a láimhe clé, agus tarrainig ré uirri com tapa agus d'feud ré, le rúil an oidhe do caitheamh faoi fargad na gcrann. Suid ré fior faoi dun crainn móir darac, d'forgail ré a mála-riúbail le biad 7 deoc do caitheamh, nuair connairc ré iolar mór ag teacht cuige.

"Ná bíod faitcíor ort rómham-ra, a mhic rig. Aithnigim tú, ir tú mac Ui Conchubair rig Éireann. Ir cairde mé, agus má thugann tú do capall dam-ra le tabairt le n'ithe do theithe éanlaith ocrada

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Conor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá agam, béarfaid mire níor fuide 'ná do béarfad do capall tú, agus d'éiodh go gcuirfinn tú ar lorg an té atá tú 'tóruigeacht."

"Tig leat an capall do beit agad agus fáilte," ar fan mac ríg, "cid gur bronac mé as fgaramaint leis."

"Tá go maith, béid mire ann fo ar maidin amárac le h-éirge na gréine." Ann fin d'forgail rí a gob mór, nuig greim ar an gcapall, buail a dá taoib anagaid a céile, leacnuig a fgiatán, agus d'imtig ar amarc.

D'it agus d'ól an mac ríg a fáit, cuir an mála-riúbail faoi na ceann, agus níor bfada go raib ré 'na codlad, agus níor dúirig ré go dtáinig an t-iolar agus gur dubairt: "Tá ré i n-am dúinn beit 'g imteacht, tá airtear fada rómainn, beir greim ar do mála agus léim ruar ar mo dhuim."

"Act, mo bron!" ar reirean, "caidfid mé fgaramaint le mo cú agus le mo feadac."

"Ná bíod bron ort," ar fire; "béid riad ann fo rómad nuair ciucfar tú ar air."

Ann fin léim ré ruar ar a dhuim, glac fire fgiatán, agus ar go brát léide 'ran aér. Cug rí é tar cnocaib agus gleanntaib, tar muir mór agus tar coillticb, gur faoil ré go raib ré ag deiread an domain. Nuair bí an grian ag dul faoi fgáile na gcnoc, táinig rí go talam i lár fáraig mór, agus dubairt leir: "Lean an carán ar taoib do láime deire, agus béarfaid ré tú go teac carad. Caidfid mire fillead ar air le rolátar do m'éanlaid."

Lean reirean an carán, agus níor bfada go dtáinig ré go dti an teac, agus cuaid ré arteac. Bí rean-duine liad 'na fuide 'ran gcoirneull; d'éirig ré 7 dubairt, "Ceud mile fáilte rómad, a Mhic Rís ar Rát-Chuacan Connacht."

"Ní'l eólar agam-fa ort," ar fan mac ríg.

"Bí aidne agam-fa ar do fean-adair," ar fan rean duine liad; "ruid fíor; ir dóig go bfuil tart agus ocrar ort."

"Ní'l mé faoi uata," ar fan mac ríg. Duail an rean duine a dá boir anagaid a céile, agus táinig beirt feirbireac, agus leagadar bord le mairt-feóil, caoir-feóil, muic-feóil agus le neart arain i látair an mhic ríg, agus dubairt an rean duine leir: "It agus ól do fáit, d'éirig go mbud fada go bfuigfid tú a leidéid arír." D'it agus d'ól ré oiread agus bud mian leir, agus tug buidéacar ar a fon.

Ann fin dubairt an rean duine, "tá tú dul ag tóruigeacht Rís an Fáraig Duib; teirig ag codlad anoir, agus racaid mire tre mo leabraib le feucaint an dtig liom áit-cómnuide an rís

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin d'fágail amach." Ann rin, buail ré a dorn; táinig reirbireach, agus dubairt ré leis "Tabair an mac rig go dtí a feomra." Dug ré go feomra bréag é, agus níor bradadh gur tuit ré 'na codlad.

Ar maidin, lá ar na máraċ, táinig an fean duine agus dubairt: "Éirig, tá airtean fada romad. Caitfid tú cúig ceud mile deunamh roimh meadon-lae."

"Ní feudfainn é do deunamh," ar an mac rig.

"Má'r maiteach maith tú, béarfaid mise capall duit déarfar tú an t-airtean."

"Deunfad mar déarfar tusa," ar an mac rig.

Dug an fean duine neart le n'ite agus le n'ól dó, agus nuair bí ré ráċaċ, dug se gearrán beag bán dó, agus dubairt: "Tabair ceann a cinn do'n gearrán, agus nuair rosfar ré, féaċ ruar 'ran aér agus feicfid tú trí ealaide com geal le sneaċta. Is iad sin trí ingeana Rig an Fáraig Duib. Béid naipicín glas i mbeul eala aca, sin í an ingean is óige, agus ní'l neaċ beó d'feudfad tú do tabairt go tig Rig an Fáraig Duib aċt í. Nuair rosfar an gearrán, béid tú i ngar do loċ; tiucfaid na trí ealaide go talamh ar bruaċ an loċa sin, agus deunfaid triúr mná (ban) óg díob féin, agus ladaid siad arteaċ 'ran loċ as snáim agus as sinc. Congbaig do fúil ar an naipicín glas agus nuair geobar tú na mná óga 'ran loċ, teifig agus fág an naipicín agus ná fgar leis. Teifig i bfolaċ faoi ċrann agus nuair tuicfaid na mná óga amaċ, deunfaid beirt aca ealaide díob féin agus imteóċaid siad 'ran aér. Ann rin, déarfaid an ingean is óige, "Deunfaid mé nid ar bit do'n té béarfar mo naipicín dam." Tar i láthair ann rin, agus tabair an naipicín dí, 7 abair naċ bfuil nid ar bit ag tearsáil uait, aċt do tabairt go tig a h-athar, agus innis dí gur mac rig tú ar tir cúmaċtaig."

Rinne an mac rig gaċ nid mar dubairt an fean duine leis, agus nuair dug sé an naipicín d'ingin Rig an Fáraig Duib, dubairt sé: "Is mise mac Ui Conċubair, Rig Connaċt. Tabair mé go dtí d'athair: fada mé d'á tóruigeaċt."

"Nár bfearr duit mé nid éigin eile do deunamh duit?" ar sise.

"Ni'l aon nid eile ag tearsáil uaim," ar seisean.

"Ma tairbéanaim an teaċ duit naċ mbéid tú fárta?" ar sise.

"Béidead," ar seisean.

"Anoir," ar sise, "ar d'anam ná h-innis do m' athair gur mise do dug cum a tige-sean tú, agus béid mise mo caraid maith duit; agus leig ort féin," ar sise, "go bfuil mór-cúmaċt draoideaċt agad."

"Deunfad mar deir tú," ar seisean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin rinne rí eala dí féin agus dubairt: "Léim ruar ar mo mhuin, agus cuir do láma faoi mo mhunéal, agus congbaig greim cruaid."

Rinne ré amlaid, agus chuir rí a rgiatána, 7 ar go brát léite tar cnocaib a'r tar gleanntaib, tar muir agus tar rléibtib, go dtáinig rí go talamh mar do bí an ghian ag dul faoi. Ann rin dubairt rí leir: "An bfeiceann tú an teach mór rin tall? Sin teach m'athar. Slán leat. Am ar bit béidear baogal ort, béid mire le do caoib." Ann rin d'imtig rí uaid.

Chuaid an mac rig cum an tige, chuaid arteach, agus cia d'feicfead ré ann rin 'na ruide i gcatáoir óir, act an rean duine liat d'imir na cárdaid agus an liathróid leir.

"Feicim, a mhic rig," ar rerean, "go bfuair tú mé amach roimh lá agus bliadain. Cá fad ó d'fág tú an baile?"

"Ar maidin andiú, nuair bí mé ag éirge ar mo leabuid, connairc mé tuag-ceatha, rinne mé léim, rgar mé mo dá coir air, agus rleamhnaig mé com fada leir reo."

"Dar mo láma, ir mór an gairgideacht do rinne tú," ar ran rean rig.

"D'feudfainn nuo nior iongantaige 'ná rin do deunamh, dá n-ógfiócain," ar ran mac rig.

"Tá trí neite agam duit le deunamh," ar ran rean rig, "7 má'r féidir leat iad do deunamh, beid rogha mo thiúir ingean agad mar mhnaoi, agus muna dtig leat iad do deunamh, caillfid tú do ceann mar caill cuid maith de daoinib óga rómad."

Ann rin dubairt ré, "Ní bionn ite ná ól in mo tig-re, act aon uair amáin 'ran treactmhain, agus bí ré againn ar maidin andiú."

"Ir cuma liom-ra," ar ran mac rig; "tig liom throgad do deunamh ar fead miora dá mbeidead cruadóg orm."

"Ir dóig go dtig leat dul gan codlad mar an gceudna?" ar ran rean rig.

"Tig liom gan amhar," ar ran mac rig.

"Béid leabuid cruaid agad anocht mar rin," ar ran rean rig; "tar liom go dtairbéanfaid mé duit é." Tug ré amach ann rin é, 7 tairbéan ré dó crann mór agus gablóg air, 7 dubairt: "Teilig ruar ann rin agus codail in ran ngablóig, agus bí réid le h-éirge na gréine."

Chuaid ré ruar in ran ngablóig, act com luat agus bí an rean rig 'na codlad, táinig an ingean ós agus tug arteach go reomra bneág é, agus congbaig rí ann rin é go raib an rean rig ar tí éirge. Ann rin cuir rí é amach arír i ngablóig an chrainn.

Le h-éirge na gréine, táinig an rean rig cuige agus dubairt,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

" Tar anuar anoir, 7 tar liom-ra go dtairbéanfaid mé duit an nid atá agad le deunam anoiú."

Tug ré an mac rig go bruac loca 7 tairbéar ré dó fean-cairleán, agus dubairt leir, " Cait gac uile cloc 'ran gcairleán rin amac 'ran loc, 7 biod ré deunta agad real má dtéidean an ghian faoi, tráthnóna." D'imtig ré uaid ann rin.

Toraig an mac rig ag obair, act bi na cloca greamuigte d'á céile com cruaid rin, nár feud ré aon cloc aca do tógbáil, agus dá mbeidead ré ag obair go dti an lá ro, ni beidead cloc ar an gcairleán. Suid ré fíor ann rin ag fmuaineadh créad do bud cóir dó deunam, agus níor bfada go dtáinig ingean an trean-rig cuige, 7 dubairt, " Cad é fát do bróin ? " D'innir ré di an obair do bi aige le deunam. " Na cuireadh rin bród ort ; deunfaid mire é," ar fire. Ann rin tug fi arán, mairtfeóil 7 fion dó, tarraing amac fiaitín dhaoidheacta, buail buille ar an t-fean-cairleán, agus faoi ceann móimid bi gac uile cloc dé ar bun an loca. " Anoir," ar fire, " ná h-innir do m'adhaig gur mire do rinne an obair duit."

Nuair bi an ghian ag dul faoi, tráthnóna, táinig an fean rig agus dubairt : " Feicim go bfuil d'obair lad deunta agad."

" Tá," ar fan mac rig, " tig liom obair ar bit do deunam."

Saoil an fean rig anoir go raib cúmact mór dhaoidheacta ag an mac rig, agus dubairt leir, " Sé d'obair lad amárac na cloca do tógbáil ar an loc, agus an cairleán do cur ar bun mar bi fi ceana."

Tug ré an mac rig a-baile agus dubairt leir, " Teirig do codlad 'ran áit a raib tú an oidce aréir."

Nuair cuaid an fean-rig 'na codlad táinig an ingean ós agus tug arteac é cum a reompa féin, agus congbaig ann rin é go raib an fean rig ar ti éirge ar maidin ; ann rin cuir fi amac arís é i ngablóig an chainn."

Le h-éirge na ghreine. táinig an fean rig 7 dubairt : " Tá ré i n-am duit dul gcionn d'oibre."

" Ni'l deifir ar bit orm," ar fan mac rig, " mar tá fior agam go dtig liom m obair lad deunam go réid."

Cuaid ré go bruac an loca ann rin, act n'or feud ré cloc d'feiceál, bi an t-uirge com dub rin. Suid ré fíor ar carraig ; agus níor bfada go dtáinig fionnghuala, bud h-é rin ainm ingine an trean rig, cuige, agus dubairt : " Cad tá agad le deunam anoiú ? " D'innir ré di, agus dubairt fi : " Ná biod bród ort ; tig liom-ra an obair rin deunam duit." Ann rin tug fi dó arán, mairt-feóil, agus caoin-feóil agus fion. Ann rin tarraing fi amac an tfiaitín dhaoidheacta, buail uirge an loca léice, agus

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi ceann móimid bí an fean-cairleán ar bun mar bí ré an lá roimhe. Ann rin dubairt rí leis: "Ar d'anam, ná h-innis do m'athair go ndearnaid mise an obair seo duit, nó go bfuil eólas ar bit agad orm."

Thátnóna an lae rin, táinig an fear rig agus dubairt, "feicim go bfuil obair an lae deunta agad."

"Tá," ar fan mac rig, "obair fói-deunta i rin!"

Ann rin faoil an fear rig go raib níor mó cúmhacht dhaoidheacha ag an mac rig 'ná do bí aige féin, agus dubairt ré: "Ni'l acht aon rud eile agad le deunamh." Tug ré a-baile ann rin é, 7 cuir ré é le coolad i ngabhlóig an chrainn, acht táinig fionnghuala 7 cuir sí in a seomra féin é, agus ar maidin, cuir sí amach arís ar an gcrann é. Le h-éirghe na gréine, táinig an fear rig cuige agus dubairt leis: "Tar liom go dtairbéanfaid mé duit d'obair lae."

Dug ré an mac rig go gleann mór, agus tairbéan dó dobar, 7 dubairt: "Caill mo mhathair-mhór fáinne in ran dobar rin, agus fág dam é real má dtéid an ghrian faoi, thátnóna."

Anoir bí an dobar so ceud troigh ar doimhne agus fiche troigh timcioll, agus bí ré liontá le h-uirge, agus bí arm ar iffrionn ag faire an fáinne.

Nuair d'imthigh an fear rig, táinig fionnghuala agus d'fiafruigh, "Cad tá agad le deunamh anoiú?" D'innis ré di, agus dubairt sí, "Is deacair an obair i rin, acht deunfaid mé mo dhicheall le do beatha do fábáil." An rin dug sí dó maintéoil, arán, agus fion. Rinne sí ruideac* di féin agus cuaid síos 'ran dobar. Níor bhadh go bhacaid ré deatach agus tinneas ag teacht amach ar an dobar, agus tosan ann mar toisneach árd, agus duine ar bit do beidheadh ag éirteacht leis an tosan rin faoilfeadh ré go raib arm iffinn ag troid.

Faoi ceann tamaill, d'imthigh an deatach, doirg an tinneas agus an toisneach, agus táinig fionnghuala aniar leis an bháinne. Seachaid sí an fáinne do mhac an rig, agus dubairt sí: "Ghóthaig mé an cath, 7 tá do beatha fábálta, acht feud, tá laidhricin mo láimhe deire bhuite. Acht b'éidir gur ádhamail an nid gur bhuaid é. Nuair thucfar m'athair, ná tabair an fáinne dó, acht bagair é go cruaid. Béarfaid ré tú ann rin le do bean do thogha, agus reó an chaoi deunfar tú do rogha. Béid mise agus mo deisbhiúlacha i seomra, béid poll ar an dorus, 7 cuirfimid uile ár lámha amach mar chuimirgin. Cuirfid tusa do lámh trid an bpoll, agus an lámh congbócar tú ghéim uirri nuair forgólaid

* Ruideac no ruideac = "Chotach mailb," rómt éin uirge.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'adair an dorar, ir i rin lám an té beidear agad mar mnaoi: Tig leat mire d'aidne ar mo laidircín bhirte."

"Tig liom, agus gráð mo chroide tú, a Fionnguala," ar ran mac rig:

Thátnóna an lae rin, táinig an fear-rig agus d'fiafruig: "An bfuair tú fáinne mo máthar móire?"

"Fuaireadar go deimin," ar ran mac rig; "bí ann 'gá cúmdaċ ar ifrionn, act buail mire iad, agus buailfinn a reacht n-oireadh. Nac bfuil fior agad gur Connaċtaċ mé?"

"Tabair dam an fáinne," ar ran fean rig.

"Go deimin, ni tiubrad," ar reifean; "chroid mé go cruaid ar a fon; act tabair dam-fa mo bean. Tearta'g' uaim beit ag imteaċt."

Dug an fean rig arteaċ é, agus dubairt, "Tá mo chrúb ingean 'ran reomra rin id' láthair. Tá lám gaċ aoin aca rinte amaċ, agus an té congbóċar tú gréim uirri go bforgólaid mire an dorar, rin í do bean."

Cuir an mac rig a lám thid an broll do bí ar an dorar, agus fuair ré gréim ar láim an laidircín bhirte, agus congbaig gréim cruaid air, gur forgail an fean rig dorar an treomra.

"'S í reó mo bean," ar ran mac rig; "tabair dam anoir rpré d'ingine."

"Ni'l de rpré aici le fágail act caoil-eaċ donn le rib do tabairt abaile, agus nár tagaid rib ar air, beó ná marb, go deó!"

Cuaid an mac rig 7 Fionnguala ar marcuigeaċt ar an gcaoil-eaċ donn; agus níor bfada go dtángadar go dtí an coill 'n ar fág an mac rig a cú agus a feadac. Bí riad ann rin roime, mar aon le na capall bréag dub. Cuir ré an t-eaċ caol donn ar air ann rin. Cuir ré Fionnguala ag marcuigeaċt ar a capall, agus léim ruar, é féin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feadac ar a boir,

agus níor rtad ré go dtáinig ré go Rát Cruaċáin:

Bí fáilte mór roime ann rin, agus níor bfada gur pórad é féin agus Fionnguala. Cait riad beaga fada feunmar,—act ir beag má tá lorg an trean-cairleáin le fágail anoiú i Rát-Cruaċáin Connaċt:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of th t day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

Cpíoċ.

A Sgánaig an Cúil Ceangailte.

A Sgánaig an Chúil Cheangailte
Le a raib mé real i n-éinfeacht;
Chuaid tu 'néir, an bealach ro,
'S ni táinig tu do m'feuchaint.
Saoil mé nach ndeunfaidhe dochar duit
Dá dtiucfá, a'r mé d' iarraidh,
'S gur b'i do póigín tabhairfeadh fóláir
Dá mbeidinn i lár an fiabhrair.

Dá mbeidheadh maoin agam-sa
Agus airgead ann mo phóca
Deunfainn boithrín aith-giorrach
Go dorlar tige mo rtóirín,
Mar fúil le Dia go g-cluinnfinn-re
Torann binn a bhóige,
'S ir fad an lá ó chodail mé
Act ag fúil le blar do póige.

A'r faoil me a rtóirín
Go mbuidh gealach agus grian tu;
A'r faoil mé 'nna diaig rin
Go mbuidh rneachta ar an trliabh tu;
A'r faoil mé 'nn a diaig rin
Go mbuidh lóchrann o Dia tu,
No gur ab tu an feilt-eólair
Ag dul romham a'r mo diaig tu.

Geall tu fíodh 'r faitin dam
Callaidhe 'r bhóga árdh,
A'r geall tu tar éir rin
Go leanfá thíd an trnáth mé.
Ni mar rin atá mé
Act mo rgeach i mbeul bearna;
Gach nóin a'r gach maidin
Ag feuchaint tige m' athar.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
You passed by the road above,
But you never came in to find me;
Where were the harm for you
If you came for a little to see me;
Your kiss is a wakening dew
Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
I would make a nice little boreen
To lead straight up to his door,
The door of the house of my storeen;
Hoping to God not to miss
The sound of his footfall in it,
I have waited so long for his kiss
That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love! you were so—
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow,
The cold snow on top of the mountain;
And I thought after that you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Or the bright star of knowledge before,
And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
And satin and silk, my storeen,
And to follow me, never to lose,
Though the ocean were round us roaring;
Like a bush in a gap in a wall
I am now left lonely without thee,
And this house, I grow dead of, is all
That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA H-AITINNE.*

A ḃṙaṫ ó ṙoin, in ṙan ṫ-ṙean-aimṙiṙ, ḃí ḃaintṙeaḃaċ ḋaṙḃ[2] ainm Ḃṙíġiḋ Ní Ġṙáḋaiġ, 'na cómṅuiḋe i gConḋaċ na Ġaillime: Ḃí aon ṁac aṁáin aici ḋaṙ ḃ'ainm Taḋg. Ruġaḋ é mí ṫaṙ éiṙ báiṙ a aṫaṙ i láṙ coillе bige aitinne ḋo ḃí aġ ṙáṙ aṙ ṫaoiḃ ċnuic i nġaṙ ḋo'n tiġ. Aṙ an áḋḃaṙ ṙin, Ġáiṙ na ḋaoine Coiṙnín na h-Aitinne maṙ leaṙ-ainm aiṙ. Táinig tinneaṙ obann aṙ an mnaoi ḃoiċt nuaiṙ ḃí ṙí aġ ṙeóladh na mbó ṙuaṙ aṙ ṫaoiḃ an ċnuic.

Nuaiṙ ṙuġaḋ Taḋg ḃí ṙé 'na naoiḋeanán bṙeáġ, agus ṁéaḋaiġ ṙé go maiṫ go ṙaiḃ ṙé ceiṫṙe bliaḋna ḋ'aoiṙ, acṫ ó'n am ṙin amaċ níoṙ ṙáṙ ṙé oṙḋlaċ go ṙaiḃ ṙé tṙí bliaḋna ḋeuġ, no níoṙ ċuiṙ ṙé coṙ ṙaoi le coiṙcéim ḋo ṙiúḃal, acṫ ḋ'ṙeuḋṙaḋ ṙé imṫeaċt go tapa go leóṙ aṙ a ḋá láiṁ agus aṙ a ṫaoiḃ ṙiaṙ, agus ḋá ġcluinṙeaḋ ṙé aon ḋuine aġ teaċt ċum an tiġe, ḋo ḃuailṙeaḋ ṙé a ḋá láiṁ ṙaoi, agus ḋo ṙaċaḋ ṙé ḋ'aon léim aṁáin ó'n teine go ḋtí an ḋoṙaṙ; agus ḋo ċuiṙṙeaḋ ceuḋ míle ṙáilṫe ṙoiṁ an ṫé ṫáinig. Ḃí ġean móṙ aġ aoiṙ óig an ḃaile aiṙ, maṙ ḋo ġeiḃeaḋ ṙiaḋ ġneann móṙ aṙ, ġaċ uile oiḋċe. Ó'n am ḃí ṙé ṙeaċt mḃliaḋna ḋ'aoiṙ, ḃí ṙé ḋeaṙláṁaċ agus úṙáiḋeaċ ḋ'á ṁáṫaiṙ, agus ḋ'á ṁáṫaiṙ-móiṙ ḋo ḃí 'na cómṅuiḋe i n-aon tiġ leiṙ. In ṙan ḃṙóġṁaṙ, ṫéiḋeaḋ ṙé aṙ a láṁaiḃ agus aṙ a ṫaoiḃ-ṙiaṙ ṙuaṙ aṙ ṫaoiḃ an ċnuic, 7 ḃíoḋ aġ iċe bláṫ na h-aitinne maṙ ġaḃaṙ. Ḃí aḃann ḃeaġ ann, iṙiṙ an teaċ agus an cnoc, agus ḋo ṙaċaḋ ṙé ḋe léim ṫaṙ an aḃainn ċoṁ h-aéṙeaċ le ġeiṙṙiaḋ:

Ḃuḋ ṙean-ġoġaiḋe an ṁáṫaiṙ-móiṙ. Ḃí ṙí boḋaṙ agus beaġ-naċ baḃḋ, agus ḃ'iomḋa tṙoiḋ ḋo ḃíoḋ aici ṙéin agus aġ Taḋg.

Aon lá aṁáin, ḋuḃaiṙt an ṁáṫaiṙ le Taḋg, "Caiṫṙiḋ mé, a Ṫaiḋġín, tóin leaṫaiṙ ċuṙ aṙ ḋo ḃṙíṙtiḃ; tá mé ṙṡṁoṙta aġ ceannaċ ḃṙéiḋín, agus nuaiṙ ḃéiḋeaṙ ṙé ḋeunta aġam caiṫṙiḋ tú ḋul go táilliúṙ le ceiṙḋ ḋ'ṙoġluim."

"Ḋaṙ m'ṙocal," aṙ ṙa Taḋg, "ní h-é ṙin an ċeiṙḋ ḃéiḋeaṙ aġam. Ní'l in ṙan táilliúṙ acṫ an naoṁaḋ cuiḋ ḋ'ṙeaṙ. Má ḋuġann tú ceiṙḋ aṙ biṫ ḋam, ḋeun ṙioḃaiṙe ḋíom—tá ṙṙéiṙ móṙ aġam in ṙan ġceól."

"Ḃíoḋ maṙ ṙin," aṙ ṙan ṁáṫaiṙ.

An lá 'na ḋiaiġ ṙin, ċuaiḋ ṙí ċum an ḃaile ṁóiṙ leiṙ an leaṫaṙ ḋ'ṙáġail, agus nuaiṙ ṙuaiṙ ḃuaċailliḋ beaġa an ḃaile go naiḃ an ṁáṫaiṙ imṫiġṫe, ṙuaṙaḋaṙ poc ġaḃaiṙ ḋo ḃí aġ Páiḋín Ḃacaċ O Ceallaiġ, agus ċuiṙ ṙiaḋ Coiṙnín aġ maṙcuiġeaċt aiṙ. Aṙ ġo

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* Ó Ṙṁóinṙiaṙ O Connċúḃaiṙ ḋo ṙuaiṙ mé an ṙġéal ṙo.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

Long ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

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* Pronounced "Curneen."

bráṫ leir an bpoc, aṡ meiṡilt ċom h-árd aṡur d'ḟeud ré, ⁊ Coirnín ar a ṁuin aṡ rṡreadaoil mar ḋuine ar a ċéill, le faiṫċioṁ ṡo dtuitfeaḋ ré, aṡur buaċailliḋ an ḃaile 'na ḋiaiṡ. Tuṡ an poc tṡaiḋ ar boṫán Páidín, aṡur nuair ċonnairc Páidín an poc ⁊ a ṁarcaċ aṡ teaċt, raoil ré ṡur b'é an rean-buaċaill do bí aṡ deaċt 'na ċoinne. Níor fiúḃail Páidín coirċéim le feaċt mbliaḋanaiḃ roiṁe rin, aċt, nuair ċonnairc ré an poc aṡ teaċt arteaċ ar an doṁar, ċuaiḋ ré d'aon léim amaċ ar an ḃfuinneoiṡ, aṡur ṡáir ré ar na cóṁarrannaiḃ é do fáḃáil o'n diaḃal do bí 'na ḋiaiṡ.

Bí na buaċailliḋ aṡ ṡáiṁḋe ⁊ aṡ ṡreadaḋ bor ṡur ċuir riaḋ an poc ar mire, aṡur amaċ aṁaċ leir ar an teaċ. Nuair ċonnairc Páidín é aṡ teaċt an dara uair, ar ṡo bráṫ leir, aṡur an poc aṡur Coirnín ar a ṁuin 'na ḋiaiḋ. Bí aḋarca fada ar an bpoc, aṡur bí ṡreim an fir báiḋṫe aṡ Coirnín orra. Tuṡ Páidín aṡaiḋ ar ṡaillim, aṡur an poc d'á leanaṁaint. D'éiriṡ an ṡáir aṡur ṫáiniṡ daoine na mbailte ar ṡaċ taoiḃ de'n ḃóṫar amaċ, aṡur a leiṫéid de ṡáṙṫaoil ní raiḃ aṁaiṁ i ṡcoṁḋaé na ṡaillime. Níor rtad Páidín ṡo nḋeaċaiḋ ré arteaċ i ṡcaṫair na ṡaillime aṡur an poc ⁊ a ṁarcaċ le na fálaiḃ. Ḃuḃ lá maṙṡaiḋ é aṡur bí na rráideanna lionta le daoiniḃ. Toraiṡ Páidín aṡ ṡlaoḋaċ aṡur aṡ ṡáṙṫaoil ar na daoiniḃ é do fáḃáil aṡur bí riaḋ-ran aṡ deunaṁ maṡaiḋ raoi. Ċuaiḋ ré ruar rráid aṡur anuar rráid eile aṡur bí aṡ imteaċt ṡo raiḃ an ṡrian aṡ ḋul raoi 'ran tráṫnóna.

Ċonnairc Coirnín úḃla breáṡa ar ċlár, aṡur rean-ḃean anaice leó, aṡur ṫáiniṡ ḋúil ṁór, air, cuid de na n-úḃlaiḃ do ḃeiṫ aiṡe. Sṡaoil ré a ṡreim ar aḋarcaiḃan ḟuic aṡur ċuaiḋ ré de léim ar ċlár na n-úḃall. Ar ṡo bráṫ leir an t-rean-ḃean aṡur d'fáṡ rí na h-úḃla 'na ḋiaiṡ, óir bí rí leaṫ-ṁarḃ leir an rṡannraḋ.

Níor ḃfaḋa bí Coirnín aṡ iṫe na n-úḃall nuair ṫáiniṡ a ṁáṫair i láṫair, aṡur nuair ċonnairc rí Coirnín, ḟeairr rí loṙṡ na croire uirri féin, ⁊ ḋuḃairt, "I n-ainm Dé, a Ċoirnín, cad do ṫuṡ ann ro ṫú?"

"Fiarfuiṡ rin de Páidín O Ceallaiṡ aṡur d'á ḟoċ ṡaḃair; tá an t-áḋ ort, a ṁáṫair, naċ ḃfuil mo ṁuineul ḃuirte."

Ċuir rí Coirnín arteaċ in a rráirṡe aṡur ṫuṡ aṡaiḋ ar an mbaile.

Aċt ir airteaċ an níḋ ṫárla do Páidín O Ceallaiṡ. Nuair rṡar Coirnín leir an bpoc, lean ré Páidín amaċ ar an mbóṫar ṁór, ṫáiniṡ ruar leir, ċuir a ḋá aḋairċ faoi, ċaiṫ ar a ḋruim é, aṡur níor ḟear ṡo dtáiniṡ ré a-ḃaile. Ṫuirling Páidín aṡ an doṁar, aṡur ṫuit an poc ṁarḃ ar an tairriṡ. Ċuaiḋ Páidín 'ná ċoḋlaḋ, óir bí ré leaṫ-ṁarḃ aṡur bí ré mall 'ran oiḋċe, aṡur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuair d'éirigh ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fágail beó ná marb; agus dubairt na daoine uile go mbud poc draoidheacta do bí ann. Ar daoi ar bit dug ré coiridheacht do Páidín O Ceallaig, rud nach raib aige le reacht mbliadhnaib roimhe rin.

Cuaid an rgeul thíd an tír, go gcualaid gach uile fear, bean, 7 páirde i gcondaé na Gaillimhe é, agus ir iomda cuil-ríor do bí air, roimh thráthnóna an laé rin. Dubairt cuid gur poc draoidheacta do bí i bpoc Páidín, 7 go raib ré rannpáirteach leir; dubairt cuid eile go mbud fear ríde Coirnín, agus go mbud dóil a dógadh.

An oidhche rin, d'innir Coirnín h-uile ní d'aoib na daoi do dug an poc go Gaillimh é, 7 dáinig na buachaillid go teach Dhígid Ní Ghradaig, agus bí gleann mór aca ag éirteacht le Coirnín ag innrint i dtaoib na marcuigeachta do bí aige go Gaillimh ar muin puic Páidín Uí Cheallaig, agus gach nid dárla leir ar feadh an laé.

An oidhche rin, nuair chuaid Coirnín ar a leabuid, dáinig bhón éigin air, agus i n-áit codalta doraig ré ag reithil. D'fiarruig a mháthair dé chéad do bí air. Dubairt reirean nach raib fior aige. "Ní'l ort acht feardid," ar rire; "rtop do chuid reithil, 7 leig dúinn codlad." Acht níor rtop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níor feud ré gleim d'ite, agus dubairt ré le na máthair, "Racad amach, go bfeicfid mé an ndeunfaid an t-aéir maith dam." "B'éidir go ndeunfad," ar rire.

Leir rin, buail ré a dá láimh faoi, agus chuaid d'aon leim amáin go dtí an doras, agus amach leir. Dug ré agaid ar na h-aitheannaib, 7 níor rtad go ndeachaid ré arteach 'na mearg. Sín ré é féin idir dá rgeach agus níor bfadha go raib ré 'na codlad. Bí bhionglóid aige go raib an poc le n-a daoib, ag iarraid caint do dul air. Dúirid ré, acht i n-áit an puic bí fear bheag ghuagach daob leir, 7 dubairt ré, "A Coirnín, ná bíod eagla ort rómhamra. Ir cabaid mé, 7 tá mé ann ro le cómairle do leara do dabairt duit, má gladann tú uaim í. Tá tú do cláimheach ó rugad tú, 7 do cúir-mhagaid ag buachaillid an baile. Ir mire an poc gabair do dug go Gaillimh tú, acht tá mé athruighe anoir go dtí an riocht in a bfeiceann tú mé. Ní feudfainn an t-athrugad d'fágail go dtugfainn an mharcuigeacht rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmacht mór agam. D'feudfainn do learughad ar ball, acht déarfad na cómhranna go raib tú rann-páirteach leir na ríde, agus ní feudfá an baramhail rin bainc díob. Tá tú do fuide anoir go dtí eac in ran áit an rugad tú, 7 tá pota óir i bproigeacht thoighe doo' daoib-fiar, acht ní'l tú le bainc leir go fóil, mar ní feudfá úráid maith do deunamh dé. Teirig a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárach, abair le do mháthair go raib bhionglóid bheag

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

aṡad ṡo ṁaiḃ luiḃ aṡ ṗáṙ le coiṙ na h-aiḃne ḋo ḃéuṁṗaḋ ṁúḋal aṡuṙ lúṫ ḋuit; aḃaiṙ an ṁuḋ ceuḋna léi tṙí ṁaiḋin anḋiaiṡ a ċéile, aṡuṙ cneiḋṁiḋ ṙí ṡo ḃṙuil ṙé ṙíoṙ. Nuaiṙ ṁaċaṙ tú aṡ tóṁuiṡeaċt na luiḃe ṡeoḃaiḋ tú í aṡ ṗáṙ taoḃ-ṙíoṙ ḋe'n ċloiċ ṁóiṙ niṡeaċáin ataí aṡ ḃṙuaċ na h-aiḃne; taḃaiṙ leat í aṡuṙ ḃṙuiṫ í, aṡuṙ ól an ṙúṡ, aṡuṙ béiḋ tú ionnán ṁáṙa ḋo ṙiṫ anaṡaiḋ ḃuaċaill aṙ biṫ in ṙan ḃṙaṙṙáiṙṫe. Béiḋ ionṡantaṙ aṙ na ḋaoiniḃ i ḋtoṙaċ, aċt ní ṁaiṙṙiḋ ṙin a-ḃṙaḋ. Béiḋ tú tṙí ḃliaḋna ḋéaṡ an lá ṙin. Taṙ 'ṙan oiḋċe ċum na h-áiṫe ṙeo; béiḋ an ṗoṫa óiṙ tóṡṫa aṡam-ṙa, aċt aṙ ḋo ḃeaṫa conṡḃaiṡ ḋ'innṫinn aṡaḋ ṗéin, aṡuṙ ná h-innir ḋo ḋuine aṙ biṫ ṡo ḃṙaċaiḋ tú miṙe. Imṫiṡ anoiṙ. Slán leaṫ."

Ṡeall Coiṁín ṡo nḋeunṗaḋ ṙé ṡaċ níḋ ḋuḃaiṙṫ an ṡṙuaṡaċ beaṡ léiṙ, 7 ṫáinig ṙé a-ḃaile, lúṫṡáiṙeaċ ṡo leoṙ. Ḃṙeaṫnaiṡ an ṁáṫaiṙ naċ ṁaiḃ ṙé ċoṁ ṡṙuamaċ aṡuṙ ḃí ṙé ṙuṙ má nḋeaċaiḋ ṙé amaċ, aṡuṙ ḋuḃaiṙṫ ṙí, "Saoilim, a ṁic, ṡo nḋeaṁnaiḋ an ṫ-aéṙ maiṫ ḋuit."

"Rinne ṡo ḋeiṁin," aṙ ṙeiṙean, "aṡuṙ taḃaiṙ ṁuḋ le n'iṫe ḋam anoiṙ."

An oiḋċe ṙin, i n-áiṫ ḋo ḃeiṫ aṡ ṙeiṫṙíl, ċoḋail ṙé ṡo ḃṙeáṡ, aṡuṙ aṙ maiḋin ḋuḃaiṙṫ ṙé le n-a ṁáṫaiṙ, "Ḋí ḃṙionṡlóiḋ ḃṙeáṡ aṡam aṙéiṙ, a ṁáṫaiṙ."

"Ná taḃaiṙ aon áiṙḋ aṙ ḃṙionṡlóiḋ," aṙ ṙan ṁáṫaiṙ; "ir conṫṙálṫa ṫuiṫeann ṙiaḋ amaċ."

Ċaiṫ Coiṁín an lá aṡ ṙmuaineaḋ aṙ an ṡcóṁṙaḋ ḋo ḃí aiṡe leiṙ an nṡṙuaṡaċ beaṡ, 7 aṙ an ṙaiḋḃṙeaṙ móṙ ḋo ḃí le ṗáṡail aiṡe: Aṙ maiḋin, lá aṙ na máṙaċ, ḋuḃaiṙṫ ṙé le n-a ṁáṫaiṙ, "Ḋí an ḃṙionṡlóiḋ ḃṙeáṡ ṙin aṡam aṙéiṙ aṙíṙ."

"Ṡo méaḋaiṡiḋ Ḋia an ṁaiṫ, 7 ṡo laṡḋaiṡiḋ Sé an ṫ-oiṡ," aṙ ṙan ṁáṫaiṙ; "ċualaiḋ mé ṡo minic ḋá mbeiḋeaḋ an ḃṙionṡlóiḋ ċéaḋna aṡ ḋuine ṫṙí oiḋċe anḋiaiṡ a ċéile, ṡo mbeiḋeaḋ ṙí ṙíoṙ."

An ṫṙíomaḋ maiḋin, ḋ'éiṙiṡ Coiṁín ṡo moċ aṡuṙ ḋuḃaiṙṫ ṙé le n-a ṁáṫaiṙ, "Ḋí an ḃṙionṡlóiḋ ḃṙeáṡ ṙin aṡam aṙéiṙ aṙíṙ, aṡuṙ, ó ṫáṙla ṡo ḋtáinig ṙé ċuṡam ṫṙí oiḋċe anḋiaiṡ a ċéile, ṁaċaiḋ mé le ṙeuċaint ḃṙuil aon ṙíṁinn innti. Ċonnaiṙc mé luiḃ in mo ḃṙionṡlóiḋ ḋo ḃéaṁṙaḋ mo ṁúḋal aṡuṙ mo lúṫ ḋam."

"An ḃṙaċaiḋ tú in ṙan mḃṙionṡlóiḋ cá ṁaiḃ an luiḃ aṡ ṗáṙ?" aṙ ṙan ṁáṫaiṙ.

"Ċonnaṁaṙ ṡo ḋeiṁin," aṙ ṙeiṙean; "tá ṙí aṡ ṗáṙ taoḃ leiṙ an ṡcloiċ ṁóiṙ niṡeaċáin ataí aṙ ḃṙuaċ na h-aiḃne."

"Ṡo ḋeiṁin, ní'l aon luiḃ aṡ ṗáṙ anaice leiṙ an ṡcloiċ niṡeaċáin," aṙ ṙan ṁáṫaiṙ; "ḃí mé 'ṙan áiṫ ṙin ṡo minic, aṡuṙ ní ṙeuḋṙaḋ ṙí ḃeiṫ ann a-ṡan-ṙíoṙ ḋam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nignts after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

" D'éiriṁ ṡuṁ ṫár ṡí ann ó ṫoin," arṫa Coiṁnín, " aṡuṡ ṁaċaiḋ miṫe ḋá ṫóṁaiṡeaċt."

Ḋuail ré a ḋá láiṁ ṫaoi, aṡuṡ ċuaiḋ d'aon léim aṁáin ṡo ḋtí an ḋoṁaṁ, aṡuṡ amaċ leiṁ. Níoṁ ḃṁaḋa ṡo ṁaiḃ ré aṡ an ṡcloiċ niṡeaċáin, aṡuṡ ṫuaiṁ ré an luiḃ. Ċuṡ ré léimeanna maṁ ṡiaḋ a mbeiḋeaḋ ṡaḋaṁ 'ṡá leanaṁaint, aṡ teaċt a-ḃaile le teannlúṫṡáiṁe:

" A ṁáṫaiṁ," an reiṁean, " b'ṡíoṁ ḋam mo ḃṁonṡlóiḋ. Ṫuaiṁ mé an luiḃ. Cuiṁ ṡíoṁ ḋam an ṗoṫa aṡuṡ ḃṁuiṫ ḋam é."

Ċuiṁ an ṁáṫaiṁ an luiḃ 'ran ḃṗoṫa, aṡuṡ ṫimċioll cárṫa uiṁṡe leiṁ, aṡuṡ nuaiṁ ḃí ṡí ḃṁuiṫṫe aṡuṡ an rúṡ ṫuaṁ, d'ól Coiṁnín é. Ní ṁaiḃ ré móiṁiḋ in a ḃoiṡ nuaiṁ ṡeaṁ ré ṫuaṁ an a ċoṁaiḃ aṡuṡ ċoṁaiṡ ré aṡ ṁiṫ ṫuaṁ aṡuṡ anuaṁ. Ḃí ionṡantaṁ móṁ an a ṁáṫaiṁ. Ċoṁaiṡ sí aṡ taḃaiṁṫ míle ṡlóiṁ aṡuṡ altuṡaḋ ḋo Ḋia; ann ṡin ṡáiṁ sí an na cómaṁṗannaiḃ aṡuṡ d'innir ḋóiḃ ḃṁonṡlóiḋ Coiṁnín, aṡuṡ an ċaoi a ḃṫuaiṁ ré úṁáiḋ a ċoṁ. Ḃí lúṫṡáiṁe móṁ oṁṗa uile, maṁ ḃí Ḃṗíṡiḋ Ní Ṡṁáḋaiṡ 'na cómaṁṗaiṁ ṁaiṫ aṡuṡ ḃí meaṁ aca uile uiṁṁ.

An oiḋċe ṡin, ċṫuinniṡ buaċailliḋ an ḃaile aṁṫeaċ le lúṫṡáiṁe ḋo ḋeunaṁ le Coiṁnín aṡuṡ le n-a ṁáṫaiṁ. Nuaiṁ ḃíoḋaṁ uile aṡ cómṁáḋ cia ṡiúḃalṫaḋ aṁṫeaċ acṫ Páiḋín O Ceallaiṡ. Ḃí ṡiaḋ uile aṡ caint ṫaoi an ṡcaoi a ḃṫuaiṁ Coiṁnín a ṡiúḃal aṡuṡ lúṫ a ċnáṁ.

" Ṡo ḋeiṁin iṁ ḋaṁ-ṡa buḋ ċóiṁ ḋó ḃeiṫ buiḋeaċ; 'sé an cṫaċaḋ ḋo ṫuṡ mo ṗoc-ṡaḃaiṁ-ṡe ḋó ḋo ṡinne an oḃaiṁ, aṡuṡ tá ṡíoṁ aṡ h-uile ḋuine ṡo ḋtuṡ an ṁaṁcuiṡeaċt ḋo ṡinne sé, úṁáiḋ mó ċoṁ aṁ aiṁ ḋam féin. Oċ, mo ḃṁón! ṡo ḃṫuaiṁ mo ṗoc ḃṁeáṡ báṁ!"

" Ṫuṡ tú h-éiṫeaċ," an Coiṁnín, " 'sí an luiḃ ḋo léiṡeaṁaiṡ mé. Ṙinne mé ḃṁonṡlóiḋ tṁí oiḋċe anḋiaiṡ a ċéile ṡo leiṡṫeóċaḋ an luiḃ mé, aṡuṡ ḋiṡ le mo ṁáṫaiṁ a ċṁoċuṡaḋ ṡo ṁaiḃ mé mo ċláiṁíneaċ taṁ éiṁ mo ṫeaċt' ó Ṡaillíṁ, ṡuṁ ól mé rúṡ na luiḃe."

" D'ḟeuḋṁainn mo ṁionna ṫaḃaiṁṫ ṡo ḃṫuil mo ṁac aṡ innṁint na ṡíṁinne ṡlaine," an ṁáṫaiṁ.

Ann ṡin ṫoṁaiṡ cáċ aṡ ḋeunaiṁ maṡaiḋ ṁaoi Páiḋín, ṡuṁ imṫiṡ ré amaċ.

Ċuaiḋ ṡaċ uile níḋ ṡo maiṫ le Coiṁnín aṡuṡ le n-a ṁáṫaiṁ 'na ḋiaiṡ ṡeó. Aon oiḋċe aṁáin nuaiṁ ċuaiḋ an ṁáṫaiṁ aṡuṡ na cómaṁṗanna 'na ṡcoḋlaḋ, ċuaiḋ Coiṁnín ċum na h-aitinne. Ḃí a ċaṁaiḋ, an ṡṁuaṡaċ beaṡ, ann ṡin noiṁe, aṡuṡ ḃí an poṫa óiṁ ṡéiḋ ḋó.

" Seó ḋuit anoiṁ an poṫa óiṁ; cuiṁ i ḋṫaiṁṡe é i n-áit aṁ biṫ iṁ ṫoil leaṫ. Tá an oiṁeaḋ ann aṡuṡ ḋeunṁaṁ ḋuit ṁaḋ ḋo ḃeaṫa."

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

"Saoilim go bfágfaidh mé é in ran bpoll a raibh ré ann," ar ra Coirnín "acht béarfaidh mé roinn dé a-bailе liom."

"Ná tabair leat fós é, acht bíodh bruinglóid eile agad mar bí agad ceana, agus, 'na diaig sin, tig leat roinn dé do thabairt leat. Ceannaig an talamh so agus cuir teach ar bun in ran mball ar rugadh tú, agus ní feicfidh tú féin ná aon duine i n-aon tig leat, lá bocht fad do beatha. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfidh tú mé níos mó."

Chuir Coirnín an pota síos in ran bpoll, agus chéasóg os a cionn, agus thainig ré a-bailе.

Ar maidin, dubairt ré le n-a mháthair: "Bí bruinglóid eile agam aréir arís," ⁊ an tsear maidin, dubairt ré léi, "Tá mo bruinglóid síos anoir gan amhras, bí sí agam aréir go dtí seach mar bí sí agam an dá uair eile; sin thí uaire andiaidh a chéile, agus tig liom é seó innseacht duit nach bfeicfidh tú lá bocht fad do beatha, acht ní tig liom aon rud eile do rádh leat d'á thaoibh."

An oidhche sin, chuaidh ré cum an pota óir, ⁊ thug lán sporáin dé abhaile leis, agus ar maidin thug ré do'n mháthair é. "Tá níos mó," adeir ré, "in ran áit a dtáinig sin ar, agus geodhaidh mé duit é nuair béidheas ré ag tsartál uait, acht ná cuir aon cheist orm d'á thaoibh."

Níor bhfada 'na diaig seo, gur cheannaig Brígid Ní Ghrádaig bó bainne ⁊ cuir ar feurach í. Chuaidh sí féin agus Coirnín ar aghaidh go maith, agus nuair bí sé sidhe bliadhan d'aois, cheannaig sé gabháltas mór talmhan timcioll na h-aitinne, agus chuir teach breagh ar bun ar an mball ar rugadh é. Seal geall 'na diaig sin phós sé bean. Bí muinighin mhór aige, agus nuair fuair se bás le reanaois, d'fág sé ór agus airgiod ag a chloinn, agus ní facaidh aon duine do chómhnaig in ran tig sin lá bocht arsaidh.

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furse, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

Bean an Fir Ruaidh.

Tá siad d'á ráð
Sur tu fáilin focair i mbróig;
Tá siad d'á ráð
Sur tu béilin tana na bróg:
Tá siad d'á ráð
A mhile grádh go dtug tu dam cúl;
Cid go bfuil fear le fágail
'S leir an táilliúr Bean an Fir Ruaidh.

Do chugar naoi mí
I bpriorún, ceangailte cruaidh;
Doitear ar mo chaolaib
Agus mile slat ar rúd fuar;
Tabarfainn-re fiche
Mar tabarfadh eala coir cuain;
Le fonn do beit finte
Síor le Bean an Fir Ruaidh.

Saoil mire a ceud-fearc
Go mbeid' aon tigear idir mé 'r tu
Saoil mé 'nna déig-sin
Go mbreugfá mo leanb ar do glúin;
Mallacht Rig Neimhe
Ar an té sin bain díom-sa mo chlú;
Sin, agus uile go léir
Lucht bréige cuir idir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann san ngáirdín
Air a bráfann duilleabar a'r blát buide;
An uair leagaim mo lámh air
Ir láidir nach mbfireann mo chroide;
'S é fólár go bár
A'r é d'fágail o flaitear anuas
Aon póigín amáin,
A'r é d'fágail o Bean an Fir Ruaidh.

Acht go dtig lá an traoghail
'Nna feubfar cnuic agus cuain,
Tiucfaid fmúit ar an ngréin
'S béid na neullta com dub leir an ngual;
Béid an fairge tirm
A'r tiocfaid na brónta 'r na truaig'
'S béid an táilliúr ag fgreadaċ
An lá sin faoi Bean an Fir Ruaidh.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
  Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
'Tis what they say,
  Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
'Tis what they say,
  Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
That the tailor went the way
  That the wife of the Red man knew.

Nine months did I spend
  In a prison closed tightly and bound;
Bolts on my smalls*
  And a thousand locks frowning around;
But o'er the tide
  I would leap with the leap of a swan,
Could I once set my side
  By the bride of the Red-haired man.

I thought, O my life,
  That one house between us love would be;
And I thought I would find
  You once coaxing my child on your knee;
But now the curse of the High One
  On him let it be,
And on all of the band of the liars
  Who put silence between you and me.

There grows a tree in the garden
  With blossoms that tremble and shake,
I lay my hand on its bark
  And I feel that my heart must break.
On one wish alone
  My soul through the long months ran,
One little kiss
  From the wife of the Red-haired man.

But the day of doom shall come,
  And hills and harbors be rent;
A mist shall fall on the sun
  From the dark clouds heavily sent;
The sea shall be dry,
  And earth under mourning and ban;
Then loud shall he cry
  For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

Riobaire na gcleas.*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uasal] ann fad tíd agus ní raib aige acht aon mac amáin. Táinig fé reó [Riobaire na gcleas] cuige arteach tnáthóna oidhe, agus d'iarr fé lóistin dó féin agus do'n dá-'r-'eug do bí i n-éinfeacht leis.

"Suarach liom mar tá fé agam le t'agaid," ar fad feilméar, "acht tiúbraid mé duit é agus do d' dá'r-'eug." Fuit ruiméad réid dóib com maith a'r bí fé aige, agus nuair bí an ruiméad caithte, d'iarr an Riobaire ar an dá-'r-'eug fo éiridhe ruar agus fiora gairgideacta do deunamh do'n fear fo, ag tairbeánt na ngníomharta bí aca.

D'éiridh an dá-'r-'eug agus finneadar gairgideacta dó, agus ní faca an duine reo amarach fiora gairgideacta mar iad fin. "Mairead," adeir an duine-uasal, fear an tige, "níor bfeadar liom an oidhead fo [de fáidhbhear] 'ná dá mbeidead mo mac ionnann fin [do] deunamh."

"Leig liom-fa é," ar Riobaire na gcleas, "go ceann lá agus bliadain, agus béid fé com maith le ceachtar de na buachaillidh reó atá agam."

"Leigfead," ar fad duine-uasal, "acht go dtiúbraid tu ar ais cugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbrad," ar Riobaire na gcleas, "ar ais cugad é."

Fuit bréachfart ar maidin, lá ar na márach, dóib, nuair bíodar ag dul as imteacht, agus leig an duine-uasal an mac leó, agus d'fan riad amuig lá agus bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agus bliadain táinig riad arís a-baile cuige, agus a mac féin i n-éinfeacht leó. Bí fé [ag] faire orra, agus bí fáilte romra aige, agus bí oidhe maith aca. Nuair bíodar taréis a ruiméid, dubairt Riobaire na gcleas leis an dá-'r-'eug éiridhe ruar arís agus gairgideacht do deunamh do'n duine-uasal do bí tabairt an truiméid dóib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, freisin, agus bí fé i ngan do beit com maith le ceachtar aca. "Ní'l fé 'na gairgideach fór com maith le mo cuid-se fear, acht leig liom-fa é," ar Riobaire na gcleas, "ar fead lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leigfead," ar feisean, "acht go dtiúbraid tu ar ais cugam é i gceann an lá agus bliadain." Dubairt fé go dtiúbrad.

D'imtig riad leó, an lá ar na márach 'réis bíd na maidne, agus d-fanadar amuig lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i gceann an lá agus bliadain connairc an duine-uasal an comluadar ag teacht

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* Tá an sgeul so focal ar focal go díreach mar do fuaireadar agus mar do sgríobar síos é ó beul Mháirtain Ruaid uí Giollamháit (Foirde i mBeurla), i gCondae na Gaillimhe.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuige anir. Cuig ré fáilte agus fuiréan doíb, le lúcgáire iad do beit an air anir agus a mac leó.

Caiteadar an fuiréan, agus nuair díodar 'néir a fuiréir, dubairt ré le n-a cuid fear éirige ruar agus fiora gairgideacta do deunamh do'n duine-uasal do bí cabairt na gnaomhúileacht (?) doíb. D'éirig riad ruar, trí fir deug, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fearr de'n méad rin. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnann ceart do bainc dé act Rioire na gcleas féin.

Deir an duine-uasal, "ni'l fear ar bit aca ionnann gairgideacht do deunamh le mo mac féin."

"Ni'l, go deimin," ar Rioire na gcleas "aon fear ionnann a deunamh act mire; agus má leigeann tu dam-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, béid ré 'na gairgideac com maic liom féin."

"Mairead, leigfead," ar fan duine-uasal, "leigfid mé leat é," adeir ré.

Anior, nior iarr ré air, an t-am ro, a cabairt ar air anir, mar sinne ré na h-amannta eile, agus nior cuir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uasal ag fanamhaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, act ní cainig an mac ná Rioire na gcleas. Bí an t-adair, ann sin, faoi imnide móir nac raib an mac ag teacht a-baile cuige, agus dubairt ré: "pé b'é áit de'n domhan a bfuil ré, caidfid mé a fágail amac."

D'imtig ré ann sin agus bí ré ag imteacht gur cait ré trí oide agus trí lá ag riúbal. Cainig ann sin arteac i n-áit a raib árus breág, agus amuig anagaid an dorus móir bí trí fir deug ag bualad báire ann; agus fear ré ag feuchaint ar na trí fearaib deug d'á bualad, agus bí aon fear amáin d'á bualad le dá-'r-'eug aca. Cainig ré 'ran áit a rabadar arteac ann a mearg ann sin, agus 'ré a mac féin bí ag bualad an báire leir an dá-'r-'eug eile.

Cuir ré fáilte roimh an adair ann sin. "O! a adair," adeir ré, "ni'l aon fágail agad orm. Ni sinne tura," adeir ré, "do gnada (gnód) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunamh margaid leiread nior iarr tu air; mire [do] cabairt ar air cugad."

"Ir fior sin," adeir an t-adair.

"Anoir," adeir an mac, "ni bfuigfid tu feuchaint orm anocht, act deunfar trí colaim deug dinn agus caidfidear gráda coirce ar an urlár agus deunfaid Rioire na gcleas má aicnigeann tu do mac orra sin [= ann a mearg-ran] go bfuigfid tú é. Ni béid mire ag ite aon gráin agus béid na cinn eile ag ite. Béid mire oul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualad prioca ann ran-gcuid eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Geobaid tu do fogan agus déanfaid tu leis gur b'é mé cósras tu. Sin é an comarta beirim duit, i fiocc go n-aicneócaid tu mise amearg na gcolam eile, agus ma cogann tu go ceart, béid mé agad an uair sin."

D'fág an mac é ann sin, agus cáinig sé arteac ann san teac, agus cuir Riorpe na gcleas fáilte roime. Dubairt an duine-uasal go dtáinig sé as iarraid a mic nach dtug an Riorpe air leis é i gceann na bliadna. "Nior cuir tu sin ann san margad," ar san Riorpe, "acc ó cáinig tu com fada sin d'á iarraid, caicfid sé beit agad, má 's féidir leat a cogad amac." Rug sé arteac ann sin é go reomra a raib trí colaim deug ann, agus dubairt sé leis, a fogá colaim do cogad amac, agus dá mbud h-é a mac féin do cosrad sé go dtiucfad leis a congbáil. Bí na colaim uile as riocad na ngrána coirce de'n urlár, acc aon ceann amáin do bí gabail cart agus as bualad rrioca ann san scuid eile aca. Do cog an duine-uasal an ceann sin. "Tá do mac gnócaigte agad," ar san Riorpe.

Cait riad an oidce sin buil (?) a céile, agus d'imcig an duine-uasal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus dfágadar Riorpe na gcleas. Nuair bí riad as dul a-baile ann sin, cáinig riad ga baile-mór, agus bí aonac ann, agus nuair bíodar dul arteac ann san aonac d'iarr an mac ar a atair rreang do ceannac agus do deunam adartair dó. "Deunfaid mise rtail díom féin," adeir sé, "agus díolfaid tu mé ar an aonac so. Tiucfaid Riorpe na gcleas cugad ar an aonac—tá sé do d' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannócaid sé mise uait. Nuair béidear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-adartar uait acc congbaig cugad féin é, agus [ir] féidir liom-sa teacc ar air cugad—acc an t-adartar do congbáil."

Rinne an mac rtail dé féin ann sin, agus fuair an t-atair adartar agus cuir sé air é. Tarrainig sé ruar ann sin ar an aonac é, agus ir gearr do bí sé 'na fearam ann sin, nuair cáinig Riorpe na gcleas cuige agus d'iarr sé cia méad do beidead ar an rtail aige. "Trí ceud púnta" deir an duine-uasal. "Tiúbraid mise sin duit," deir Riorpe na gcleas—tiúbraid sé ruo ar bit dó as púil go bruigfead sé an mac ar air, mar bí fior aige go mait gur b'é do bí ann san rtail. "Tiúbraid mise duit é ar an airgiod sin," ar san duine-uasal, "acc ní tiúbraid mé an t-adartar." "Dud ceart an t-adartar do tabairt," ar san Riorpe.

D'imcig an Riorpe ann sin agus an rtail leis, agus d'imcig an duine-uasal ar a bealad féin as dul a-baile. Acc ní raib sé acc amuig ar an aonac 'san am a dtáinic an mac ruar leis arís.

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

" A adair," adeir sé, " tá mé ar fágail anoiú agad, act tá aonaċ ann a leiṫeid seo d'áit amárać agus naċamaoid arteaċ ann."

An lá ar na márać, nuair bíodar ag dul arteaċ ann san aonaċ eile, dubairt an mac: " Deunfaid mé srail díom féin agus tiucfaid Rioiṁe na gcleas arís dom' ceannaċ. Tiúbraid sé airgiod ar bit orm a iarrfar tu, act cuir ann san margad nać dtiúbraid tusa an t-adartas dó." Tarraingeadar suas ar an aonaċ ann sin, agus sinne sé srail dé féin agus cuir an t-adair adartas air agus ir gearr do bí sé ann, 'na seasamh, nuair táinig Rioiṁe na gcleas cuige agus d'fiarfuiġ sé dé cia méad do beiṫead ar an srail aige. " Sé ceud púnta," ar san duine-uasal. " Tiúbraid mise sin duit," adeir sé. " Act ní tiúbraid mé an t-adartas duit." " Dud ceart an t-adartas tabairt arteaċ 'san margad," ar an Rioiṁe, act ní buair sé é.

D'imtiġ Rioiṁe na gcleas ann sin agus an srail leis, agus d'imtiġ an duine-uasal ar a bealaċ ag dul a-baile, act ní raib sé i mbeagna a' cortuim ag dul amać ar an aonaċ am [nuair] a táinig an mac arís suas leis.

" Tá go mait, adair " adeir sé, " tá an uair seo snóṫaiġṫe againn, act ní'l fios agam 'cheud deunfar an lá-amárać sinn. Tá aonaċ ann a leiṫeid seo d'áit amárać agus tarrónġamaoid ann."

Cuadar mar sin ar an aonaċ an lá ar n-a márać, agus sinne an mac srail dé féin, agus cuir an t-adair adartas air, agus ir gearr do bí sé 'na seasamh ar an aonaċ i n-am táinig Rioiṁe na gcleas arís cuige. D'fiarfuiġ an Rioiṁe cia méad do beiṫead sé ag iarraid ar an srail breaġ sin do bí aige ann san adartas. " Naoi gceud púnta tá mise ag iarraid air," ar san duine-uasal. Níor faoil sé go dtiúbrad sé sin dó. Act ní congbóċad airgiod ar bit an srail ó'n Rioiṁe. " Tiúbraid mé sin duit," adeir sé. Cuir sé a lám ann a póca agus tug sé an naoi gceud púnta dó, agus rug sé ar an srail leis an láim eile, agus d'imtiġ sé leis ċom luaṫ sin gur deamad an duine-uasal é do cur ann san margad an t-adartas tabairt ar air dó.

D'san sé ag rúil go brillread an mac, act níor fill sé. Tug sé suas é ann sin agus dubairt sé nać raib aon mait dó trupón (?) [beit ag rúil] go brát leis, ná le n-a seaċt ar air arís go brát.

Tug Rioiṁe na gcleas ann sin an mac leis, agus bí sé tabairt 'ċ uile fóirt pionnúir agus droċ-uráide dó, agus ní leigfead sé é ar bord le aon duine ag ite a beata, act bí sé ann sin ceangailte, agus an lá leigfead sé na gairgiḋiġ eile amać, ní leigfead

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

pé eipean leó. Bí pé peal paoa map pin, agup Riobpe na gcleap ag cup opoc-méap aip agup ag taoaipt uile póipt pionnúip dó.

Cuic pé amac gup imcig Riobpe na gcleap an lá po ap baile, agup d'fágoaid pé eipean ann pan bpuinneóig ip áipde 'pan teac, 'n áit nac paib puo ap bit le fágail aige; agup é ceangailte ann pin, puap i n-áipde. Agup nuaip bí 'c uile duine imcigte ann pin, agup gan ap an t-pláid act é péin agup an cailín, d'iapp pé deoc uipge i n-ainm Dé, ap an gcailín. Dubaipt an cailín go mbeidead paitciop uippi dá bpágad a máigipcip amac í, go mapbócad pé í.

"Ní cloipfid duine ap bit go deó é," adeip pé, "ná bíod paitciop ap bit oic, ni mipe innpeócap [= inneópap] dó é." Cuz pí puap an deoc uipge cuige ann pin, agup nuaip cuip pé a cloigionn ann pan uipge, ag ól an uipge, pinne pé earcon dé péin agup cuaid pé píop ann pan poiteac. Bí ppocán beag uipge taob amuig de 'n doipur bí [ag] pic go ndeacaid pé arteac ann pan abainn, agup cait pí amac ann pan ppocán gac a paib d'fuigleac 'pan poiteac aici. Bí peipean ag imteacc ann pin agup é 'na earcuin ann pan abainn, ag tapraingt a-baile.

Nuaip cáinig Riobpe na gcleap a-baile, cuaid pé puap go bpeicfead pé an fean d'fág pé ceangailte, agup ni bpuaip pé é poime ann. D'fiapfuig pé de 'n cailín ap aipig pí é ag imteacc. Dubaipt an cailín nár aipig, acc go otuz pí péin bpaon uipge puap cuige.

"Agup cá 'p cuip tu an fuigleac do bí agad?" adeip pé.

"Cait mé 'pan ppocán amac é," ap pipe.

"Tá pé imcigte 'na earcuin ann pan abainn," adeip pé, "gleuraigid puap," adeip pé, leip an dá-'p-'eug gairgideac, "go leanpamaoid é."

Rinneadap dá maoaid deug uipge díob péin agup leanadap ann pan abain é; agup nuaip díodap ag teacc puap leip ann pan abainn d'éipig pé 'na eun ap an abainn ann pan aép.

Nuaip puaip piad pin amac gup imcig pé ap an abainn, pinneadap dá feadac deug díob péin agup d'imcigeadap andiaig an éin—uipeóg do pinne pé dé péin—agup díodap ag teacc puap leip.

Nuaip puaip pé iad ag teannad leip, agup nac paib pé ionnánn dul uaca, bí paitciop mór air Bí bean ag cádad amuig ap páipc báin. Cuipling pé 'nuap ap an aép, ó beit 'na eun, i ngap do'n coipce, agup pinne pé gpána coipce dé péin.

Cuipling piad péin 'na diaig agup pinneadap dá cearc-pfiancad

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out. that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them. there was great terror on him.

deus dioḃ féin, [agus bí an Riopre 'na coiteaċ-fhrancaċ]. Coṫaiġeadar ag ite an coirce ann sin agus saoil siad é beiṫ itte aca, aċt ní raiḃ. Bí siad ag ite an coirce go raiḃ siad i ngar do beiṫ ráṫaċ.

Nuair ṁear seirean go raiḃ a ráiṫ itte aca, agus naċ raḃadar ionnánn mórán eile do deunaṁ, d'éiriġ sé suas agus sinne sé sionnaċ dé féin, agus bain sé an cloigionn de'n dá fhrancaċ deus agus de'n coiteaċ:

Bí cead aige dul a-baile d'á aṫair ann sin nuair bíodar uile marḃ aige. Agus sin deire Riopre na gcleas. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

mo bhrón air an bhraighe.

Mo bhrón air an bhraighe
Is é tá mór,
Is é gabail idir mé
'S mo mhíle stór.

D'fágadh 'san mbaile mé
Deunamh bróin,
Gan aon trúsi tar fáile liom
Choidhe ná go deó.

Mo léun nach bhfuil mise
'Gus mo mhúirnín bán
I g-cúige Laigean
No i g-condae an Chláir.

Mo bhrón nach bhfuil mise
'Gus mo mhíle grádh
Air bord loinge
Thiall go 'Mexicá.

Leabuidh luachra
Bí fúm aréir,
Agus caith mé amach é
Le teas an laé.

Táinig mo ghrádh-sa
Le mo thaobh
Gualainn air gualainn
Agus beul ar beul.

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

My grief on the sea,
  How the waves of it roll!
For they heave between me
  And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
  To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
  Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
  Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster
  Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
  Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
On board of the ship
  For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
  All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
  With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
  He came from the South;
His breast to my bosom.
  His mouth to my mouth.

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* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

An buaċaill do bí a bfad ar a máṫair.*

A bfad ó foin bí lánamain fórta dar b' ainm Páorais agus Nuala ní Ċiaraċáin. Bíodar bliadain agus fiċe fórta gan aon ċlann do beiṫ aca, agus bí brón mór orra, mar naċ raib aon oidhe aca le na gcuid raidhbir d' fágbáil aige. Bí dá acra talmain, bó, agus péire gabar aca, agus bí tuaiṫm aca go rabadar raidhbir.

Aon oidhe amáin, bí Páorais teaċt a-baile o ċeaċ duine muinntiris, agus nuair ṫáinig ré ċom fada leis an roilig maoil, ṫáinig fear duine liaṫ amaċ agus dubairt: "Go mbeannaighidh Dia duit." "Go mbeannaig' Dia 'gus Muire duit," ar Páorais. "Cad atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar fan fear duine. "Ní'l morán go deimin," ar Páorais, "ni béidh mé a bfad beo, agus ní'l mac 'ná inghean le caoineaḋ mo ḋiaig nuair geobar mé bás." "D' éirigh naċ mbeidheá mar rin," ar fan fear-duine. "Fanaor! béidheaḋ," ar Páorais, "ṫáim bliadain agus fiċe fórta, agus ní'l aon ċoramlaċt fós." "Gliac m'focal-ra go mbéidh mac ós ag do ṁnaoi, trí páiṫe ó'n oidhe anoċt." Ċuaid Páorais a-baile, luiṫghéaraċ go leór, agus d'innis an sgeul do Nuala. "Ara! ní raib ann fan tsean duine aċt gogaille, a bí ag deunaṁ magaid ort," ar Nuala. "Is maiṫ an sgeulaidh an aimsir," ar Páorais.

Bí go maiṫ agus ní raib go h-oiċ; seal má (sul) ndeaċaidh leiṫ-bliadain ṫart, ċonnairc Páorais go raib Nuala dul oidhe do ṫabairt dó, agus bí brón mór air. Torruig ré ag cur na feilme i n-oiredheaḋ, agus ag fágbáil gaċ nidh féin le h-aghaid an oidhe óig. An lá ṫáinig tinneas cloinne ar Nuala, bí Páorais ag cur ċrainn óig a láṫair doṁair an tighe. Nuair ṫáinig an sgeul ċuige go raib mac ós ag Nuala, bí an oineaḋ sin luiṫghéire air gur ċuir ré marb le tinneas croidhe.

Bí brón mór air Nuala, agus dubairt sí leis an naoidheanán:

"Ní ċoisgfidh mé ṫu óm' ċíċ go mbéidh tu ionánn an ċrann do bí d' aṫair ag cur nuair fuair ré bás do ṫarraing ar na fréaṁaib."

Soineaḋ páidin ar an naoidheanán, agus ṫug an máṫair cíoċ dó go raib ré seaċt mbliadna d'aois. Ann sin ṫug sí amaċ é le feuċaint an raib ré ionánn an ċrann do ṫarraing, aċt ní raib. Nior ċuir sin aon droċ-meirneaċ ar an máṫair, ṫug sí arteaċ é,

* O fear dar b'ainm Bláca, i n-aice le Baile-an-róba, gCondae Muig-eó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

agus ċuig cioċ feaċt mbliaḋna eile dó, agus ní raiḃ aon buaċaill ann fan tír ionáinn ċeaċt ruar leis i n-oḃair.

Faoi ċeann deiġid na ceiṫre bliaḋna deug ċuig a ṁáṫair amaċ é, le feuċaint an raiḃ sé ionáinn an crann do ṫarraing, aċt ní raiḃ, mar bí an crann i n-ifrinn ṁaiṫ, agus as fár go mór. Nior ċuir sin aon droċ-mirneaċ ar an ṁáṫair.

Ċuig sí cioċ feaċt mbliaḋna eile dó, agus faoi ċeann deiġid an ama sin, bí sé ċom mór agus ċom láidir le faċaċ.

Ċuig an ṁáṫair amaċ é agus ḋuḃairt: "Mur (muna) ḃfuil tu ionáinn an crann sin r o ṫarraing anoir, ní ċúḃraiḋ mé aon ḃfaon eile ciċe ḋuit." Ċuir Páidín rmugairle ar a láṁaiḃ, agus fuair greim ar ḃun an ċrainn. An ċeud-iarraiḋ do ċuig sé, ċraiċ sé an talaṁ feaċt bpéirre ar gaċ taoiḃ dé, agus leis an dara iarraiḋ tóg sé an crann ar na fréaṁaiḃ, agus timċioll ciċe tonna de ċréafóig leis. "Gráḋ mo ċroiḋe tu," ar fan ṁáṫair, "is fiú ciċe bliaḋain agus ciċe tu." "A ṁáṫair," ar Páidín, "d'oibriġ tu go cruaiḋ le biaḋ agus deoċ do ṫaḃairt ḋam-sa ó fuġaḋ mé, agus tá sé i n-am ḋam anoir fuḋ éigin do ḋeunaṁ duit-se, ann do fean-laeċiḃ. Is é seó an ċeud-ċrann do ṫarraing mé agus deunfaiḋ mé maiḋe láiṁe ḋam féin dé." Ann sin fuair sé ráḃ agus tuaġ, agus ġearr an crann, ag fágḃáil timċioll ciċe troiġ de 'n ḃun, agus bí cnap air, ċom mór le túr de na túraiḃ cruinne do bíḋeaḋ i n-Éirinn an t-am sin. Bí or cionn tonna meaḋaċain ann fan maiḋe láiṁe nuair bí sé gleurta as Páidín.

Ar maidin, lá ar na ṁáraċ, fuair Páidín greim ar a ṁaiḋe, d'fág a ḃeannaċt as a ṁáṫair, agus d'imtiġ as tóruiġeaċt reiṫire. Bí sé as riúḃal go ḋtáinig sé go cairleán Liġean. D'fiarfuiġ an rí dé cad do bí sé 'iarraiḋ. "As iarraiḋ oibre, má sé do ḃoil," ar Páidín. "Ḃfuil aon ċeird agad?" ar fan rí. "Ni'l," ar Páidín, "aċt tig liom obair ar bit dá ndeaṁnaiḋ fear aniaṁ ḋeunaṁ." "Deunfaiḋ mé marġaḋ leaṫ," ar fan rí, "má ṫig leat h-uile nid a ordóċar mire ḋuit a ḋeunaṁ ar fead sé mí, deunfaiḋ mé do meaḋaċan féin d'ór ḋuit, agus m'inġean mar ṁnaoi-póṙta, aċt muna dtig leat gaċ nid do ḋeunaṁ, caillfiḋ tu do ċeann." "Táim ráṙta leis an marġaḋ sin," ar Páidín. "Téid arteaċ 'ran rgiobóil, agus bí as bualaḋ coirce do na ba (buaiḃ) go mbéid do ċeud-ṙonn réid."

Ċuaiḋ Páidín arteaċ, agus fuair an rúirte, aċt ní raiḃ an ṙúirtín aċt mar ṫraiṫnín i láiṁ Páḋraiġ, agus ḋuḃairt sé leis ṙéin," is fearr mo maiḋe-láiṁ' 'ná an gleur sin." Toruiġ sé as bualaḋ leis an maiḋe-láiṁ' agus nior ḃfaḋ go raiḃ an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flail*een* was

do bí ann san sgiobóil buailte aige. Ann sin ċuaiḋ sé amaċ ann san ngarḋa agus ḋorus ag bualaḋ na sáca coirce agus cruiṫneaċta, gur ċuir sé ciṫeanna sráin ar feaḋ na tire. Ṫáinig an síġ amaċ agus ḋubairt, "Coirg do lám, aḋeirim, no sgriosfaiḋ tu mé. Ṫéiḋ agus beir cúpla buiceaḋ uirge ċum na fearḃfóganta ar an loċ úd síos, agus béiḋ an leite fuar go leór nuair ċiucfar tu ar air." D'fċeuċ Páiḋin ċart, agus ċonnairc sé ḋá báinille mór folaṁ, le coir balla. Fuair sé sneim orra, ceann aca ann gaċ láiṁ, ċuaiḋ ċum an loċa, agus ċuig iaḋ lionta go cúl dorair an ċairleáin. Bí ionġantar ar an síġ nuair ċonnairc sé Páḋraig ag teaċt, agus ḋubairt sé leis: "Ṫéiḋ arteaċ, tá an leite réiḋ ḋuit." Ċuaiḋ Páiḋin arteaċ, agus ċuaiḋ an síġ ċum Ḋaill ġlic do bí aige, agus d'innis sé ḋó an maṙgaḋ do sinne sé le Páiḋin, agus d'fiafruiġ sé ḋé, creud do buḋ ċóir ḋó ṫaḃairt le deunaṁ do Páiḋin. "Abair leis ḋul síos agus an loċ do ṫaoḋmaḋ, agus é do beiṫ deunta aige, real má ṫéiḋ an ġrian faoi, an tratnóna so."

Ġáir an síġ ar Páiḋin agus ḋubairt leis: "Ṫaoḋm an loċ ġin síos agus biaḋ sé deunta agad real má ṫéiḋ an ġrian faoi an tratnóna so." "Mait go léor," ar Páiḋin, "aċt cia an áit a ċuirfear mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann san ngleann mór atá i ngar do'n loċ é," ar san síġ. Ní raiḃ ioir an gleann agus an loċ aċt sgonra, agus biḋeaḋ na daoine ag deunaṁ bóṫair-coise ḋé. Fuair Páiḋin buiceaḋ, picóiḋ agus láiḋe, agus ċuaiḋ ċum an loċa. Bí bun an gleanna coṫrom le bun an loċa. Ċuaiḋ Páiḋin arteaċ 'san ngleann agus sinne poll arteaċ go bun an loċa. Ann sin ċuir sé a ḃeul ar an ḃpoll, ṫarraing anál fada agus nior ṡáġ sé braon uirge, iarġ, ná báḋ, ann san loċ, nár ṫarraing sé amaċ leis an anál sin, agus nár ċuir sé arteaċ 'sa' ngleann. Ann sin ḃún sé suas an poll.

Nuair d'fċeuċ an síġ sios, connairc sé an loċ ċom tiṁ le boir do láiṁe, agus nior ḃfad go ṫáinig Páiḋin ċuige agus ḋubairt: "Tá an obair sin criṁeuġte, caḋ deunfar mé ḋuit anoir?" "Ní'l aon rud eile le deunaṁ agad anoiḋ, aċt béiḋ neart agad le deunaṁ amárać." An oiḋċe sin, ċuir an síġ sios ar an nDaill ġlic, agus d'innis ḋó an ċaoi ar ṫaoḋm Páiḋin an loċ, agus naċ raiḃ sios aige creud do béarfaḋ sé ḋó le deunaṁ. "Tá sios agam-sa an nid naċ mbéiḋ sé ionann a deunaṁ, ar maidin amárać, taḃair sgríbinn ḋó ċum do deaṙbráṫar i nGaillim, abair leis tá siċiḋ tonna cruiṫneaċta do ṫaḃairt ċugad, agus a beiṫ ar air ann só faoi ċeann ceiṫre uaire ar siċiḋ. Taḃair an trean-láir agus a cáirt só, agus tig leat beiṫ cinnte naċ ḋtiucfaiḋ sé ar air." Ar maidin, lá ar na ṁárać, ġair an síġ

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He begar threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

Páidín, agus ċuig an rgníbinn dó, agus dubairt leir, "Fág an láir agus an cáirt agus téid go Gaillim. Tabair an rgníbinn reo dom' dearḃráṫair, agus abair leir dá ḟiċid tonna cruiṫneaċta do ṫabairt duit, agus bí ar air ann ro faoi ċeann ceiṫre uaire ar ḟiċid."

Fuair Páidín an láir agus an cáirt, agus ċuaid ar an mbóṫar. Ni raib an láir ionánn nior mó ná ceiṫre míle ran uair do ḟiúbal. Ċeangail Páidín an láir ar an gcairt, ċuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go bráṫ leir, tar cnocaib agus gleanntaib, go ndeaċaid ré go Gaillim. Ċuig ré an litir do dearḃráṫair an rí, fuair an cruiṫneaċt agus ċuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair ċuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leiṫ d'á druim. Ċuir Páidín an cruiṫneaċt ann ran rgiobóil. Nuair ċuaid muinntir an ċairleáin 'na gcodlaḋ, ċuaid Páidín ċum an ċuain, agus nior ḟág ré rlaḃra ar an loingear nár ċuig ré leir. Ann rin rómair ré faoi an rgiobóil, ċeangail na rlaḃraċa timċioll air, agus ar go bráṫ leir, agus an rgiobóil agus gaċ a raib ann ar a druim. Ċuaid ré tar cnocaib agus gleanntaib, agus nior rtop gur ḟág ré an rgiobóil i láṫair ċairleáin an rí. Bí laċain, ceapca, agus géideaċa ann ran rgiobóil. Ar maidin go moċ, d'ḟeuċ an rí amaċ ar a ḟeomra agus creud d'ḟeicḟead ré aċt rgiobóil a dearḃráṫar.

"M' anam ó'n diaḃal," ar ran rí "ré rin an ḟear ir iongantaiġe 'ran doman." Táinig ré anuar agus fuair Páidín le na maide ann a láim, 'na ḟeapaṁ le coir an rgiobóil.

"An dtuig tu an cruiṫneaċt ċugam?" ar ran rí.

"Tugar," ar Páidín, "aċt tá an trean-láir marḃ." Ann rin d'innir ré do'n rí gaċ nid d'á ndeapnaid ré ó d'imtiġ ré go dtáinig ré ar air.

Ni raib ḟior ag an rí creud do ḋeunḟaḋ ré, agus d'imtiġ ré ċum an Ḋaill Ġlic, agus dubairt leir, "mur (muna) n-innriġeann tu dam nid naċ mbéid an ḟear rin ionnán a ḋeunaṁ, bainfid mé an ceann díot."

Smuain an Ḋall Ġlic tamall agus dubairt, "abair leir go bruil do dearḃráṫair i n-ifrionn, agus go mbud maiṫ leat amarc do ḃeiṫ agad air, agus abair leir é do ṫabairt ċugad, go mbéid amarc agad air; nuair a ġeobar riad in n-ifrionn é, ni leigfid riad dó teaċt ar air."

Ġáir an rí Páidín agus dubairt leir, "tá dearḃráṫair dam i n-ifrionn agus tabair ċugam é, go mbéid amarc agam air." "Cia an ċaoi aiṫneóċaid mé do ḋearḃráṫair ó na daoinib eile aṫá 'ran áit rin?" ar Páidín.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him. "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

" Tá fiacail fada i gceann-lár a ċarbaid uaċtarach," ar an fíġ.

Ċuir Páidín rmuġaille ar a maide, buail an bóthar, agus níor bfad go dtáinig ré go geata ifrinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do ċuir arteaċ ameart na ndiabal é, agus fiúbail ré féin arteaċ 'na diaiġ. Nuair ċonnairc Beilibúb é ag teaċt, táinig faitċíor air, agus d'fiafruiġ ré dé cheud do bí a' tearthál uaid :

" Deanbhráthair fíġ Laiġean atá a' tearthál uaim," ar Páidín.

" Pioc amaċ é," ar Beilibúb.

D'feuċ Páidín thart, ach fuair ré níor mó ná dá ficid fear a raib fiacail fada i gceann-lár a gcarbaid uaċtarach aca.

" Ar faitċíor naċ mbeidheadh an fear ceann agam," ar Páidín, " tiománfaidh mé an t-iomlán aca liom, agus tiġ leis an fíġ a dheanbhráthair phiocadh arta."

Tiomáin ré dá ficid aca amaċ roimhe, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i láthair ċairleáin an fíġ. Ann rin ġáir ré ar an fíġ agus dubairt leis, "pioc amaċ do dheanbhráthair ar na fir (fearaib) reo."

Nuair d'feuċ an fíġ agus ċonnairc ré na diabail le h-adhaicid orra, bí faitċíor air, rgheadh ré ar Páidín agus dubairt, " tabair ar air iad."

Thoruiġ Páidín 'gá mbualadh le na maide, gur ċuir ré ar air go h-ifrionn iad.

Ċuaidh an fíġ cum an Dáill Ġlic, agus d'innir dó an níth do rinne Páidín, agus dubairt leis, " ní tiġ leat innrint dam aon níth naċ bfuil ré ionann a dheunamh, agus caillfidh tu do ċeann ar maidin amárach."

" Tabair iarraidh eile dam," ar an Dall Ġlic, " agus ní béidh an Connaċtaċ a bfad beo. Ar maidin amárach, abair leis, an tobar atá i láthair an ċairleáin do thaoth-madh ; bíodh fir réidh agad, agus nuair a ġeobar tu fíor ann an tobar é, abair leis na fir (fearaib), an ċloċ muilinn atá le coir an balla do ċaiteamh síos 'na mullaċ, agus marbhóċaidh rin é."

Ar maidin, lá ar na márach, ġair an fíġ Páidín agus dubairt leis : " téidh agus taothm an tobar rin tá i láthair an ċairleáin, agus nuair a béidhear ré deunta agad, beuraidh mé hata nuadh duit, ir ruamaċ an cáibín é rin atá ort."

Bí na fir réidh ag an fíġ le Páidín bocht do mharbadh, dá bfeabhradh riad é.

Ċuaidh Páidín go bruaċ an tobair, luidh síos air a dheul faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus ċoruiġ aġ tapṗaing an uiṙge arteaċ ann a ḃeul, agus dá ṙgáṙtaḋ amaċ uaiḋ aṙíṙ go ṙaiḃ an tobaṙ ionnann agus tiṁ aiġe. Bí ṙoinn beag i mbun an tobaiṙ naċ ṙaiḃ taoḋmċa, agus ċuaiḋ páḋṙaiġ ṙíoṙ le na tiṁiuġaḋ. Cáiniġ na ṙiṙ leiṙ an ġcloiċ móiṙ ṁuilinn agus ċaiṫeaḋaṙ ṙíoṙ aṙ ṁullaċ Páiḋín é. Bí an poll do bí i láṙ na cloiċe go díṙeaċ ċoṁ móṙ le ceann Páiḋín, agus ṙaoil ré ġuṙ b' é an hata nuaḋ do ċaiṫ an ṙíġ ṙíoṙ ċuiġe, agus ġlaoḋ ré ṙuaṙ: "Cáim buiḋeaċ díoṫ, a máiġiṙtiṙ, aṙ ṙon an hata nuaiḋ." Ann ṙin cáiniġ ré ṙuaṙ leiṙ an ġcloiċ ṁuilinn aṙ a ċeann. Bí bṙóḋ móṙ aiġe aṙ an hata nuaḋ. Bí ionġantaṙ aṙ an ṙíġ agus aṙ h-uile ḋuine eile, nuaiṙ ċonnaiṙc ṙiaḋ Páiḋín leiṙ an ġcloiċ ṁuilinn aṙ a ċeann.

Bí ṙíoṙ aġ an ṙíġ naċ ṙaiḃ aon ṁaiṫ ḋó aon níḋ eile do taḃaiṙt do Páiḋín le ḋeunaṁ, agus ḋuḃaiṙt ré leiṙ, "Is tu an ṙeaṙḃ-fóġanta is ṙeaṙṙ do bí agam aṁaiṁ; ní'l aon níḋ eile agam ḋuit le ḋeunaṁ, agus taṙ liom-ṙa, go dtuġaiḋ mé do ċuaṙṙtal ḋuit. Ní'l m' inġean ṙean go leóṙ le póṙaḋ, aċt nuaiṙ a ḃéiḋeaṙ ṙí bliaḋain agus ṙiċe d'aoiṙ, tig leat í do ḃeiṫ agaḋ."

"Ní'l d'inġean a' ṫeaṙtál uaim," aṙ Páiḋín.

Ċuġ an ṙíġ é ċum an ċiṙte, an áit a ṙaiḃ go leóṙ óiṙ, agus ḋuḃaiṙt leiṙ: "Bain díoṫ do hata nuaḋ, agus téiḋ arteaċ 'ṙa' ṙgála."

"Go deiṁin, ní ḃainfiḋ mé mo hata díom, ḃṙonn tuṙa oṁ é," aṙ Páiḋín, "beiḋeaḋ ré ċoṁ maiṫ ḋuit mo ḃṙíṙte do ḃaint díom."

Ní ṙaiḃ an oiṙeaḋ óiṙ agus a ṁeaḋóċaḋ hata Páiḋín, aċt ṙoċruiġ an ṙíġ leiṙ aġ taḃaiṙt dó dá ṁála óiṙ. Ċuiṙ Páiḋín ceann aċa ṙaoi ġaċ aṙċall, ṙuaiṙ ġleim aiṙ a ṁaiḋe, an hata nuaḋ aṙ a ċeann, agus aṙ go bṙáṫ leiṙ, taṙ cnocaiḃ agus ġleanntaiḃ, go dtáiniġ ré a-ḃaile.

Nuaiṙ ċonnaiṙc daoine an ḃaile Páiḋín aġ teaċt leiṙ an ġcloiċ ṁuilinn aṙ a ċeann, bí ionġantaṙ móṙ oṙṙa; aċt nuaiṙ ċonnaiṙc an máċair an dá ṁála óiṙ, buḋ beag náṙ ċuit ṙí maṙḃ le lúṫ-ġáiṙe. Ċoruiġ Páiḋín, agus ċuiṙ ré teaċ bṙeáġ aṙ bun dó féin, agus d'á máċair. Rinne ré ceiṫṙe leiṫ (leaṫanna) de 'n hata nuaḋ, agus ṙinne cloċa cúinne díoḃ do 'n teaċ. Ċonġḃuiġ ré a máċair maṙ ṁnaoi uaṙail go bṙuair ṙí báṙ le ṙean-aoiṙ, agus ċaiṫ ré féin beaṫa maiṫ i nġṙáḋ Dé agus na g-cómaṙṙan.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

Mala Néifin.

Dá mbéidinn-se air Mala Néifin
'S mo ceud-grádh le mo thaoibh;
Ir lágach coideólamaoir i n-éinfeacht
Mar an t-éinín air an g-craoibh.
'Sé do béilín binn briathrach
Do mheudaig air mo phian,
Agus codlad ciúin ní feudaim,
Go n-éugfad, farsaor!

Dá mbéidinn-se air na cuantaib
Mar budh dual dam, geobainn prógt;
Mo cáirde uile faoi buaidhreadh
Agus gruaim orra gach ló.
Fíor-fgaith na ngruagach
Fuair buaidh a'r clú annr gach gleó,
'S gur b'é mo chroide-fcis tá 'nna gual dubh;
Agus bean mo chruaige ní'l beó.

Nach aoibinn do na h-éiniuib
A éirigear go h-árd,
'S a codluigear i n-éinfeacht
Air aon chraoibín amháin.
Ní mar rin dam féin
A'r do m' ceud míle grádh;
Ir fada ó na céile orrainn
Éirigear gach lá.

Cad é do bheathnugadh air na fpéarthaib
Thuit cig tear air an lá,
Na air an lán-mara ag éirige
Le h-eudan an choide áird?
Mar rúd díor an té úd
A beir an-toil do 'n grádh
Mar chrann air mala rléibe
Do chéigfead a dlát.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

["Love Songs of Connacht."]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
And my hundred-times loved one with me,
We should nestle together as safe in
Its shade as the birds on a tree.
From your lips such a music is shaken,
When you speak it awakens my pain,
And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
I should sport on its infinite room,
I should plow through the billows' commotion
Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
For the flower of all maidens of magic
Is beside me where'er I may be,
And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
They rise up on high in the air,
And then sleep upon one bough together
Without sorrow or trouble or care;
But so it is not in this world
For myself and my thousand-times fair,
For, away, far apart from each other,
Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
When the heat overmasters the day,
Or what when the steam of the tide
Rises up in the face of the bay?
Even so is the man who has given
An inordinate love-gift away,
Like a tree on a mountain all riven
Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Craoibhín.

Bhí righ i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnairc sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congbháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an righ a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, "ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag."

"Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú," ar seisean, "tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an Deachmhaidh."

"Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus eánacha na gcnoc le chéile," [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na gcnoc le chéile. Dubhairt an righ go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an Deachmhaidh, "agus cad é an ceann," ar seisean, "bhéarfas mé chuig an Deachmhaidh?"

"Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leó lámh thabhairt i láimh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin."

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisear ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d á thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhi ag cailleamhain. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, "a mhic," ar seisean, "caithfidh tú dul chuig an Deachmhaidh."

"Ní rachaidh mise chuig an Deachmhaidh, a athair," ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

Once upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

" tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m' fhortúin."

D'imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhi sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. " Ni'l mall ort " [ar seisean leis an mac righ] " do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id' *fowl*-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig si le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe ; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibhcoimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d' onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, " a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall." Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, " muna dtugann tú ded' dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded' aimhdheóin é." Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded' dheóin, na de d' aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í aris. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh aris, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise 'na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar ; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadhmar tá onóir innti, agus béidh si ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, " Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do'n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air' ! "

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an seanfhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d'imthigh an dá-'r'eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcuigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtainig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncail* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d' iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an oncal, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága míostuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfidhe ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróngadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gcloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac righ Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásgadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásgadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-righ agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide í láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidheamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ní fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-íomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fesòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

" Is fíor sin," ar san ceann, " da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ni bhainfeadh siad anuas mé ! "

" Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas ! "

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d'á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

" Ni buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh," ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dti a chailin mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d' éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt si leis] " ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d' obair andiú ar son inghine m' oncail arís."

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. " Fud, fad, féasóg ! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m' fhóidín dúthaigh ! "

" Ni Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa."

" Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile ? "

" Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá míostuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Bhi siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac righ Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do'n fhathach go dti na glúna, agus an dara fásgadh go di an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásgadh go dti meall a bhrághaid 'san talamh.

" Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh ! "

" Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d'á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d'á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-righ agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam."

" Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh ! "

" Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth 'na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri."

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

" Ochón go deó? " ar san ceann, " dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eírinn ni bhéarfadh siad anuas mé."

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

" Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana ! "

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís : " Ta dá dtrian de m' inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

" Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailin mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean 'san domhan budh bhreághdha 'ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] " Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m' oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfúighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b' éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de'n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit."

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. " Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith."

" Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin," ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d'á gcroicionn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d'amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnairc sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnairc an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de'n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aér, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, " is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é 'n sórt *act*-ál atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin ? Ní'l aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann."

" Mise an fear sin."

" Má's tú é," ar san fathach, " tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so." Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach 'san gcarraig, agus dubhairt, " tarraing an cloidheamh so má 's tú Réalandar."

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuail sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

Caoineadh na dTri Muire.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

Racamaoid chum an tsléibe
Go moch ar maidin amárach;
(Ochón agus och ón ó.)
"A Pheadair na n-abrtal
An bhfacaidh tu mo ghrádh geal?"
(Ochón agus och ón ó.)

"Mairead! a Mhaighdean,
Connairc mé ar ball é,
(Ochón agus och ón ó.)
Agus bí fé gabha go cruaidh
I lár a námhad,"
(Ochón agus och ón ó.)

"Bí Iudar 'na aice
Agus rug fé greim láimh' air,"
(Ochón agus och ón ó.)
"Mairead a Iúdáir bhradaigh
Creud do rinne mo ghrádh ort?"
(Ochón agus och ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning tomorrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo. [From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

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* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus,"= "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *ōch ōch agus ŏch ūch ān*, after the first two lines, and *ōch ŏch, agus, ōch ŏn ō* after the next two. Thus:—

Leagadh anuas i n-uchd a mháthar é
(Oċ, óċ, agus oċ úċ án)
Gabhaidh a leigh. a dhá mhuinne agus casoinigidhe.
(Oċ oċ, agus óċ ŏn ó.)

"Ni dearnaid fé amach
Dada ar leanb ná páirte,
(Ochón agus oc ón ó.)
Agus níor cuir fé fearg
Amach ar a máthair,"
(Ochón agus oc án ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amach
Go mbuid í féin a máthair,
(Ochón agus oc ón ó.)
Tógadar fuar
Ar a ngualainib go h-árd í,
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)

Agus buaileadar fíor
Ar clochaib na fraithe í
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)
Cuaid rí i laige
Agus dí a glúna geárrtha
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)

"Buailid mé féin
Agus ná bain le mo máthair:"
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)
"Buailfimid tu féin.
A'r marbhócamaoid do máthair,"
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)

Stróiceadar an bráid leó
An lá rin ó n-a láthair,
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)
Act do lean an maighdean
Iad ann fan bhárach
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)

"Cia an bean í rin
'Nár noiaig ann fan bhárach?"
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)
"Go deimin má tá bean ar bit ann
'Sí mo máthair,"
(Ochón agus oc ón ó!)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we'll slaughter your mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuch, fágaim ort
Cúram mo mháthar,
(Ochón agus ochón ó.)
Congbhaig uaim í
Go gcríochnóchaidh mé an páirt seo,"
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)

Nuair chualaidh an mhaighdean
An ceileabhradh chráidhte,
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)
Tug trí léim thar an ngárdha
Agus léim* go crann na páirce
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)

Cia h-é an fear bheagh sin
Ar chrann na páirce
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)
An é nach n-aithnigeann tu
Do mhac a mháthair?
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)

An é sin mo leanbh
A d'iomchar mé trí páithe;
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)
No an é sin an leanbh
Do h-oiliadh i n-uchd Mháire?
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)

* * * * * *

Chaitheadar anuas é
Na sgoladh geárrtha
(Ochón agus ochón ó!)
"Sin chugaibh anois é
Agus caoinigidh bur páirt air,"
(Ochón, agus ochón ó!)

Glaodh ar na trí Muire
Go gcaoinfimid ár ngrádh geal
(Ochón, agus ochón ó!)
Tá do chuid mná-caointe
Le breith fós a mháthair
(Ochón, agus ochón ó!)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son, O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béid tu liom-sa
Go foil i ngáirdín Fánntair;
(Océn agus oc ón ó!)
Go raib tu do bean iomrád (?)
I gcáthair Gil na ngrádha
(Océn agus oc ón ó!)

TOBAR MHUIRE.

A brad ó foin do bí tobar beannaighte i mBaile an tobair,* i gcondae Mhuig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann san áit a bruil an tobar anoir, agus ir ar lorg altóra na mainirtre do brir an tobar amach. Bí an mhainirtir ar caoib cnuic, acht nuair cáinig Cromail agus a cuid sgriobaidhe cum na tire seo, leagadar an mhainirtir, agus níor fágadar cloc or cionn cloiche de'n altóir nár caiteadar síos.

Bliadain ó'n lá do leagadar an altóir, 'sé sin lá féil Muire 'san earrach, 'sead brir an tobar amach ar lorg na h-altóra, agus ir iongantach an rud le rádh nach raib braon uirge ann san sruth do bí ag bun an cnuic ó'n lá do brir an tobar amach.

Bí bráthair bocht ag dul na slighe an lá ceudna, agus cuaid sé ar a bealach le paidir do rádh ar lorg na h-altóra beannaighte, agus bí iongantar mór air nuair connairc se tobar bréagh ann a h-áit. Cuaid sé ar a glúnaib agus toraig sé ag rádh a paidre nuair cualaid sé guth ag rádh, "cuir díot do bhróga, tá tu ar talamh beannaighte, tá tu ar bruach Tobair Muire, agus tá léigeas na milte caoch ann. Béid duine léigeartha le uirge an tobair sin anagaid gach uile duine d'éirt aifrionn i láthair na h-altóra do bí ann san áit ann a bruil an tobar anoir, má bíonn siad tumtha trí h-uaire ann, i n-ainm an Athar an Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh."

Nuair bí a paidreaca ráidte ag an mbráthair d'éuc sé suas

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* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Ui Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, *i.e.*, "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly!]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
Into Paradise garden.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
To a fair place in heaven
At the side of thy darling.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

Long ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

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friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

agus connairc colum mór gléigeal ar crann giúbair i ngar dó. Bud h-í an colum do bí ag caint. Bí an brátair gleurta i n-eudaigib-bréige, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com mór agus do bí ar ceann madra-alla.

Ar caoi ar bit d'fuagair ré an fgeul do daoinib an baile big, agus níor brada go ndeacaid ré trío an tír. Bud boct an áit í, agus ni raib act botáin ag na daoinib, agus iad lionta le deatac. Ar an ádbar rin bí cuid mait de daoinib caoca ann. Le clapfolar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fichid daoine ann, ag tobar Muire, agus ní raib fear ná bean aca nac dtáinig ar air le radarc mait.

Cuaid clú tobair Muire trío an tír, agus níor brada go raib oilitreaca ó gac uile contae ag teact go Tobar Muire, agus ní deacaid aon neac aca ar air gan beit léigearta; agus fao: ceann tamaill do bídead daoine ar tiontaib eile féin, ag teact go dti Tobar Muire.

Bí fear mi-cneidmeac 'na cómnuide i ngar do Baile-an-tobair. Duine uaral do bí ann, agus níor cneid ré i léigear an tobair beannaigte. Dubairt re nac raib ann act pirtreósa, agus le magad do deunam ar na daoinib cuig ré arall dall do bí aige cum an tobair agus cum a ceann fao an uirge. Fuair an t-arall radarc, act tugad an magadóir a-baile com dall le bun do bróige.

Fao ceann bliadna cuit ré amac go raib fagart ag obair mar gárdadóir ag an duine-uaral do bí dall. Bí an fagart gleurta mar fear-oibre, agus ni raib fíor ag duine ar bit go mbud fagart do bí ann. Aon lá amáin bí an duine uaral breidte agus d'iarr ré ar a fearbpósanta é do tabairt amac 'ran ngárrda. Nuair táinig ré cum na h-áite a raib an fagart ag obair, fuid ré fíor. "Nac mór an truag é," ar feirean, "nac dtig liom mo gárda bréag d'feiceál!"

Glac an gárdadóir truaig dó agus dubairt, "Tá fíor agam cá bfuil fear do léigreócad tu, act tá luac ar a ceann mar geall ar a cneideam."

"Deirim-re m'focal nac ndeunfaid mire rpídeadóireact air, agus iocfaid mé go mait é ar fon a chiobloide," ar ran duine uaral.

"Act b'éidir nár mait leat dul trío an trige-flánaigte atá aige," ar ran gárdadóir.

"Ir cuma liom cia an trige atá aige má tugann ré mo radarc dam," ar ran duine uaral.

Anoir, bí droc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar bfuil ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fagartaiḃ roiṁe rin; Dingam an t-ainm do ḃí air. Ar ċaoi ar ḃit ġlac an fagart meirneaċ agus duḃairt, "Dioḃ do ċóirte féiḋ ar maidin amárach, agus tiomáinfiḋ mise tu go dti áit do léiġir, ni tig le cóirteóir ná le aon duine eile beit i láṫair acṫ mise, agus ná h-innir d'aon duine ar ḃit cá ḃfuil tu ag dul, no fior cad é do ġnaiṫe (ġnó)."

Ar maidin, lá ar na márach, ḃi cóirte Dingam réiḋ, agus ċuaiḋ ré féin arteaċ, leis an ngardadóir d'á ċiomáint. "Fan, ċuga, ann fan mbaile an t-am so," ar ré leis an g-cóirteóir, "agus tiomáinfiḋ an gárdadóir mé." Bí an cóirteóir 'na biteamnaċ, agus bí éud air, agus ġlac ré fún go mbeiḋeaḋ ré ag fairge na cóirte, le fáġail amaċ cia an áit raiḃ riad le dul. Bí a ġleus beannaiġte ag an fagart, taoḃ-artiġ de'n eudaċ eile. Nuair ṫángadar go Tobar Muire duḃairt an fagart leis, "Is fagart mise, tá mé dul le do radarc d'fáġail duit 'ran áit ar ċaill tu é." Ann rin ċum ré tri uaire ann fan tobar é, i n-ainm an Aṫar an Mic agus an Spioraid Naoiṁ, agus ṫáinig a radarc ċuige ċoṁ maiṫ agus bí ré aruaṁ.

"Beurfaiḋ mé ceud púnt duit," ar fa Dingam, "ċoṁ luaṫ agus racfar mé a-ḃaile."

Bí an cóirteóir ag fairge, agus ċoṁ luaṫ agus ċonnairc ré an fagart ann a ġleus beannaiġte, ċuaiḋ ré go luiṫ an diġe agus ḃrait ré an fagart. Do gaḃaḋ agus do croċaḋ é gan breiṫeaṁ gan breiṫeaṁnar. D'feudfaḋ an feap do bí tar éis a radarc d'fáġail ar air, an fagart do faorfaḋ, acṫ nior laḃair ré focal ar a fon.

Timċioll miora 'na diaiġ reó, ṫáinig fagart eile go Dingam agus é ġleurta mar gárdadóir, agus d'iarr ré obair ar Dingam agus fuair uaiḋ í. Acṫ ni raiḃ ré a ḃfad ann a feirḃir go dtáṫla droċ-rud do Dingam. Ċuaiḋ ré amaċ aon lá aṁáin ag riúḃal tri na páirceannaiḃ, agus do caraḋ cailin mireaċ, ingean fir boiċt, air, agus tinne ré marluġaḋ uirri, agus d'fág leaṫ-marḃ í. Bí truán dearḃráṫar ag an gcailin, agus ċuġadar mionna go marḃóċaḋ riad é ċoṁ luaṫ agus ġeoḃaidir ġreim air. Ni raiḃ a ḃfad le fanaṁaint aca. Gaḃadar é ran áit ċeudna ar marlaiġ ré an cailin, agus ċroċadar é ar ċrann, agus d'fágadar ann rin é 'na ċroċaḋ.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márach, bí milliúnaiḋ de mioltógaiḃ cruinniġte, mar ċnoc móṙ, timċioll an ċrainn, agus nior feud duine ar bit dul anaice leis, mar ġeall ar an mboladh bréan do bí timċioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do racaḋ anaice leis, do ḃallfaḋ na mioltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tainig bean agus mac Dingam ceud punt d'aon duine do béarrad an corp amach. Rinne cuid maith daoine iarrtaid air rin do deunamh, ach nior feudadar. Fuair riad púdar le crathadh ar na mioltógaib, agus geuga crann le na mbualadh, ach nior feudadar a rgaradh, ná dul com fada leir an gcrann. Di an dreuntar an éirige nior mearra, agus di eagla ar na cómarrannaib go dtiubradh na mioltóga agus an corp dréun pláig orra.

Di an dara ragart 'na gárdadóir ag Dingam 'ran am ro, ach ni raib fior ag luct an tige gur ragart do di ann, óir da mbeidh fior ag luct an duige no ag na rpideadóiribh, do geobadh riad agus do chrochfadh riad é. Cuaid na Catoilcig go bean Dingam agus dubhradar léi go raib eólar aca ar duine do díbreóchadh na mioltóga. "Tabair cugam é," ar rire, "agus má'r féidir leir na mioltóga do díbirt ni h-é an duair rin geobar re ach a reacht n-oiread.

"Ach," ar riad-ran, "dá mbeid' fior ag luct-an-duige agus dá ngabadaoir é, do chrochfadaoir é, man chroch riad an fear do fuair radarc a fúl ar air dó." "Ach," ar rire, "nac bfeudfaid ré na mioltóga do díbirt gan fior ag luct-an-duige?"

"Ni'l fior againn," ar riad-ran, "go nglacfamaoid cómairle leir."

An oidche rin glacadar cómairle leir an ragart, agus d'innir riad dó cad dubairt bean Dingam.

"Ni'l agam ach beaga faogalta le cailleamhaint," ar ran ragart, "agus béarfaid mé i ar ron na ndaoine boct, óir béid pláig ann ran tir muna gcuirfid mé díbirt ar na mioltógaib. Ar maidin amárach, béid iarrtaid agam i n-ainm Dé iad do díbirt, agus tá muinigin agam agus dóchar i nDia go rábálfaid ré mé ó mo chuid náimhad. Téid cuig an bean-uarail anoir, agus abair léi go mbéid mé i ngar do'n chrann le h-éirige na gréine ar maidin amárach, agus abair léi fir do beit réid aici leir an gcorp do cur 'ran uaig."

Cuaid riad cum na mná-uairle, agus d'innir riad di an méad dubairt an ragart.

"Má éirigeann leir," ar rire, "béid an duair réid agam dó, agus ordóchaid mé móir-feireal fear do beit i láthair."

Cait an ragart an oidche rin i n-urnaigthib, agus leat-uair roimh éirige na gréine chuaid ré cum na h-áite a raib a gleur beannaigthe i bfolach. Cuir ré rin air, agus le croir ann a leat-láimh agus le uirge coirreagtha ann ran láimh eile, chuaid ré cum na h-áite a raib na mioltóga. Torraig ré ann rin ag léigeadh ar a leabar agus ag crathadh uirge coirreagtha ar na mioltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden; he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Athar an Mic agus an Spioraid Naoimh. D'éiriġ an cnoc mioltóġ, agus d'eitill riad ruar 'ran aér, agus finneadar an fréin com doirċe leir an oidċe. Ni raib fior ag na daoinib cia an áit a ndeaċadar, ach faoi ċeann leaṫ-uaire ni raib ceann díob le feiceál (feicfinn).

Bi lúṫġáire mór ar na daoinib, ach nior bradaid go bracadar an fride doib ag teaċt, agus ġlaod riad ar an fagart fit leir com tapa a'r bi ann. Tug an fagart do na boinn agus lean an fridead é, agus rgian ann gaċ láiṁ aige. Nuair nár feud ré teaċt ruar leir, ċait ré an rgian 'na diaiġ. Nuair bi an rgian ag dul tar ġualain an tragairt, ċuir ré a láiṁ ċlé ruar, agus gab ré an rgian, agus ċait ré an rgian ar air gan féaċaint taob riar dé. Buail ri an fear, agus ċuaid ri trid a ċroide, gur ċuit ré marb, agus d'imtiġ an fagart faor.

Fuair na fir corp Bingam, agus ċuireadar ann fan uaiġ é, ach nuair ċuadar corp an fridead'na do ċur, fuaireadar na milte de luċóġaib móra timċioll air, agus ni raib ġreim feóla ar a ċnáṁaib naċ raib itte aca. Ni corróċad riad de'n corp agus nior feud na daoine iad do ruagad, agus b'éigin dóib na cnáṁa díġbáil or cionn talṁan.

Ċuir an fagart a ġleus beannaiġte i bfolaċ, agus do bi ag obair 'ran ngarda nuair ċuir bean Bingam fior air, agus d'iarr air an duair do ġlacad ar fon na mioltóga do díbirt, agus i do tabairt do'n fear do díbir iad má bi eólar aige air.

"Tá eólar agam air, agus dubairt ré liom an duair do tabairt ċuige anoċt, mar tá rún aige an tír d'fágbáil rul má gcroċfaid luċt an diġe é."

"Seó duit í," ar rire, agus feaċaid ri fronán óir dó.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'imtiġ an fagart go coir na fairrge; fuair ré long do bi ag dul ċum na Fraince, ċuaid ré ar bord, agus com luaṫ agus d'fág ré an cuan ċuir ré air a eudaiġ fagairt, agus tug buideaċar do Dia faoi n-a tabairt faor. Ni'l fior againn cad tárla dó 'na diaiġ rin.

Tar éir rin do bidead daoine dalla agus caoċa ag tiġeaċt go Tobar Muire, agus nior fill aon duine aca amaċ ar air gan a beiṫ léiġearta. Ach ni raib nuo maiṫ ar bit amaċ ann fan tír reo, nár millead le duine éigin, agus millead an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts * (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

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* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar ti beit pórta, nuair cáinig sean-bean caoc cuici ag iarraid déirce i n-onóir do Dia agus do Muire.

"Ni'l aon rud agam le tabairt do sean-caocrán caillige, tá mé bodarraigte aca," ar san cailín.

"Ná raib fáinne an pórta ort a-coidce go mbéid tu com caoc a'r tá mise," ar san trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márach, bí rúile an cailín óig nimneach, agus ar maidin 'na diaig sin bí sí beag-nac dall, agus dubairt na cómarranna go mbud cóir di dul go Tobar Muire.

Ar maidin go moc, d'éirig sí, agus cuaid sí cum an tobair, act chéud d'feicfead sí ann act an trean-bean d'iarr an déirc uirri 'na ruide ag bruac an tobair, ag ciarad a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaigte.

"Léig-sgrior ort, a cailleac gránna, an ag ralacad Tobair Muire atá tu?" ar san cailín; "imtig leat no bhrisfid mé do muineul."

"Ni'l aon onóir ná mear agad ar Dia ná ar Muire, d'eitig tu déirc do tabairt i n-onóir dóib, ar an ádbar sin ni cumraid tu cu féin 'san tobar."

Fuair an cailín greim ar an gcaillig, ag feucaint i do rsreadailt ó'n tobar, act leis an rsreadailt do bí eadorra do cuit an beirt artead 'san tobar agus báided iad.

O'n lá sin go dti an lá ro ni raib aon léigear ann san tobar.

* * * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

Muire agus Naomh Ioseph.

Nach naomhta do bí Naomh Iósep
Nuair pós sé Muire Máthair?
Nach é do fuair an tabartas
Do b' fearr 'ná an saoghal Ádhe [Ádhamh]?

Dhiúltaigh sé do'n ór buidhe
Agus do'n chrom do bí ag Dáibí,
Agus b' fearr leis beith ag threórughadh
Agus ag múnadh an eólais do Mhuire Máthair.

Lá amháin d'á raibh an cúpla
Ag siúbhal ann san ngáirdín;
Mearg na reirínidh cúbarta,
Bláth úbla, agus áirnidhe.

Do chuir Muire dúil ionnta
Agus thug sí leó, i láthair,
O bholadh bheág na n-úbhall
Bhí go cúbarta dearg ó'n áird-rígh.

Ann sin do labair an Mhaighdean
De'n chómhádh bí fann,
"Bain dam na peóidh sin
Tá ag fás ar an gcrann.

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* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally:* Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—Douglas Hyde.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

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presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

"Dain dam mo ṡáit aca
Oir tá me lag fann,*
A'r tú oibreaca riġ na nġrárta
Ag fár faoi mo broin."

Ann sin do labair Naoṁ Iósep
De'n cómrád bí teann,
"Ni bainfid mé duit na feódá
A'r ni h-áill liom do cland.

"Glaod ar acair ó do leinb
Ir air ir cóir duit beit teann."
Ann sin do corruiġ Íosa
Go beannaiġte faoi na broin.

Ann sin do labair Íosa
Go naomta faoi na broin
"Írtiġ go h-íriolł
Ann a fiadnuire a cinn."

D'úmlaiġ an crann síos bí
Ann a briadnuire gan maill;
Agus fuair sí mian a croide-ṡtiġ
Glain-díreac ó'n gcrann.

Ann sin do labair Naoṁ Iósep
Agus cait é féin ar an talam;
"Gab a-baile a Mháire
Agus luid ar do leabuid.
Go dtéid mé go h-Iarusalem
Ag deunam aiṫriġe ann mo peacaid."

Ann sin do labair an Mhaiġdean
De'n cómrád bí beannuiġte,
"Ni racaid mé a-baile
A'r ni luidfid mé ar mo leabuid;
Act tá maiteamnar le fáġail agad
Ó riġ na nġrárta ann do peacaid."

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* "Ann a g-caill" dubairt Mac ic Ruaidiġ, act dubairt an Caillaoileac "lag fann" Tá me ann a gcaill = "Tearṫuiġeann uaim iat."

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

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* *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

Thí mí ó'n lá sin
Rugadh an leanb beannuighte;
Thainig na trí sighe
Ag deunamh adhaighe do'n leanb.

Thí mi ó'n oidhche sin
Rugadh an leanb beannuighte,
Ann a stábla suas seannta
Eidir bulán agus asal:

Ann sin do labair an maighdean
Go ciúin agus go céillidhe,
" A mhic sigh na sgiathadh
Cia 'n nós mbéidh tu ar an traoghal ? "

" Béidh mé Diardaoin
Agus mé díoltta ag mo náimhid,
Agus béidh me Dia hAoine
Mo chrochadh suas ag na táirnibh:

Béidh mo cheann i mbárr spíce
'S suil mo chroidhe i lár na sgiathe,
'S an trleigh nimhe duit tre mo chroidhe
Le spideadach an lá sin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

Naoṁ Peadar:

Chualaiḋ Príomṗiar O Conċuḃair, i m'Bl'áṫ-Luain, an ṡgeul ṡo ó ṡean-ṁnaoi ḋaṁ ḃ' ainm Bṁigio ni Chaṫaraiġ ó Bhaile-ḋá-ṁḃain i gconḋaé Shligiġ, agus ṡuaiṁ mire uaiḋ-ṡean é.

Ann ṡan am a ṡaiḃ Naoṁ Peadar agus án Slánuiġṫeóiṁ ag ṡiuḃal na tíre, is iomḋa iongantar ḋo ṫairḃeán a Mháiġirtir ḋó, agus ḋá mḃuiḋ ḋuine eile ḋo ḃí ann, d'ṡeicṡeaḋ leaṫ an oiṁiḋ, is ḋóiġ go mbeiḋeaḋ a ḋóṫċar ar a Mháiġirtir níor láiḋre 'ná bí ḋóṫċar Pheadair.

Aon lá amáin ḋo ḃíodar ag teaċt arteaċ go baile-mór agus ḋo bí ṡean-ceóil leaṫ an meirge 'na ṡuiḋe an ṫaoiḃ an ḃóṫair agus é ag iarraiḋ ḋéirce. Thuig án Slánuiġṫeóiṁ ṡiorṡa airgid ḋó an ngaḃail ṫairt ḋó: Bhí iongantar an Pheadar ṡaoi rin, óir ḋuḃairt ré leis ṡéin "Is iomḋa ḋuine boċt ḋo bí i n-earḃuiḋ móiṁ, d'eiriġ mo ṁaiġirtir, aċt anoir ṫug ré ḋéirce ḋo'n ṡean-ceóil reó aṫá an meirge. Aċt b' éiriṁ," ar ré leis ṡéin, "b'éiriṁ go ḃṡuil ḋúil aige ṡan ġceól."

Do bí ṡior ag án Slánuiġṫeóiṁ cṡéaḋ ḋo bí i n-inntinn Pheadair, aċt níor labair ṡé ṡocal d'á ṫaoiḃ.

An lá an n-a ṁáraċ ḋo ḃíodar ag siúḃal aṁach, agus ḋo caraḋ bráṫair boċt orra, agus é cṡom leis an aoir, agus beag-naċ noċtta. D'iarr ṡé ḋéirce ar án Slánuiġṫeóiṁ, aċt ni ṫug Seirean aon áiṁ air, agus níor ṡleagair Sé a impiḋe.

"Sin niḋ eile naċ ḃṡuil ceart," ar ṡa Naoṁ Peadar ann a inntinn ṡéin; bí eagla air labairt leis an Máiġirtir d'á ṫaoiḃ, aċt bí ré ag cailleaṁaint a ḋóṫċair ġaċ uile lá.

An ṫṡaṫnóna ceuḋna ḃíodar ag teaċt go baile eile nuair caraḋ ṡear ḋall orra, agus é ag iarraiḋ ḋéirce. Chuir án Slánuiġṫeóiṁ caint air agus ḋuḃairt "cṡeud tá uait?"

"Luaċ lóirtín oiḋċe, luaċ ṡuiḋ le n'iċe, agus an oiṁeaḋ agus ḃéiḋeaṙ ag teartáil uaim amáraċ; má ṫig leaṫ-ṡa a ṫaḃairt ḋam, ġeoḃaiḋ ṫu cúiṫiuġaḋ móṙ, agus cúiṫiuġaḋ naċ ḃṡuil le ṡáġail ar an ṫṡaoġal bṙónaċ ṙo."

"Is maiṫ i ḋo ċainṫ," ar ṡan Tiġeaṙna, "aċt ni'l ṫu aċt ag iarraiḋ mo ṁeallaḋ, ni'l earḃuiḋ luaiċ-lóirtín ná ṡuiḋ le n'iċe oṙṫ, tá ór agus airgiod ann ḋo ṗóca, agus buḋ ċóir ḋuit ḋo ḃuiḋeaċar ḋo ṫaḃairt ḋo Dhia ṡaoi ḋo ḋíol go lá ḋo beiṫ agaḋ.'

Ni ṡaiḃ ṡior ag an Dall ġur b'é án Slánuiġṫeóiṁ ḋo bí ag caint leis, agus ḋúḃairt ré leis: "Ni ṙeanmóṙa aċt ḋéirce aṫá mé 'iarraiḋ, is cinnte mé ḋá mbeiḋeaḋ ṡior agaḋ go ṡaiḃ ór ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Conor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—Douglas Hyde [in *Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

aiṅgiod agam go mbainṫeá díom é, 'cuga' leat* anoiṙ, ni ċeaṙtuiġeann do ċaint uaim."

"Go deiṁin iṙ dí-ċéilliġe an ṫeaṙ tu," aṙ ṙan Tiġeaṙna, "ni béiṫ óṙ ná aiṅgiod agad i bṫaṫ," agus leiṙ ṙin d'ṫág ré an ṫall.

Bhí Peadaṙ ag éiṙteaċt leiṙ an gcóṁṙáṫ, agus bí ṫúil aige a innseaċt do'n ṫall gur mbuṫ é áṙ Sláṅuiġteóiṙ do bí ag caint leiṙ, aċt ni bṫuaiṙ ré aon ṫaill. Aċt do bí ṫeaṙ eile ag éiṙteaċt nuaiṙ ṫuṫaiṙt áṙ Sláṅuiġteóiṙ go ṙaiṫ óṙ agus aiṅgiod ag an ṫall. Buṫ ṙgṙioṙaṫóiṙ milleaċ do bí ann, aċt do bí ṙior aige náṙ innis áṙ Sláṅuiġteóiṙ aon bṙeug aṙiaṁ. Choṁ luaṫ agus bí Seiṙean agus Naoṁ Peadaṙ imṫiġṫe, ṫáinig an ṙgṙioṙaṫóiṙ ċum an ṫaill agus ṫuṫaiṙt leiṙ, "Taṫaiṙ ṫam do ċuiṫ óiṙ agus aiṅgiu, no cuiṙṙeaṫ ṙgian ṫṙé do ċṙoiṫe."

"Ni'l óṙ ná aiṅgiod agam" aṙ ṙan ṫall, "ṫá mbeiṫeaṫ, ni beiṫinn ag iaṙṙaiṫ ṫéiṙce."

Aċt leiṙ ṙin do ṙuaiṙ an ṙgṙioṙaṫóiṙ gṙeim aiṙ, do ċuiṙ ṙaoi é, agus do ṫain ṫé an méad do bí aige. Do ġáiṙ agus do ṙgṙeaṫ an ṫall ċoṁ h-áiṙd agus d'ṙeuṫ ré, agus ċualaiṫ áṙ Sláṅuiġteóiṙ agus Peadaṙ é.

"Tá euġcóiṙ d'á ṫeunaṁ aṙ an ṫall," aṙṙa Peadaṙ.

"Páġ go ṙeallṫaċ, agus imṫeóċaiṫ ré an ċaoi ċeuṫna, gan caint aṙ lá an bṙeiṫeaṁnaiṙ," aṙ áṙ Sláṅuiġteóiṙ.

"Tuigim tu, ni'l aon ruṫ i bṙolaċ uait a Mháiġiṙtiṙ," aṙṙa Peadaṙ.

An lá 'na ḋiaiġ ṙin do biṫeadaṙ ag ṙiúṫal coiṙ ṙáṙaiġ, agus ṫáinig leóṁan ciocṙaċ amaċ. "Anoiṙ a Pheadaiṙ," aṙ áṙ Sláṅuiġteóiṙ, "iṙ minic aṫuṫaiṙt tu go gcaillṙeá do ṫeaṫa aṙ mo ṙon, anoiṙ teiṙiġ agus taṫaiṙ tu ṙéin do'n leóṁan agus imṫeóċaiṫ miṙe ṙaoṙ."

Do ṙmuaiṙ Peadaṙ aige ṙéin agus ṫuṫaiṙt, "b'ṙeaṙṙ liom báṙ aṙ biṫ eile d'ṙáġail 'ná leiġint do leóṁan m'iṫe; ṫámaoid coṙluaċ agus ṫiġ linn siṫ uaiṫ, agus má ṙeiċim é ag teaċt ruaṙ linn ṙanṙaiṫ mé aṙ ṫeiṙeaṫ, agus ṫiġ leaṫ-ṙa imṫeaċt ṙaoṙ."

"Díoṫ maṙ ṙin," aṙ áṙ Sláṅuiġteóiṙ:

Do leiġ an leóṁan ṙgṙeaṫ, agus aṙ go bṙáṫ leiṙ 'na ṅoiaiġ, agus níoṙ bṙaṫa go ṙaiṫ ṙe ag bṙeiṫ oṙṙa, agus i bṙoġaṙ ṫóiṫ.

"Pan riaṙ a Pheadaiṙ," aṙ an Sláṅuiġteóiṙ, aċt leiġ Peadaṙ aiṙ ṙéin naċ gcualaiṫ ré ṙocal, agus d'imṫiġ ré amaċ ṙoiṁ a Mháiġiṙtiṙ. D'iompaiġ an Tiġeaṙna aṙ a ċúl agus ṫuṫaiṙt ré leiṙ an leóṁan, "Teiṙiġ aṙ aiṙ go ṫṫi an ṙáṙaċ," agus ṙinne ṙé aṁlaiḋ.

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* "Cuga leat"="imṫiġ leat," "amaċ leat," no ruṫ de'n ṫṙóṁt ṙin. D'éiṙi gur "ċuiġe leat" buṫ ċóiṙ do ḋeiṫ ann, 7 ċuiġ an Deaṁan!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

D'feuc Peadar taob-fiar dé, agur nuair connairc ré an leóman ag dul ar air do fear ré go dtáinig ár Slánuigtheóir fuar leir. "A Pheadair," ar Sé, "d'fág tu mé i mbaogal, agus —fuid dub méara 'ná fin,—d'innir tu bfeuga."

"Rinne mé fin," ar Peadar, "mar bí fíor agam go bfuil cúmacht agad or cionn gach nid, ni h-é amáin an leóman an fár-aig."

"Coirg do beul, agur ná bí ag innreacht bfeug, ni raib fíor agad agur dá bfeicfeá mé i mbaogal amárach do chéigfeá mé arís, tá fíor agam ar fmuaintib do chroide."

"Níor fmuain mé ariam go ndeairnaid tu aon nid nac raib ceart," ar-fa Peadar.

"Sin bfeug eile," ar ár Slánuigtheóir. "Nac cuimin leat an lá do tug mé déirc do'n fean-ceóil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantar ort agur dubairt tu leat féin gur iomda duine bocht do bí i n-earbaid móir d'eitig mé, agur go dtug mé déirc do fean do bí ar meirge mar bí dúil agam i gceól. An lá 'na diaig fin d'eitig mé an fean-bráthair, agur dubairt tu nac raib an nid fin ceart. An tráthnóna ceudna ir cuimin leat creud tárla i dtaoib an daill. Mineócaid mé anoir duit cad fád finnear mar fin. Rinne an fean-ceóil níor mó de maic 'ná rinne fiche bráthar d'á fórt ó rugad iad. Sháibáil ré anam cailín ó bian-taib ifrinn. Dhí earbaid boinn airgid uirri agur bí rí ag dul peacad marbtach do deunam le na fágail, act toirmirg an fean-ceóil í, dus ré an bonn bí, cid go raib earbaid dige air féin an t-am ceudna. Maidir leir an mbráthair, ni raib aon earbaid air-rean, cid go bfuair ré ainm bráthar dub ball de'n diabal é, agur fin é an fád nac dtug mé aon áird air. Maidir leir an ball, do bí a Dhia ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fean-focal, "an áit a bfuil do chirte béid do chroide léi."

Seal gearr 'na diaig fin dubairt Peadar, "A Mháigirtir, tá eólar agad ar na fmuaintib ir uaignige i gcroide an duine, agur ó'n nóimid reó amac géillim duit annr gach nid."

Timcioll reachtmaine 'na diaig-fin do bíodar ag riubal tre chocaib agur fléibtib. agur cailleadar an bealac. Le tuitim na h-oidche táinig teinntead agur toirneac agur fearrtain chom. Dhí an oidche com doirca fin nár feudadar corán caorac d'feiceál. Thuit Peadar anagaid carraige agur loit ré a cor com dona fin nár feud ré coircéim do riubal.

Chonnairc ár Slánuigtheóir rolur beag faoi dun cnuic, agur dubairt Sé le Peadar, "fan mar tá tu agur fiacaid mire ag tórmuigeacht congnaim le d'iomcar."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, 'Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

"Ni'l aon ċoṅgnaṁ le fáġail ann ran áit ṡiaḋáin reó," ar Peadar, "agus ná leiġ ann ro mé i mbaoġal liom féin"

"Bíoḋ mar rin," ar ár Slánuiġteóir, agus leig rin do leiġ ré peadh, agus táinig ceathar fear, agus cia bí 'na ċairtín orra acht an fear do rṡriob an ḋall real roiṁe rin. D'aiṫniġ ré ár Slánuiġteóir agus Peadar, agus ḋubairt ré le n-a ċuid fear Peadar d'iomċar go cúramaċ go dti an áit-ċómnuiḋe do bí aca ameargs na ṡcnoc. "Chuir an beirt reo," ar ré, "ór agus airġiod ann mo ḋealaċ-ra real ġeafa ó foin."

D'iomċair riad Peadar go dti reomra faoi ṫalaṁ; bí teine ḃreaġ ann, agus ċuireadar an fear loitte i ngar dí, agus ċuġadar deoċ dó. Chuir ré ann a ċodlaḋ agus do ṁinne ár Slánuiġteóir loṁ na croire le n-a ṁéar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair ḋúiriġ ré d'feud ré riúḃal ċoṁ maiṫ agus d'feud ré riaṁ. Dhí iongantar air, nuair ḋúiriġ ré, agus d'fiafruiġ ré creud do ḃain dó. D'innir ár Slánuiġteóir dó ġaċ nid mar táṁla.

"Shaoil mé," ar ra Peadar, "go raiḃ mé marḃ agus go raiḃ mé fuar ag doṁur fliaiṫir, acht níor feud mé dul arteaċ mar bí an doṁur druiḋte, agus ni raiḃ doiṁreóir le fáġail."

"Airlinġ do bí agad" ar ár Slánuiġteóir, "acht ir fíor í; tá an fliaiṫear druiḋte agus ni'l ré le beiṫ foṁġailte go bráġ' mire bár ar ron peacaiḋ an ċine ḋaonna, do ċuir fearġ ar m'aṫair. Ni bár coiṫċionnta acht bár náireaċ ġeoḃar mé, acht éireóċaiḋ mé arír go slóṁar agus foiṁġeólaiḋ mé an fliaiṫear do bí druiḋte, agus béiḋ tusa do doiṁreóir!"

"Óra, a Mháiġirtir," ar ra Peadar, "ni féidir go bruiġteá bár náireaċ, naċ leiġfeá ḋaṁ-ra bár fáġail ar do ron-ra, tá mé réiḋ agus toilteannaċ."

"Saoilean tu rin," ar ár Slánuiġteóir.

Thainiġ an t-am a raiḃ ár Slánuiġteóir le bár fáġail. An tráṫnóna roiṁe rin bí ré féin agus an dá abṫal deuġ ag reire, nuair ḋubairt ré, "tá fear agaiḃ ag ḋul mo bráṫ." Dhí triobloid mór orra agus ḋubairt ġaċ aon aca "an mire é?" Acht ḋubairt Seirean, "an té ċumar le n-a láiṁ ann ran mḃir liom, ir é rin an fear ḃraiṫfear mé."

Ḋubairt Peadar ann rin, "dá mbeiḋeaḋ an doṁan iomlán i d'aġaiḋ," ar reirean, "ni béiḋ mire i d'aġaiḋ," acht ḋubairt ár Slánuiġteóir leir, "rul má ġoireann an Coileaċ anoċt ceilriḋ (reunraiḋ) tu mé tri h-uaire."

"Do ġeoḃainn bár rul má ceilrinn tu," ar ra Peadar, "go deiṁin ni ċeilfead tu."

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, "I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugaḋ breiṫeaṁnar báir ar án Sláinuiġṫeóir, bí a ċuid náṁad d'á ḃualaḋ agus ag caṫaḋ rmuġairle air. Dhí Peadar amuiġ ann ran ġcúirt, nuair ṫáinig cailín-aimrire ċuige agus ḋubairt leir "bí tura le hÍora." "Ni'l fíor agam," ar ra Peadar, "cad é tá tu ráḋ."

Nuair bí ré ag ḋul amaċ an ġeata, ann rin, ḋubairt cailín èile, "rin fear do bí le hÍora," aċt ṫug reirean a ṁionna naċ raiḃ eólar ar biṫ aige air. Ann rin ḋubairt cuid de na daoiniḃ do bí ag éirteaċt, "ni'l aṁrar ar biṫ naċ raiḃ tu leir, aiṫniġmid ar do ċaint é." Thuġ ré na mionnaiḃ móra ann rin, nár leir é, agus ar ball do ġlaoḋ an coileaċ, agus ċuimniġ ré ann rin ar na foclaiḃ ḋubairt án Sláinuiġṫeóir, agus do fíl ré na deóra aiṫriġe, agus fuair re maiṫeaṁnar ó'n té do ċeil ré. Tá eoċraċa flaiṫir aige anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deóra aiṫriġe faoi n-ár loċtaiḃ mar do fíl reirean iad, ġeoḃamaoid maiṫeaṁnar mar fuair reirean é, agus cuirfiḋ ré ceud míle fáilte romainn. nuair raċar rinne go dorus flaiṫir.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR TÁINIG AN T-SAINT ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Bhí ár Slánuiġtheóir agus Naoṁ Peadar ag fraighdeóradh thaṫnóna, agus do carad fean-fear orra: Bhí an duine boċt fin go dona, ni raiḃ air aċt ceirteaċa agus fean-ċóta rtróicte, agus gan riú na mbróg faoi n-a ċoraiḃ. D'iarr ré déirc ar ár dTiġearna agus ar Naoṁ Peadar. Bhí thuaiġ ag Peadar do an donán boċt agus faoil ré go dtiúḃradh an Tiġearna ruo éigin dó: Aċt nior ċuir an Tiġearna aon truim ann, aċt d'imtiġ re tairir gan freagairt taḃairt dó: Bhí iongantar ar Pheadar faoi rin; óir faoil ré go dtiúḃradh an Tiġearna do gaċ aindeir-eóir a raiḃ ocrar air, aċt bí faitċios air aon nid do rádh.

An lá ar na maraċ bí an Tiġearna agus Peadar ag fraidheóradh arír ar an mbóṫar ceudna, agus cia d'feicfeadh riad ag teaċt 'na gcoinne ann ran gceart-áit ann a raiḃ an fean-fear boċt an lá roiṁe rin aċt riobáiliḃe agus cloideaṁ noċta aige ann a láiṁ. Tháinig ré ċuca agus d'iarr ré airgiod orra. Thug an Tiġearna an t-airgiod dó gan focal do rádh, agus d'imtiġ an riobáiliḃe. Bhí iongantar úḃalta ar Pheadar ann rin, óir faoil ré go raiḃ an iomarcuiḃ meirniġ ag ár dTiġearna airgiod do taḃairt do gaduiḃ ar faitċios. Nuair bí an Tiġearna agus Peadar imtiġte tamall beag ar an mbóṫar nior feud Peadar gan ceirt do ċur air: " Naċ mór an rgeul a Thiġearna " ar ré " naċ dtug tu daṫaṁ do'n donán boċt d'iarr déirc ort anḋé, aċt go dtug tu airgiod do'n diteaṁnaċ gaduiḋe do táinig ċugad le cloideaṁ ann a láiṁ: naċ raiḃ rinn-ne 'n ár mbeirt agus ni raiḃ ann aċt fear aṁáin; tá cloideaṁ agam-ra " deir ré, " agus b' fearr an fear mire 'ná eirean ! " " A Pheadair " ar ran Tiġearna " ni feiceann tura aċt an taoḃ amuiġ, aċt ciḋim-

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*Fuair mé an rgeul ro, o fear-oibre do bí ag Revington De Róirte. Dhuim an t reagail, aċt ċualar go minic é. Ni h-iad ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuairear é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of "St. Peter and the Horse-shoe"—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—Douglas Hyde. [*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Penury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.
Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.
It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
"He's an ass," thought Peter, "to meet us thus;
He won't get anything from us."
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.
After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
"Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taob-artig: ni feiceann tusa act corp na ndaoine nuair feicim-se an choide. Act béid fior agad go fóill" ar Sé "créud fád do sinne mé sin."

Thuit ré amach aon lá amáin 'na diaig sin go ndeachaid ár dTigearna agus Peadar amúga ar na sléibtib. Bhí teinnteach agus toirneach agus fearrtain mór ann, agus bí riad báidte, agus an bótar cailte aca. Cia d'feicfead riad cuca ann sin act an robáilide ceudna a dtug an Tigearna airgiod dó an lá sin, Nuair táinig ré cuca bí truaig aige dóib, agus rug ré leis iad go dti uaig do bí aige faoi dun cairrige, ameasg na sléibteach, agus dain ré an t-eudach fliuch díob agus cuir éudaig tirme orra, agus tug neart le n'ite agus le n'ól dóib agus leabuid le luide air, agus gach uile fóirt d'feud ré deunam dóib do sinne ré é. An lá ar na márach nuair bí an sroisim tart, tug ré amach iad agus níor fág ré iad gur cuir ré ar an mbótar ceart iad, agus tug lón dóib le h-agaid an airtir. "Mo cóinsiar!" ar Peadar leis féin ann sin, "bí an ceart ag Tigearna, ir maid an fear an gaduide; ir iomda fear cóir," ar seisean, "nach ndearnaid an oibead sin dam-sa!"

Ni raib riad a bfad imtigte ar an mbótar ann sin go bfuair riad fear marb agus é sinte ar cnáim a dhroma ar lár an bótair, agus d'aitnig Peadar é gur ab é an fear-fear ceudna do díultaig an Tigearna an déirc dó. "B'oic do sinneamar" ar Peadar leis féin, "airgiod do diúltugad do'n duine boct sin, agus feud é marb anoir le donar agus anró." "A Pheadair" ar san Tigearna "téid tall cuig an bfear sin agus feud créad tá aige ann a póca." Cuaid Peadar anonn cuige agus toraig sé ag láimhsiugad a fean-cóta agus creud do fuair sé ann act a lán airgiod geal, agus timcioll cúpla picid donn óir. "A Thigearna," ar sa Peadar, "bhí an ceart agad-sa, agus cia bé rud deunfar tu no déanfar tu arís, ni racaid mé i d'agaid." "Deunfaid sin a Pheadair," ar san Tigearna. "Glac an t-airgiod sin anoir agus cait arteac é ann san bpoll

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."
"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."
After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."
They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.
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móna tall, ni bíonn ann ran airgiod go minic act mallacht mór Chruinnig Peadar an t-airgiod le céile, agus cuaid ré go dt' an poll-móna leis; act nuair bí ré dul d'á caiteam arteac, "ocón," ar ré leis féin, "nac áidbéul an truag an t-airgiod breag ro do cur amúga, agus ir minic bíonn ocrar agus tart agus fuacht ar an Máigirtir, óir ni cugann ré aon aire dó féin, act congbócaid mire cuid de 'n airgiod ro ar ron a leara féin, a gan fíor dó, agus b'fearrde é." Leis rin do cait ré an t-airgiod geal uile, arteac ann ran broll, i riocht go gcluinfead an Tigearna an toran, agus go raoilfead ré go raib ré uile caitte arteac. Nuair táinig ré ar airann rin d'fiarfuig an Tigearna, dé "A Pheadair," ar ré, "ar cait tu an t-airgiod rin uile arteac." "Chaitear" ar Peadar, "act amáin fiora óir no dó, do congbaig mé le biad agus deoc do ceannac duit-re."

"O! a Pheadair," ar ran Tigearna, "créad fát nac ndearnaid tu mar dubairt mire leat. Fear ranntac tu, agus béid an traint rin ort go brát."

Sin é an fát faoi a bfuil an Eaglair ranntac ó foin;

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.
He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."
"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
Feel his pockets and let us know
What he has within his coat."
Then Peter turned them inside out,
And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.
"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
Why it was you acted so.
Whatever you say or do with men,
I never will think you wrong again."
"Peter," said our Saviour, "take
And throw those coins in yonder lake,
That none may fish them up again,
For money is often the curse of men."
Peter gathered the coins together,
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.
But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin
To be flinging this lovely money in.
We're often hungry, we're often cold,
And money is money—I'll keep the gold
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,
For He's very neglectful of Himself."
Then down with a splash does Peter throw
The *silver* coins to the lake below,
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.
And then before our Lord he stood
And looked as innocent as he could.
Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"
"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,
Since I thought we might find them very good
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.
Because our own are nearly out,
And they are inconvenient to do without.
But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
And fling the rest of the lot below."
"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,
"You should have obeyed me at my word,
For a greedy man you are, I see,
And a greedy man you will ever be;
A covetous man you are of gain,
And a covetous man you will remain."
And that's the reason, as I've been told,
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIOGAIR NA CROISE NAOMHTA.

O námad mo chreidimh, námad mo tír,
Námad mo chloinne 'r mo chéile,
A Tigearna deun mo comairce
Le fiogair na Croire naomhta:

Le bár na Croire ceannaig tu
Sliocht [mí-] fortúnach Éba,
Ó foin anuas ir beannaigte
An comarta ro ard-naomhta:

Do fleurg an carraig, do duib an grian;
Do chroit an domhan go h-éactach,
Nuair d'ardaigead ruar an Slánuigteóir
Ar druim na Croire naomhta.

Faraor! dá bitin fin, an té
Nach mbéid a chroide d'á leubad;
A'r deóin aithnige ag filead uaid,
Or cómain na Croire naomhta!

Ir gearr é réim an duine lag
Sior le rán an t-raogail-re,
Ni taomann (?) an Spiorad malluigte
Lucht fiogair na Croire Naomhta:

Sgannrócar gach aon raoi greim an báir
D'á tactad ruar, ag eugad,
—Ir docht béid lá an anara
Gan rgát na Croire naomhta:

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
From the foes who would us dissever,
O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
For vain was our endeavor;
Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,
Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
The darkening world did quiver,
When on the tree our Saviour made
The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
Down like an ebbing river,
But the devils themselves cannot withstand
The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
When the soul and the body sever,
Fearful the fear if we may not trust
In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Bean a' tSaoi mBó.

Go réir, bean na dtrí mbó!
Ar do bóladh na bí teann:
Do connairc meiri gan gó,
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann.

Ní mairfeann fairbhreas do gnáth,
Do neach ná tabair táir go mór;
Cúgat an t-éag ar gach taobh;
Go réir, a bean na dtrí mbó

Sliocht Eogain Móir 'ra Múmain,
A n-imtheacht dogní clú dóibh,
A reolta gur léigeadar fíor;
Go réir, a bean na dtrí mbó!

Clann Gairge Tigearna an Cláir,
A n-imtheacht-san, ba lá leoin,
Gan rúil ne n-a dteacht go brách
Go réir, a bean na dtrí mbó!

Dómhnall ó Dún baoi na long,
Ua Súilleabáin ná'r tim glór;
Féach gur tuit 'san Spáin ne claidheamh:
Go réir, a bean na dtrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir MacUidhir, do bí
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;
Féach féin gur imtig an díp:—
Go réir, a bean na dtrí mbó!

Síol gCearbhaill do bí teann;
Ie mbeinchi gach geall i ngleó;
Ní mairfeann aon díob, mo díth!
Go réir, a bean na dtrí mbó!

Ó aon boin amáin do bhreir
Ar mhaoi eile, ir í a dó,
Do sinnir-se iomorca a réir:
Go réir, a bean na dtrí mbó!

An Ceangal:

Díob ar m'fhalluing, a ainnir ir uaibhreach gnúis;
Do bíor gan dearmad fearmhach buan 'ra tnúth:
Thíd an racmur do glacair reo' buaidh ar dtúr;
Dá bhfaginn-se fealb a ceathair do bhuailfinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(From the Irish, by James Clarence Mangan.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra*! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh*! you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's) No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical version (pp. 68, 69).

An Rann Gaedhealach.

Ag ro rann leat-fhagánta eile do chualar ó duine o Connaé Dúin-na-ngall; bud mi-fuaimneach ftáid na h-Eireann, mar ir cormúil, nuair finnead é—

Nár mharbaid mire duine ar bit
A'r nár mharbaid aon duine mé,
Act má tá aon duine ar ti mo mharbta
Go mbud mire mharbfar é!

Ag ro rann eile ar an gcléir, do bí aca i gCúige Mumhan, agur do bein O Dálaig dúinn—

Seachain feadmanar cille,
le buidin na cléire ná deun coingid,
No ir baogal do d'cuid uile
imteacht mar duileadar ar bárr tuile!

Ag ro rann ar an meirge, do chualaid mé ó m' athair Tomár Bárclaig. Ir beagnach i n "Deibide é"—

Ni meirge ir mirte liom,
Act leirg a feicrint orm,
Gan dig na meirge ir mirte an gneann,
Act ni gnáthach meirge gan mi-ghneann.

Ag ro rann do chualar ó'n bfear ceudna, ar mhaoi boirb; atá fé aca i gCúige Mumhan mar an gceudna—

Fadód teine faoi loc
No caitheamh cloc le cuan,
Cómhairle do tabairt do mhaoi boirb
Ir buille d'orro* ar iarann fuar.

Ag ro rann mi-lágach eile ar na mnáib, do chualar i gConnacht aib—

Tri nid ir doilig a múnad
Bean, muc, agur múile!

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* Aliter, "dorn," mar, chualar é ó fear eile.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.‖

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* *Literally:* That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally:* Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally:* It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally:* The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

‖ *Literally:* Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

Ag ro rann ar an bfear borb, do chualar i gcondae Roscomáin—

Cómairle do tabairt do duine borb
Ni bfuil ann act nio gan céill,
Go gclaoidtear é 'na loct
'S go nigtear é 'na aimh-lear féin.

Ag go cómairle do tug fagart i gcondae Mhuig Eó do cailin do bi fó gaill-beurach gleurta, do chualaid mé ó'n bfear ceudna—

A cailin dear ná mear gur mór i do chiall;
'S go bfuil "nótion" agad nár cleacht do fór ariamh,
Bóiacht-bleacht do b'aite leó ar fliaidh,
'S ni cóta bneac ar bleac (?) do tóna fiar.

Ag ro focal bríoghmar ar condae Muig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "dar liom féin,"
Sin tri fiadhnuise atá ag an mbréig.

Agus dubairt fear ó'n gcondae ceudna go cruinn ciallmhar le duine a raib an-caint agus toga an béarla aige, act do rinne droch-uirgebeacta—

Ni béarla gnid braic
Act a ruacad go mait!

Ag ro rann mait ar an trioll-throid rin atá ar bun idir an toil agus an tuigsint, air ar labair an Rómánach, nuair dubairt ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boct an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigsint óm' toil, a'r mo toil ag druidim óm' céill,
Ni tuigtear dom' toil gac loct dom' tuigsint ir léir,
No má tuigtear, ni toil léi, act toil a tuigsiona féin.

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* *Literally:* To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [*i.e.*, laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.‖

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‡ *Literally:* "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally:* It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

‖ *Literally:* Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Ag ro rann eile; ir fean-focal coitcionn "ni tuigeann an fatach an feang"—

Nior airig an fatach fáim an t-ocrach riamh,
S ni tainig riam tráġad gan lán-muir obann 'na diaig;
Ni bionn páirt ag mnáib le grogaire liach,
S ni tug an Bár fpár do duine ar bit ariamh.

Ag ro rann eile ar céill agur ar mi-céill—

Ciall agur mi-ciall
Diar nach ngabann le céile!
Ir dóig le fear gan céill
Gur 'bé féin úġdar na céille!

Ag ro rann eile ar an duine a bruil a aire agur a inntinn ar fán uaid—

Crann torraid an t-iúbar,
Ni bionn coidce gan bárr glar,
Ionnann a'r gan a beit 'ran mbaile
Neach ann a'r a aire ar!

Tá morán rann ann, ag innrint deirid neitead an traoġail. Creidim go bruil an cuid ir mó aca coitcionn do'n oileán ar fad. Ni tiúbrad anoir act ceann aca mar fompla, do réir mar atá fé i gcondaé Mhuig-Eó—

Deiread loinge, bátad,
Deiread áite, lorgad,
Deiread cuirm, cáinead,
Deiread fláinte, orna.

Atá mar an gceudna a lán de ranntaib ag torugad leir an brocal "Mairg" ag deunam thuaige faoi neitib eugramla. Ag

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* *Literally:* The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally:* Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

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‡ A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally:* The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an gconnaé Rorcomáin, mar do cualar iad—

Is maith do gnídh brannda gan fíol,
Is maith bíor i dtír gan beit dheun, (*a*)
Is maith do gnídh cómhládh gan flacht,
Agus dá mhaith nach gcuirfeann smacht ar a beul!

Agus arís—

Is maith a mbíonn a cathadh fann,
Is maith a mbíonn a clann gan fhat;
Is maith a bídheas i mbothán bocht,
A's dá mhaith a bídheas gan olc ná maith.

Is iomdha rann ann, mar an g-ceudna, toraigeas le "Is fuath liom."

Is fuath liom cairleán ar mhóin,
Is fuath liom fóghmar beith báidhte;
Is fuath liom bean duinneach (?) ar bhrón;
'Gus is fuath liom fiadha ar fasaibh!

Arís—

Is fuath liom cú thuag
Ag feadh (fiuch) ar fud tighe;
Is fuath liom duine-uasal
Ag freastal d'á mhaoi!

Tá rann cormhúil leis seo i dtaoibh Fhinn Mhic Chumhail—

Ceithre nithe d'á dtug fionn fuath—
Cú thuag, a's each mall,
Tighearna tíre gan beith glic,
Agus bean fir nach mbéarfadh clann!

Dubh gnáthach leis na daoinibh beithidheach éigin do mharbadh agus d'ithe oidhche Fhéile Mhártain. Tháinig, an oidhche seo, nach raibh le marbadh ag mnaoi an tighe acht muc bheag, agus níor mhait léi sin do dheunamh. Acht dubh mian leis an mac béile mhait do beit

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(*a*) Aliter, théidheach.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it], alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.‖

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

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† *Literally:* Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχρὸς ἦης ἢ ὀξεστός.*]

‡ *Literally:* I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (?) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally:* I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman atending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

‖ *Literally:* Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aige agus cuaid ré i bfolach ar cúl an tige, d'aithaig ré a gut agus dubairt ré dé glór gránna uachárach an rann so—

Mire Máirtan deargDia,
Agus ar gach realb buainim feóil,
Mar nár maid tura an muc breac
Maidbraid mire do mac Cormac óg.

Do fsannraigead an máthair, óir faoil rí gur b'é Naom Máirtan féin do bí ag labairt, agus maid rí an muc.

Ag so fseul do fsníob mé síos o beul Mhicéail Mhic Ruaidhrig "an file ar condaé Muig-Eó," mar leanas:

"Bí beirt fagart ag fpairdeórdacht, aon lá amáin, agus connairc riad [ag] tigeacht 'na n-agaid leat-amadán nach raib aon chiall aige, act bí ré an gearr-riobalach [géir-fhreagartach], agus arra ceann de na fagairt leis an bfear eile, 'cuirfid mé ceirt ar Dhiarmuid anoir nuair tiucfaid ré i ngar dúinn.' 'Is fearr duit a leigean tart' ar ran fear eile. Nuair táinig Diarmuid i n-intig (?) [= i ngar] dóib, arra ceann do na fagairt leis, 'larramadh ort [= fiarfuigimid díot] cad é an uair béidear a caint ag an bpréacán dub'? Dearc Diarmuid suas ann san agaid ar an fagart, agus 'innfeócaid mé sin duit,' ar seisean

Nuair cómnócar an t-iuilad [t-iolar] ar an ngleann,
Nuair glanfar an ceó de na cnuic,
Nuair imteócar* an traint de na fagairt
Béid a caint ag an bpréacán dub.

'Noir,' ar san fagart eile, 'nár bfearr duit éirteacht le Diarmuid!'"

Ag so rann eile do fuair mé ó'n mBáirclaigeach—

Geallfaid an fear bfeugach
Gach [a] bfeudar a chroide,
Saoilfid an fear fanntach
Gach a gealltar go bfuig'.†

Ag so ceann eile ó condaé Mhuig Eó—

An té léigear a leabar
A'r nach gcuirfeann é i meabar,
Nuair cailleann ré a leabar
Bionn ré 'na bailiabar (?)

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* "Act go n-imtig," dubairt Mac ui Ruaidhrig, act ni léir dam fin.
† = Go bfuigfid ré gach nid gealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid'!"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

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* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word reatb (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally:* The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally:* He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

Seáġan an Díomais:
Dlúirín as Stair na h-Éireann.
Conán Maol.

Caib. I.

Dile na Coille.

Ir iomḋa fear ġairġeamail do h-oileaḋ i n-Ulaḋ ó Ċoin Ċulainn anuar go dtí Seáġan an Díomair. I ḃfaḋ inr na ciantaiḃ do fuġaḋ ann Niall naoi nGiallaċ, rí cúmaċtaċ do bí i dTeamair. Ir minic do moḃuiġ na Rómánaiġ i mBreatain a ċorġairt fúd. I ġceann d'á ċuruiḋ ċuġ ré leir mar ċime buaċaill óg d'ár b'ainm 'na diaiḋ fúd Páḋruiġ. Do b'é an ċime úd an Taiḃġin ġur innir na driaoiḃe roim rae a ḋeaċt. Tá a ċlú, 7 a ċeannar go h-aiḃiḋ fór imeartġ Gaeḋeal, aċt dála Néill naoi nGiallaiġ ir beag náċ bfuil a ainm dearmaḋta. Ar a fon roin ba mór le ráḋ an rí úd lá, 7 ar a learraċa d' fár an aicme ba ċumaraiġe 7 ba ċalma d'á raiḃ i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'ná b'féidir ar driuim an domain. Cuardaiġ triar na gcrioċ eile, féaċ imeartġ aicmiḃ aḃur 7 ḋall 7 ní bfuiġfir fir d'aon ċineaḋ amáin do b'áilne dreaċ, do ba ċalma i ngleó, do ba ġléir-inntineaċ i gcómairle 'ná na fáir-fir do fiolraiḋ ar feaḋ na gcéaḋta bliaḋan ar an bfréim uarail rin Muintir Néill.

Fá mar do liúġa nn an ġaoċ mór timċeall chainn ḋaine i n'aonar ar lár maċaire, gan baint le n-a neart aċt amáin na duilleóga do rgiobaḋ de 7 fo-ċeann d'á ġéaġaiḃ do bfrreaḋ le h-árd iarraċt, do ba mar rin do na Saranaiġ ar feaḋ ċeiḋre ċéaḋ bliaḋan d'á mbarġaḋ féin i gcoinniḃ na gcurraiḋe úd do táinig ó Niall naoi-nGiallaċ; 7 ir é mo ċuairim ná buaiḋfíḋe coiḋċe orra fúd muna mbéaḋ ġur eirriġeaḋar i n-aġaiḋ a ċéile.

Ní raiḃ fear ar an gcineaḋ ba mó cáil 'ná an Seáġan ro do luaḋmuiḋ. Éireannaċ 'na ḃallaiḃ do b'eaḋ é, cóm maiṫ 'na loċtaiḃ 7 'na ċréiċiḃ fearamla. Ní raiḃ ré cóm glic i gcómairle 'ná cóm ġéar-ċúiseaċ i gceirt le h-Aoḋ Ó Néill d'foġluimiḋ cleasaiḋeaċt riaġla i dtiġ Eilire, bainriogain Sarana. Ní raiḃ bun-eólar coġaiḋ aige cóm cliṫḋe le h-Eoġan Ruaḋ, aċt níor fárruiġ aon duine aca ro é i ngairge, i ngníom, 'ná i ngráḋ d'á tír. Tá aon rmál amáin ar a ainm. D'foillriġ

PATRICK J. O'SHEA (Conan Maol)

From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin

SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

By P. J. O'Shea.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

There was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Saranaiġ go roiléir an rmál roin dúinn go h-áṫarach, mar ba beaġ oṫa Seaġan Ó Néill. D'ḟuadaiġ ré bean Ċaibdiġ Uí Dómnaill, deirbḟiúr do Tiġearna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ir dóiċ le n-a lán úġdar gur éaluiġ rire leir le n-a toil féin. Ir ruarach náċ raib ré cóṁ h-olc leir na Saranaiġ féin ar an gcuma rain, ach aṁáin go n-aomóċad reirean a dhroċ-ċleaċtad mar níor ba fimineach é, ach fear fírinneach ná ceilfead a ċáim.

Caib. 2.

Éire le n-a linn.

Ní ḟeacaid inir fáil lá ruaiṁnir riaṁ ó ġaḋ reólta na Normánach i gcuan ar "Traiġ an Daind" le Diarmaid na nGall inr an mbliadain 1169. Táinig na Normánaiġ go Sarana ó'n bḟrainc céad bliadan roiṁ an am roin, rá rtiúrúġad Liaim Duadċaiġ, 7 do rgaipeadar na Saranaiġ i n-aon bruiġin aṁáin. Bí na Saranaiġ rá coir gan ṁoill 7 Normánaċ 'na riġ 7 'na buanna oṫa fearda. Níor ba dala roin d'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rin an dara hanrí go dtí an t-oċtṁad hanrí bí rigte Sarana 'na "dtigearnaib" ar Éirinn. Ní raib ré i mirneaċ aon rí aca Rí Éireann do glaodad air féin gur ċeap an t-oċtṁad hanrí gur ċóir dó féin beiṫ 'na rí dáirírib ar Éireannaiġ.

Ar an adbar roin ċuir ré gairm rgoile amaċ go raib ré riaċtanaċ ar ċaoireaċaib móra Éireann cruinniúġad ar aon láṫair go mbronnrad ré tiodail 7 talaṁ oṫa.

Do b'é nór na dtaoireaċ roin go dtí rúd beiṫ 'na gcinn ar an dtreib 7 rloinnead a dtreibe féin do ċóġbáil. Bí Ó Briain mar ċeann ar Muintir Briain, Ó Néill mar ċeann ar Muintir Néill, 7 mar rin dóib. Cuirfid an t-oċtṁad hanrí deiread leir an nór roin fearda, 7 d'á réir rin cuireann ré póġra aġ triall ar árd-ċaoireaċaib Éireann náċ bḟuil uaid ach rioċċáin do déanad leó, 7 go ndéanfaid ré tigearnaí móra díob, 7 go mbronnfaid ré talaṁ na treibe oṫa ach ġéillead dó. Do ṁaċtnuiġ na caoiriġ. Do réir nór na h-Éireann an uair rin níorb' leir an dtaoireaċ talaṁ na treibe, ach leó féin 7 leirean i dteannta ċéile. Bí reirean mar ċeann oṫa mar d'árdruiġeadar féin é ar coinġeall go dtabarfad ré ceart dóib. Ar an adbar roin bíodar raor 7 ní leóṁfad an taoireac a gcuid

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talmán do ḃaint díoḃ mar ḃí an oifead cirt aca féin ċum na talmán foin 7 ḃí aiġeṗean.

Acc féac an dúiġe feo do ċeap an t-oċtmaḋ Hanri 7 a mínirtéir Wolsey. Ḃeaḋ an taoiseac feaṗda mar máiġirtir ar ġac tseiḃ i n-ionaḋ ḃeiċ mar do ḃí ṗé go dtí fo 'na uaċdaṁár oṁa. Níor taiṫniġ an ġnó i n-aon ċor leir an dtseiḃ, acc do péiḋtiġ ré go dian máiċ leir na taoiseaċaiḃ, 7 do fmuaiméḋ ġac ceann aca ar a fon féin go raiḃ ré 7 a dtáinig roimir tnáite, tuirseac le cómrac i n-aġaiḋ na Saranac, 7 gur mitid corg do ċur leir an imsear.

D'á ċionn foin léiġmid gur ṫsiall taoiseiġ móra na h-Éireann anonn go Lúndain ċum Hanri inr an mbliaḋain 1541, 7 'na mearg Conn Ó Néill; 7 go raiḃ an rí go fial, fáilteac, urramaeac leó, 7 go ndeárnaiḋ ré iarlai 7 tiġearnai díoḃ do péir a ġcéim 'ra traoġal.

Da tubairteac an tuar é mar do ḃeaġail ré ġac tseiḃ i n-Éirinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na cianaiḃ—ré rin flaiṫ do ḃéanaḋ dóiḃ féin ar an dtseiḃ gan fpleáḋcar do rig Sarana. Caiṫfid riad feaṗda úmalúġaḋ do'n iarla nuaḋ ro do ċúm an rí dóiḃ, 7 muna mbeiḋ riad úmal dó cuirfean faiġdiúiri Sarana ċum caḃruiġṫe leir an iarla nuaḋ i ġcómair fmaċt do ċur ar an dtseiḃ ndán. Ní fulaing do'n iarla nuaḋ leir aire taḃairt dó féin nó árdóċaiḋ Sarana iarla eile 'na ionaḋ a ḃeiḋ úmal 7 muinteaṗda do'n riaġaltar.

Caib. 3:

Gruaim i dtír eógain.

Níor b'ionġnaḋ go raiḃ riormarnaiġ i dTír Eógain ar ċeaċt ar n-air do'n iarla nuaḋ, 7 coġarnaċ 7 cnoċaḋ ceann 7 láimréil claideam go baġarṫac aḃur 7 ṫall. "Is é an Conn ro an ċéad Ó Néill do ċrom a glún ċum rig iaracta," ar riadran, 7 tuġadar rúil ar Seáġan, aoránac Cuinn. "Tá aḋḃar rig ann," aduḃradar le ċéile; "ran go bráraiḋ ré. Féac an gruaig fada, fáinneac, fionn foin air, 7 an dá rúil iarmarta glara foin aige. Tá ré ag boṁaḋ go tiuġ. Tá breir 7 ré troiġṫe ar áirde ann ċeana féin. Féac go cruinn air, nác leaṫan-ġuailneac fuinnte fearṗaḋac atá ré; ċóm díreac le fleiġ, ċóm lúṫmar le riaḋ;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

ċóṁ ḋán le tarḃ tána. Ḃeiḋ Seáġan mar ṡlaiṫ oṗainn ⁊ caiṫ-ṗiḋ laṁla nuaḋ an oċtṁaḋ hanṁí ġneaḋaḋ leiṁ."

Ċualaiḋ Conn Ó Néill an ċoġarnaċ ⁊ ḋo ġoill ṡí air. Ċualaiḋ ṡé ṡiṁ aġ caint le ċéile ⁊ ṗaoḃar 'na ṁaḋarc. "Is annṡa leiṁ an mac toġarṫa, Matú an ṗeaṁḋoṁċa, 'ná Seáġan a ṁac ḋliṫṫneaċ féin ḋo ḃuġ a ḃean-tiġearna ḋó, an ḃean is uaiṁle i n-Éiṁinn leiṁ." Ḋo ḃí máṫair Seáġain inġean an Ġeaṁalṫaiġ, laṁla Ċille Ḋaṁa, an ṗeaṁ ba ċúṁaċtaiġe i n-Éiṁinn.

Ḋ'iarr an t-oċtṁaḋ hanṁí ar Conn a oiġre ḋ'ainmniúġaḋ. "Matú," ar Conn, ⁊ ṁinneaḋ ḃaṁún Ḋúnġeanainn ḋe Matú láiṫreaċ. "Caiṫṗeaḋ-ṡa mo ċeart ḋ' ṡáġail," aḋeir Seáġan. Ċonnaic Conn Ó Néill an laṁair i ṡúlaiḃ a ṁic. Ċonnaic ṡé an ġruaim ar an ḋṫreiḃ. "Ḃeiḋ Seáġan mar oiġre oṁ," aḋeir ṡé ṡé ḋeiṁeaḋ, tar éis móṁán taṁaint.

Ḋ'iarr Matú caḃair ar Śaṁana ⁊ ṡuair ṡé í gan moill mar ḃa ṁaiṫ leiṁ na Gaiḋil an leaṫṫġéal ċum muinṫir Néill ḋo ċur ar céaṁaiḃ a ċéile. Cuiṁeaḋ ṡíor láiṫreaċ ar Conn Ó Néill i gcóṁair ṁáṁaiṁ ḋo ḃaint de i ḋtaoḃ í. Matú ḋo ḋí-láṫaiṁuġaḋ, ach ní ṁaċaḋ ṡé riaṁ ar a ġeallaṁaint ḋo Seáġan ⁊ ḃuaileaḋ vá ġlaṁ i mḂaile-aṫa-cliaṫ é.

Caib. 4.

Ṗaoḃar Claiḋiṁ.

Ḋo ḃlaḋm Seáġan an Ḋíomair ruaṁ ⁊ ġlaoḋaiḋ ṡé ar a ṁuinṫir eiṁġe amaċ, le n' aṫair ḋ'ṡuarġlaḋ. Níor ḃ'ṡéaṁṁ leiṁ na Saṁanaiġ gnó ḃí aca. Seóladh ṁuaġ ó ḃuaiḋ go cúiġe Ulaḋ i gcóṁair ṁaiċt ḋo ċur ar an ḃṡeaṁ óg ḃaoṫ ro, aċt ḋo ṫáinig reiṁean aniar oṁṫa go h-obainn, ḋo ġaḃ ṡé ṫṁioċa, ⁊ ḃíoḋaṁ aġ baint na ṁála ḋ'á ċéile aġ teiċeaḋ uaiḋ. Ḋo ġléaṁaḋ ṁuaġ eile ar an mbliaḋain ḋo bí cúġainn (1552), aċt ḋo ṫiomáin Seáġan roimir iaḋ 'nór ṡṫata ġaḃaṁ. Ḃí ṡeaṁ i n-aġaiḋ na Saṁanaċ an coṁ ro. Sġaoileaḋ Conn Ó Néill le tí ṁoċċána ḋo ḋéanaḋ aċt ḃa ḃeaġ an ṁaiṫeaṁ é. Ḋo ḃlaiṁ Seáġan an Ḋíomair ṁuil.

"Caiṫṗeaṁ an ṡeaṁ móṁḋálaċ ḃoṁḃ ro ḋo ċoṁġ," aṁṁan ṡeaṁ-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I* must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

ionaḋ ó Ṡarana, ⁊ do ċóiriġ ⁊ do ġléar ré ríoġeaċd láiṫir. Ḃí a ġcuaird ó ṫuaiḋ i n-airḋeall mar do ḃuaileaḋ Seáġan leo ’ra n-áit náċ raiḃ coinne leir, ḃaineaḋ ré ġeit arḋa, ḃaineaḋ ré gé arḋa, ⁊ ṁarḃeaḋ ré leir go ḋán, míoċuíḃeaṙaċ.

Ḃailiġ Maṫú ṗream de’n tṙeiḃ, mar do lean cuid aca fá na ḃrat-ran, ⁊ do ġluair ré ċum caḃruġaḋ leir na Ġallaiḃ, acṫ d’éaluiġ Seáġan ’na ṫreó i láṫ na h-oiḋċe ⁊ do ċir ré ar Maṫú go tapaiḋ. “Déanṙam ḋaingean i mḂéalṙeirṙde ċum a ṙmaċtuiġċe,” aḋeir an ṙiḋire Uilliam Ḃrabaṙon. Ḃṙuṙ Seáġan iṙteaċ oṙṫa inṙ an ḋún neaṁ-ṙṁioċnuiġċe úd ⁊ do ṁill ré a ḃṙuṁṁóṙ. Ḃṙuṙ ré ar an ġcuma ġcéaḋna iṙteaċ ar ṗream eile do luċt conġanta Ḃṙabaṙon coṙ Doiṙde ⁊ do ṙġaiṙ ré iaḋ. Níoṙ b’ionġnaḋ ġuṙ ṫáiniġ eaġla ar na Saṙanaċaiḃ ⁊ ġuṙ ṙġeinneaḋaṙ leó ar n-air go Ḋaile-aṫa-cliaṫ.

Leiġeaḋ dó ar ṗeaḋ ċeiṫṙe mḃliaḋan ’na ḋiaiḋ ṙúd (1554-8), acṫ ní raiḃ aon ṗonn ruaiṁniṙ ar Seáġan an Ḋiomair. Ċúiṁniġ ré ġuṙ le n-a ṁnṙeaṙ cúiġe Uliaḋ. Ḃíoḋ an láṁ láiṫir i n-uaċḋaiṙ, aḋeir ré leir ṗéin. Ḃéaḋ ré ṙiaċtanaċ ar na ṫaoiriġ eile ġéilleaḋ ḋó. Ḋá mḃéaḋ ré ċóṁ ġlic le h-Aoḋ Ó Néill do ḋéanṙaḋ ré ceanġal ⁊ caṙaḋaṙ leir na ṫaoiṙeaċaiḃ ḃoṙḃa úd i n-ionaḋ do ċuṙ d’ṙiaċaiḃ oṙṫa ġéilleaḋ ḋó.

Ḋuḃaiṙṫ O Riaġallaiġ, iaṙla nuaḋ Ḃṙeṙini, leir náċ ġéilleaḋ ré ṗéin i n-aon ċoṙ dó, acṫ léim an ṗeaṙ teinnteaċ ṫṙíḋ, ⁊ do b’éigean do ṁac Uí Riaġallaiġ ḃeiṫ uṁal dó ṗeaṙḋa. Níoṙ ṁaṙ ṙin de Ó Ḋóṁnaill i dTíṙ Conaill. Ní mó ’ná ġéill an Ċlann Ḋóṁnaill ó Albainn d’áiṫiġ na ġleannṫa coṙ ṗaiṙṙge i n-Aontṙuim, acṫ ċuġ Seáġan aġaiḋ oṙṫa go léiṙ ioṙ Ġaeḋil ⁊ Ġaill. Níoṙ eiṙiġ leir go maiṫ inṙ an iaṙṙaċt do ġníḋ ré ċum clanna cṙuaḋa Tíṙ Conaill do ċaḃaiṙṫ ṗá na ṁaġail, mar ṗṙeaḃ Calḃaċ Ó Ḋóṁnaill i gan ṗioṙ air ’na cáḃán iṙt oíḋċe ag Ḋaile-aġaiḋ-ċaoin ⁊ ḃa ḃeag náṙ ṁill ré Seáġan. Do ċuiṫ a láṁ d’á ċuid ṗeaṙ inṙ an ṁuaġaḋ obann úd, ⁊ do ċaill ré aiṙm ⁊ caṗaill, ⁊ ’na meaṙg a eaċ ciomḋuḃ ṗéin. Do b’é an ṫ-eaċ coġaiḋ úd an caṗall ḃa ḃṙeaġḋa i n-Éiṙinn. Mac-an-Ṗiolaiṙ do ṫuġḋaoi uiṙṫe. Ṗuair Seáġan ar n-air aṙíṙ í. Níoṙ ċuiṙ an ḃac úd coṙġ aḃṙaḋ leir an ḃṙeaṙ ġcumaṙaċ nḋán.

Do ċuiṫ Maṫu i nġṙáṙġaṙ éigin le cuid de ṁuinṫiṙ Seáġain inṙ an mḃliaḋain 1558, ⁊ do ġníḋ na Saṙanaiġ iaṙṙaċt ar an ġcoiṙ do ċuṙ i leiṫ Seáġain ṗéin acṫ ḋuḃaiṙṫ ré náċ raiḃ aon ḃainṫ aiġe le ḃáṙ Maṫú ⁊ go ġcaiṫṙiṙ ḃeiṫ ṙáṙṫa leir an ḃṙeaġṙa roiṁ. Ṗuair Conn Ó Néill ḃáṙ ar an mḃliaḋain do ḃí ċúġainn. “Ta an ḃóṫaṙ ṁóiḋ do Seáġan anoiṙ,” aḋeir an ṫreiḃ; “ní ḃeiḋ iaṙla maṙ ċeann oṙainn a ḋuilleaḋ.”

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Caib. 5.

Ó Néill Uladh:

Amad leat an bárr Tulaigóig, a Seáġain an Diomair! Tá an leac ríoġaċta ann aġ feiċeam leat leo' coir deir do bualad uirċe man ġníomad do finnreap ríġe rómat! Agus do fearaim Seáġan Ó Néill an Tulaċóg, agus do fineadh fiat bán dírneaċ cuige man cómarta coċraim cirt d'á ċreib; buaileadh clóca ġréarda an a ġlinneánaib cumaraċa 7 caṫbárr an a ċeann. Caiṫeadh ríreid a coire riar tar a ġualainn: Carad míle claideam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirġeadh mac alla na ġceanntar le fuaim-ġlór míle rgornaċ—" Ó Néill abú! Go mairid ár b'fiaċ a toġa!" Do taiṫnim an ġnian ar ċeannaiġṫe dataṁail, luirneaṁail Uí Néill, 7 do ċuir coin mórda an iallaib aṁartraċ arda fé man ċualadar ualfartaiġ an mactire 'ra coill 7 ġéim na n-eilite an an gcnoc.

"Do b'onóirġe liom beiṫ am' 'Ó Néill Uladh' 'ná am' rí an Spáinn," arra Aod Tir Eogain tamall mait 'na diaid rúd. "Ir mó le n-Ultaiġ an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caesar' le Rómánaiġ," ar an rgriobóir Mountjoy.

Caib. 6.

"Dearbrátair Taidg Dómnall."

Caillead Máire, bainrioġain Sarana fá'n am ro, 7 bí eilir 'na n-ionad. Do b' í an bean mí-banamail reo an ċroide ċloiċe 7 na rgaiṫaċa priair an bean ba mó innteaċt le n-a linn. Do ċroin rí féin 7 a riaġaltar láiṫreaċ ar ċur irteaċ ar Seáġan. Sydney do b'ainm d'á fear-ionad i n-Éirinn. Ġluair ré ó ċuaid go Dúnealgain 7 ċuir fógra ċum Seáġain teaċt 'na ġaor. Nior leiġ Seáġan air gur ċualaid ré an fógra aċt ċuir ré cuiread ċum Sydney teaċt ċum a tíġe 7 beiṫ 'na aṫair bairtide d'á mac óg. Nior diúltaiġ an fear-ionad dó 7 do fearaim ré leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulad le toil na dreide reo," arra Seáġan. "Ni dearduiġeann uaim cómrac le Sarana má leiġeas dom, aċt má cuireas orm, bíod oraib féin." Bí Sydney fárta leir rin 7 bí fiodċáin ar fead tamaill i n-Ulad

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

ġur cáinig Sussex 'na ṫeaṙ-ionaḋ ġo h-Éiṙinn. "Ní ḃéaḋ am' ṫuaimneaṙ," aḋeiṙ ṙé, "ġo mḃeiḋ Ó Néill ṗá coiṙ," ⁊ ḋo ġléaṙ ⁊ ḋo cóiṁiġ ṙluaġ le h-aġaiḋ an ġnóṫa. ṫeaṙ ṫeallṫaċ, ḃoṁḃ, ġlic, ḋo ḃ'eaḋ Sussex ṙo aċt ní ṁaiḃ ṙé cóṁ ġéaṙ-inntineaċ le Sydney. Ḋo ċaḃṙuiġ Calḃaċ Ó Ḋoṁnaill leiṙ, ⁊ maṙ an ġcéaḋna clann Ḋoṁnaill na hAlḃann, i nAontṙuim. Ḋo ġeaṙáṅ Seáġan-an-Ḋíomair ġo raḃḋaṙ aġ cuṙ aiṙ ġan ċúiṙ. Ḃí a ċúiġe aġ ḋul ċum cinn i maoin ⁊ i maiṫeaṙ. Taġaḋ teaċtaiṙe eliṙe ⁊ ṗéaċaḋ ṙé. Níoṙ ċuiṙ eliṙ ṙuim 'na ċuiḋ caiṅṫe aċt leiġ ṙí ḃ'á ṫeaṙ-ionaḋ ġluaiṙeaċt ó ċuaiḋ ġo h-Áṫḋ-Maċa inṙ an mḃliaḋain 1561.

Þṙeaḃ Seáġan ġo h-oḃann iṙteaċ ġo Tíṙ Conaill ṙuṙ a raiḃ coinne leiṙ ⁊ ḋo ṙġiob ṙé leiṙ ṙean Calḃaċ Ó Ḋoṁnaill ⁊ a ḃean óġ, an ḃean úḋ ḃ'ṗáġ an ṙmál aṙ a ainm. Ḋo ċuiṙ an cleaṙ coġaiḋ oḃann ṙoin meaṙḃṫall aṙ na Tíṙ Conailliġ ⁊ ḋo ṫoċuiṙ Sussex a ċeann le canġcaṙ. Ċaṙ Seáġan ó ḃeaṙ ṗá maṙ ḋo ḃéaḋ ṙé aṙ cí iaṙṙaiḋṫ ḋo ṫaḃaiṙṫ ṗá Ḃaile-aṫa-Cliaṫ. Ḃí Mac-an-Ṗíolaiṙ ṗá ⁊ níoṙ ḃ'ionnṫaoiḃ Seáġan aṙ muin an eiċ ṙin aṙ ċeann ṫṙeama oiṙġineaċ ḃ' Ulṫaċaiḃ. Níoṙ ċuiġ Sussex caṫ é an ṙuaḋaṙ ḋo ḃí ṗá Seáġan. Ṗá ḃeiṙeaḋ ḋo ṁíliḋ ṙé ġo raiḃ Seáġan 'na ġlaiċe aiġe ⁊ ḋo ḃeaṙṫuiġ ṙé innti ḋó. Ḋo ḋṙuiḋ ṙé míle feaṙ iṙteaċ ġo Tíṙ Eóġain aġ ċreaċa ⁊ aġ coṙġaiṙṫ, ⁊ ḃ' ṫan ṙé ṙéin coiṙ Áṫḋ-Maċa aġ ṙeiṫeaṁ le Seáġan. Ḋailiġ an míle feaṙ na céaḋṫa ḃa ḋúḃa, na caoiṁiġ ḃána, ⁊ na caṗaill, ⁊ ḋo ġluaiṙeaḋaṙ aṙ n-aiṙ ġo ḃuaċaċ. "Ṗéaċ Mac-an-Ṗíolaiṙ," aṙṙa ḋuine éiġin, "tá Seáġan an Ḋíomair ċúġaiḃ!" Ní raiḃ le Seáġan aṙ an láċaiṁ úḋ aċt céaḋ ⁊ ṙiċe maṙcaċ ⁊ ṓá céaḋ coiṙiḋċe, aċt ġaiṙġiḋiġ bloṙġḃéimeaċa ḋo ḃ'eaḋ iaḋ. Ḃí cinn ⁊ coṙa 'na ġcáṙnáṅaiḃ aṙ an maċaiṙe úḋ ṗá ċeann uaiṙe an ċloiġ, ⁊ an ḟuiġleaċ beaġ ċṙéaċḋa, ṙtoiliṫa, aġ ṙġeiṁneaḋ ġo hÁṫḋmaċa, na ḃiailiḃ ṗaoḃṙaċa ḃ'á n-ġeaṙṙaḋ ⁊ ḃ'á n-éiṙleaċ, ⁊ an ġáiṙ-caṫa uaṁnaċ úḋ—"Láṁ ḃeaṙġ aḃú!" 'na ġcluaṙaiḃ. innṙeann Sussex ṙéin le ċṙáḋ ċroiḋe an ṙaon-maḋma ḋo cuiṁeaḋ aiṙ.—"Ní raiḃ ṙé i miṙneaċ aon éiṙeannaiġ ṙiaṁ fóṙ ṙeaṙaṁ am' aġaiḋ-ṙe, aċt ṗéaċ inḋiu Ó Néill ṙeo ⁊ ġan aiġe aċt a leaṫ n-oiṙeaḋ ṙeaṙ liom, aġ ḃṙúċṫaḋ iṙteaċ aṙ mo aṙm ḃṙeaġ aṙ ṁaċaiṙe ṙéiḋ leaṫan. Ḋo ġuiḋṙinn ċum Ḋé ṙaill ḃ'ṗáġail aiṙ 'na leiṫéiḋ ḃ'áiṫ ġan coill i ngiomṙaċt ṫṙí míle ḋó le ṙġáṫ ḋo ṫaḃaiṙṫ ḃ'á ċuiḋ feaṙ. Mo náiṙe é, ḃ'fóḃaiṙ ná fáġṙaḋ ṙé aiṫiḋ ḋom' aṙm beó i n-uaiṙ an ċloiġ, ⁊ iṙ beaġ náṙ ṙṙaċ ṙé mé ṙéin ⁊ an ċuiḋ eile amaċ leiṙ aṙ ḋaingean Áṫḋmaċa."

Ní ċṙomṙaḋ Sussex aṙ Tíṙ Eóġain ḋo ċreaċaḋ ġo fóil aṙiṙ. Ċuiṙ an ḃṙiṙleaċ úḋ ṙġannṙaḋ oṁṫa i Lúnḋuin ⁊ ḃ'iaṙṙ eliṙ aṙ

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The "Son of the Eagle" was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. "See the 'Son of the Eagle'!" said one of them; "Shane the Proud is upon us!" Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, "Lámh dearg Abú!" in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—"No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh."

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. "I will not stir a foot," said Shane, "till the English army takes the road out of Ulster." "Be it so," said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—Ed.

lapla Cilleḋapa, bpáṫaip Seáġain an Ḋíomair, pióṫcáin ḋo ḋeánaḋ. Cuip pí teaċtaipeaċt maiteamnaip ċum Seáġain 7 cuipeaḋ ċuige teaċt go Lúnḋuin le labaipt léi. "Ni ċoppóċaḋ cop," aḋeip Seáġan, "go ḋtuġaiḋ aṁ Sapana a mbóṫap opta ap Uiaḋ." "Bíoḋ map pin," aḋubaipt Elíp.

Nuaip ḋo ṁeaṫ Sussex ċeap pé a ċleap peill ḋo ċup i bpeiḋm. Tá a pṡpíbinn péin ċum Elíre map piaḋnaipe ap an bpeall. I mí na Lúġnaṡa 1561, pṡpíoḃann pé ċum na bainpioġna pin gup ṫaipiġ pé luaṫ céaḋ marc 'pa mbliaḋain ḋe ṫalaṁ ḋo Niall Liaṫ, maoipiġe Uí Néill, ap ḋoinġeall go muinḃeóċaḋ pé an plaiṫ pin. "Do ṁúineap ḋó cionnup ḋ'éalóċaḋ pé leip ṫap éip na beapta," aḋeip pé. Ni píop ḋúinn an plaiḃ Niall Liaṫ ḋáipíplib, aċt ġibé pṡéal é ni ċloipteap gup ġníḋ pé_iapplaċt ap Seáġan ḋo ḋúnmaphuġaḋ.

Caib: 7:

Seáġan-an-Ḋíomais i Lúnḋuin.

Rinne lapla Cilleḋapa píoṫcáin ipip Ó Néill 7 Sapana, map ḃa ṁóp le h-Ó Néill é, 7 ḋo ṡeolaḋap apaon anonn go Lúnḋuin i nḋeipeaḋ na bliaḋna, 7 ġápḋa ġallóglaċ i n-éinpeaċt leo.

Ḋuḃaipṫap le Seáġan náċ bpillpeaḋ pé ap aip go ḋeó, ḋoipġ go paiḃ an ḋuaġ 7 an ceap 'na ċómair aġ Elíp, aċt ḃí muiniġin aiġepean ap a ṫeanġa liomḋa 7 ḃí ḋóiċ aiġe náp ṁeaṫ pé piaṁ i n-aon ċúmanġaċ.

Ḃean ualaċ ḋo b'eaḋ Élíp: Ḃí pí ḋaṫaṁail, ġpuaiġ puaḋ uipċe, 7 púla ġlapa aiċi, an t-éaḋaċ ḃa bṫeaġḋa 7 ḃa ḋaoipe le páġail uipċe, 7 an iomaḋ ḋe aiċi le h-í péin ḋo ċóṁúġaḋ go minic 'pa lá. Péaċóġ ḋo b'eaḋ í le péaċaint uipċe, aċt ḃí cpoiḋe an ḃeaṫaḋaiġ allta, ġan ṫpuaġ, ġan ṫpuaġṁéil aiċi, 7 innṫin 7 aiġne ṫap ṁnáiḃ an ḋomain. "An labaipṫaip Béapla ċúiċi?" apṙa ḋuine éigin le Seáġan. "Ni labópaḋ go ḋeimin," ap peipean, "map leónpaḋ an ṫeanġa ḋuaipc ġpánna poin mo ċoppáin." Ḃí ṙpaincip 7 Spáinnp 7 Laiḋeann aġ Seáġan i nḋeannṫa a ṫeanġa binn blapḋa péin. Ḃean ṫeanġaċa ḋo b'eaḋ Elíp leip, 7 ḋuḃaipṫap gup ṙápuiġ Seáġan 'pa bṙpaincip í 7 gup eiṫiġ pí cómpáḋ leip 'pa ṫeanġa poin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá Nodlaġ beaġ ina ḋiaiḋain 1562 do ḃuail ré isteach go reómra fioġaċda Éilir. Ďi fir calma ré troiġte 7 níor mó na cuideaċta, go mór mór Herbert óġ, aċt ċonnacatar láiṫreaċ náċ raiḃ ionnta aċt rpreabáin i n-aice Seáġain-an-Ďiomair. Tuġann rtáir na Saranaċ cúntur ar a ċuairt 7 ar a ċrut. "Ďi falluing ḃuiḋe-ḃeaġ do ḋéanmúr ḋaor ar fileaḋ riar rior go calaṁ leir, 7 gruaiġ fionn-ruaḋ go cripineaċ, camarraċ tar a rlinneánaiḃ rior go lár a ḋroma, rúla glara riaḋaine aige o'féaċ amaċ ort ċóṁ ionnraċ le gaċ gréine; corp fuinnte lúṫmar aige 7 ceann-aiġte ḋán." Ďi na céadta aġ iarraiḋ raḋairc o'fáġail air féin 7 ar a ġallóglaċa. Deir a ruairirg go raḃaḋar ro ceann-iomnoċta, roilt fionna orta, léinteaċa lúirig ó muineál go glún orta, croiceann mactíre tar ġuailniḃ ġaċ fir aca, 7 geárr-ruaġ cata i láiṁ ġaċ aon aca. Nior ḃ' ionntaoiḃ reargg do ċur ar a leiṫéiḋiḃ riúḋ. Ir deallraṫaċ go raḃaḋar i mbruiġin Árromaċa. "Úṁaluiġiḋ!" arra Seáġan de ġuṫ glórać 7 ni raiḃ an focal ar a béal nuair do ḃi na gallóglaiġ ar a leaṫ-glúin. Stad ré i gcóṁġar do'n ċaṫaoir fioġaċda mar a raiḃ Éilir, agur i éaduiġte ar nór péaċóige, do ċrom ré a ceann, do ċrom ré a glún, 7 do fearaiṁ ré annroin ċóṁ díreaċ le gáinne. Ó' féaċ ré féin 7 Éilir idir an dá fúil ar a céile. Labair rí i Lairdeann leir 7 o' fiarġair reirean í go binn-briaṫraċ. Do ṁol ré a mórḋaċt 7 duḃairt ré gur ḃall a rgéim 7 a ċrut é, mar ba mín í a ċeanġa le mnáiḃ. Nior luiġ fúil Éilir riaṁ ar a leiṫéiḋ o' fear 7 ba binn léi é ḃeiṫ 'gá bréagaḋ. Do ċearḃáin rí ḋó i n-ainḋeóin a cóṁairleóiri gur ċaiṫn ré léi, gid go raiḃ na cóṁairleóiri rin ar ti a ċuid fola do ḋóṁaḋ. Ouḃraḋar leó féin go raiḃ rpeim aca anoir nó riaṁ air, 7 gid gur ġuġaḋar na coinġil dó ná bainride leir ar a ṫuṁur, meaṫaḋar, mar ba ġnáṫaċ, an glar do ḃualaḋ air. "Táṫaoi ar ti an coinġil do ḃrireaḋ," ar Seáġan go dán. "Leigfear ar n-air tú uair éigin," ar Cecil leir, "aċt ni fuil aon am áiriġte ceapuiġte 'ra coinġeall roin!" "Mealladh mé," arra Seáġan leir féin, 7 do ḃuail ré isteach go láṫair Éilire 7 o'iarr ré coimirc uirre. "Ni leóṁċar aon ḃáṫċainn do ḋéanaḋ ḋuit," aḋeir rí leir, "aċt caiṫfir fanaṁaint againn go fóil." Ni fior cionnur do ṁeall Seáġan í: Ba ṁaiṫ léi le n-a h-air é, 7 meartar go raiḃ raġar gráiḋ ainṁíde aici ḋó, 7 ir é ionġnaḋ ġaċ leiġteóra gur rgaoil rí uaiṫe é fá ḋeireaḋ ar ġeall go mbéaḋ ré úṁal di féin aṁáin 7 gan ḃaint 'gá fear-ionaḋ i n-Éirinn leir. Deirtear go raiḃ eagla uirre leir o'á gcuirtíde 1 gcuiḃreaċ é go nóéanfaḋ Muintir Néill rlaiṫ de Ċoirḋealḃaċ Luineaċ Ó Néill 'na ionaḋ

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallow-glasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

ꝛ ḋo ḃ'annra léi Seáġan 'ná eirean. Ḃí Sussex aꝝ coġaint a ċeanġan le ḃuile coirꝝ ná'r ḃaineaḋ an ceann ḋe ċolainn Seáġain i Lúnḋuin, ꝛ ċuir ré rġéala ċum Elíre ġo raiḃ ré leaṫa ar ruḋ Éireann ġur ṁeall Seáġan í ḋ'á ṡeaḃar í a n-innṫleaċt ꝛ ġur ġníḋ rí rí ar Ulaḋ ḋe. Ḋ'iarr ré ceaḋ uiṙṫe é ṁeallaḋ ġo Ḃaile-áṫa-Cliaṫ i ġcóir ġreama ḋ'fáġail air, aċt ḃí Seáġan ró-aṁarać ꝛ níor ġaḃ ré i nġaor ḋo Ḃaile-áṫa-Cliaṫ, ġiḋ ġur ġeall Sussex a ḋeirḃṙiúr mar ṁnaoi ḋó aċt teaċt ḋ'á feicrint.

Caiḃ: 8:

niṁ ꝛ ruil:

Inr an mbliaḋain 'na ḋiaiḋ rúḋ (.i. 1563) ḋo ċrom Sussex ar ċur irteaċ ar Seáġan ꝛ ar uirġe fá ṫalaṁ ḋo ḋéanaḋ iḋir é féin ꝛ Elíz. Ḋo ċaḃruiġ rean-náṁaiḋe Seáġain, na Tir-Conaillig ꝛ Albanaiġ Aontruim, le Sussex, ꝛ ḋo ġluair reirean ó ṫuaiḋ ġo h-Ulaḋ inr an Abrán 1563, aċt má ġluair ḋo ġníḋ Seáġan liaṫróiḋ coire ḋe féin ꝛ ḋ'á fluaġ, ꝛ ḃí Sussex anḃuiḋeaċ ġo raiḃ ré 'na ċumar teiċeaḋ le n'anam. Sġríoḃ Elíz ċum Sussex fiośċáin ḋo ḋéanaḋ le Seáġan, mar náċ raiḃ aon ṁaiṫ ḋó ḃeiṫ leir.

Ḋo ġníḋ Sussex ruḋ ar Elíz, ꝛ ar an am ġcéaḋna ċuir ré féiṁín fiośċána ċum Seáġain—ualaċ fiona mearġuiġṫe le niṁ: Ḋ'ól Seáġan ꝛ a linn-tiġe cuiḋ ḋe'n fíon ꝛ ḋ'fóḃair ġo mḃéaḋ ré 'na ṗleirt. Ḃí ré aꝝ cómraċ leir an mbár ar ṗeaḋ ḋá lá, ꝛ nuair ḋo ṫáinig ré ċuige féin nior ḃ'ionġnaḋ ġo raiḃ ré ar ḋeaṙġ-laraḋ le feirġ ꝛ ġur ġléar ré a ḃuiḋean ċum coġaiḋ. Leiġ Elíz uiṙṫe ġo raiḃ rí ar ḃuile ꝛ ṫaoḃ an feill-ḃeaṙt úḋ ꝛ ḋo ġeall rí ġo ṫaḃarṙaḋ rí ceaṙt ḋó aċt a fuaiṁneaṙ ḋo ġlacaḋ. Ḋo ġlaoḋaiḋ rí aḃaile ar Sussex. Leiġ rí uiṙṫe ġur maṙ fáraṁ ḋo Seáġan é, aċt ḋo ḃ'é an ċúiṙ ḋo ḃí aici ar Sussex ġur ṁeaċ ré. Ḋo fnaiḋm rí fiośċáin ꝛ caṙaḋaṙ maṙ ḋ'eaḋ le Seáġan aṙir, ꝛ ḃí ré 'na ṙíġ ḋáiṙiṙiuḃ ar Ulaḋ anoir ꝛ leiġeaḋ ḋó. Aċt maṙ rin féin ḃí a fuaṫ ḋo'n Ġall ċóṁ ġéaṙ ꝛ ḃí ré riaṁ. Ḋ'á ċóṁaiṙṫa roin ċúm ré caiṙleán ar ḃruaċ Loċa n-Eċaċ. Fear taġaiṙṫa ḋo ḃ'eaḋ é ꝛ ċeap ré ġur ḃeaġ ar na Saṙanaiġ naḋaṙc an ċaiṙleáin rin ꝛ ḋo ḃaiṙt ré air " fuaṫ na nĠall." Ḋeiṙṫeaṙ ġur ċeap ré an uair reo fíoġaċt na h-Éireann ḋo

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

ġabáil ċuiġe féin, ⁊ na Saranaiġ do ġlanaḋ amaċ airde. Áċt níor ċabṙuiġ na h-Éireannaiġ leis. Do ṙġríoḃ ré ċum muiġ na Fṙain e as iarṙaiḋ congnaiṁ air. "Má ṫugann tu ḋom ré míle fear ar iaraċt," ar reirean, "ṫiomáinfead na Saranaiġ ar an ḋtír seo irteaċ 'ra bṙaiṙṙge." Do ġeoḃaḋ ré a ḋeiċ n-oireaḋ roin i n-Éirinn féin d'a mb'áil leó eiṙġe leis, áċt níor ċorṙuiġeaḋar cor.

Caib. 9.

Lám dearg abú!

Muna ġcabṙuiġiḋ Éire linn, mar ṙin féin caiṫfeam ḋul ar aġaiḋ. Bí an Clann Ďomnaill seo i nAontṙuim ó uair go h-uair as cabṙuġaḋ leis na Saranaiġ. Amaranna do b'eaḋ na ṙir calma úd. Táṅgadar ó Albain ar ċuireaḋ Cuinn Uí Néill ⁊ a aṫar, ⁊ do ċuireadar fúṫa i n-Aontṙuim ⁊ i nDalṙiaḋa. Ní ṙaiḃ Seáġan ṙárta 'na aiġne fad do bíodar 'ra tír. Do ġéilleadar dó ⁊ do cabṙuiġeadar leis aon uair amáin, áċt ní ṙaiḃ aon ionnṫaoiḃ aiġe arda. Ďubṙadar leis náċ ṙaiḃ aon ṙmaċt aiġe orṫa, ⁊ náċ ṙaiḃ ré ṙiaċtanaċ orṫa cabṙuġaḋ leis, áċt le n-a ḋtoil féin. Do ġṙíoṙaiḋ bainṙioġain Eilir iad i gan ṙior. "Seaḋ má'ṙ eaḋ," aḋeir Seáġan leo, "ġneaḋaiḋ liḃ abaile. Ní ṙuil aon ġnó aġamṙa ḋíḃ feaṙda." Áċt do ċuir na h-Albanaiġ coiġ orṫa féin ⁊ ḋubṙadar leis go bṙanṙaḋuiṙ maṙ a raiḃ aca gan ṙṙleáḋaċar ḋó roin. "Do buaḋmar ar d'aṫaiṙre ċeana ⁊ ar Sussex 'na ċeannṫa," aḋeir na h-Albanaiġ ḋána.

Do leaṫ Seáġan-an-Ďiomair a ċora ar Mac-an-Ṙiolair, ḃailiġ ré a ṙluaiġṫe timċeall air ⁊ do ḃṙir ré irteaċ go h-Aontṙuim ar nór ṫuinne fairrge. Ďuail na h-Albanaiġ leis i nGleanntaire 'na noṙeamaiḋ noírġineaċa ⁊ do feaṙṙaḋ caṫ ṙuilteaċ eatorṫa. Tá ṙean-ḃóṫar ḋia ṫuar de'n ḃaile ṙin Ďun-aḃann Ďuinne, i gcondae Aontṙuim, ⁊ do ċuir Seáġan-an-Ďiomair a eaċ ciorḋuḃ, Mac-an-Ṙiolair, ar ċor-in-airde tar ċorraiḃ Albanaċ ann, ⁊ rá ṁeaḋon laé bí Clann Ďomnaill 'na ṙraċaiḃ rinte timċeall air. Do maṙḃuiġeaḋ annṙúd Aonġus Mac Ďomnaill ⁊ reaċt gcéad d'á ċuid fear, do ġabaḋ ⁊ do gonaḋ Séamus Mac Ďomnaill, ⁊ do ṫóg Seáġan leis Somairle Ďuiḋe, an taoiseaċ eile bí orṫa. Do b'feárr ḋóiḃ d'á dtóġṙaḋuiṙ a

CHAPTER IX.

Lámh dearg abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

ċómairle ⁊ ġreadaḋ leo ar a ṁíġe, ⁊ do b'féidir dó roin leir é, mar do b'iad fuiġleaċ na buiḋne úd do ṁairḃ le feall é féin dá ḃliaḋain 'na ḋiaiḋ rúd.

Ní raiḃ ré an uair seo acᵗ oċt mḃliaḋna déaġ ar ficid d'aois, ⁊ ní raiḃ aon fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil ⁊ cúṁaċt 'ná é. Leiġ na Saxanaiġ orṫa go raḃadar go mór leir. Ḃí áṫar orṫa ar ṫúir gur ṁill ré Clann Ḋómnaill ó Albain ⁊ do ġáireadar leis. Ċuiġ Seáġan go ḋian maiṫ iad. Ní gan fáṫ do cúmaḋ an fear-focal úd—"orannṫán maḋra gáire Saxanaiġ." "Is maiṫ an rud," ar riaḋran, "Clann Ḋómnaill do ḃeiṫ cleaiḋṫe mar níor ḃ'fhior ḋúinn cá h-am do ċaḃróċaḋuis leis na h-Éireannaiġ, acᵗ mar rin féin beiḋ O Néill ró-láiḋir ar fad anoir."

Is truaġ má'r ġniḋ ré caṁaḋ le taoiseaċaiḃ Éireann an uair seo. I n' ionad roin ċrom ré ar a ċur d'fiaċaiḃ orṫa ġéilleaḋ dó giḃé oiċ maiṫ leó é. "Caiṫfiḋ taoiseaċ Conaċt a ġcáin bliaḋanṫamail do ṫaḃairt doṁra mar ḃa ġnáṫaċ leo do rigṫiḃ Uiliaḋ," ar reirean. D'eiriġ na Conaċtaiġ é ⁊ ḟreab ré go h-obann i láṫair Sigeaṁa Cloinn Riocáird, an fear ba ṫreise i gConaċt, ⁊ ṁill ré é gan puinn duaiḋ. Do ċreaċ ré Tír Conaill ins an mḃliaḋain gcéadna (1566), ⁊ ṫáinig sgannraḋ ar Saxana. Do ġrioraiḋ Elíz iarla Fearn Muineaċ, Maguiḋir le h-eirġe 'na aġaiḋ, acᵗ do meileaḋ an Maguiḋir fá mar do ṁeilfeaḋ bró ṁuilinn doṁnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney ḃí 'na Airdiuirtír airir ar Éirinn an uair úd i n-ionad Sussex, ⁊ ḃí aiṫne ṁaiṫ aige ar Seáġan. Ċuir ré teaċtaire riaġaltais d'á b'ainm Stukeley ċuige le h-áiṫeaṁ air beiṫ réiḋ. "Ná h-eiriġ amaċ i naġaiḋ na Saxanaċ ⁊ ġeoḋair giḃé níḋ do ṫeaṫuiġeann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déanfar iarla Tír Eoġain díot má'r maiṫ leat é." Ċuir Seáġan sgann ar ⁊ laḃair ré go neamaṫaċ. "Bréaġán is eaḋ an iarlaċt roin," ar reirean. "Do ġniḋeaḃair iarla de Mac Cáṫaiġ i gcúige Muṁan, ⁊ tá buaċailli aimsire ⁊ fir capall aġamsa aṫá ċóṁ maiṫ d'fear leis rin. Do ṁeraḃair mé ċroċaḋ nuair do ḃí gleim aġaiḃ orm. Ní fuil aon ṁuiniġin aġam ar ḃur ngealladṁna. Níor iarraḋ fiaḋċáin ar an mḃainriogain acᵗ d'iarr sire orṁra í ⁊ is sibre féin do ḃrir í. Do ṫiomáineaḋ na Saxanaiġ ar an lúḃair ⁊ ar Dúndroma ⁊ ní leigfeaḋ dóiḃ teaċt ar n-air go deo. Ní leóṁraiḋ Ó Domnaill ḃeiṫ 'na fiaiṫ airir ar Tír Conaill mar is liomra an áit rin fearda. Má bíoḋ aon meanḃṫall orṫ gur liomra cúige Uiliaḋ. Ḃí mo sinnsear roṁam 'na rigṫiḃ uirṫe. Do ḃuaḋar í lem' ċlaiḋeaṁ ⁊ lem' ċlaiḋeam do ċoingḃeóċaḋ í."

[*i.e.*, a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked it of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Ġiḃ ġo ṁaiḃ Sydney 'na ṫeaṙ an-ṁiṙneaṁail, ṫṙéan, ḃí a ċṙoiḋe 'na ḃéal aiġe nuaiṙ ḋ'innis Stukeley ḋó an cómṙáḋ ṙoin. "Muna nḋéantaṙ áṙḋ iaṙṙaċt beiḋ Éiṙe imṫiġṫe aṙ áṙ láiṁ. Iṙ le h-Ó Néill Uiaḋ ġo léiṙ 7 caiṫṙeaṙ é ċoṙġ," aṙ Sydney le h-Éiṙe. "Ḃuaiṙ é láiṫṙeaċ," aṙ ṙiṙe. Ḋo ṙeóṙ ṙí oṙeam Saṙanaċ anall 7 ḋo ḃailiġ Sydney ṙiṙ aṙ ġaċ áiṙḋ i n-Éiṙinn, Saṙanaiġ 7 Éiṙeannaiġ, maṙ iṙ iomḋa taoiṙċaċ ḋo ċaḃṙuiġ leiṙ. Ḋo ḃí cuiḋ aca leiṙġeaṁail ġo leoṙ ċum an ġnóṫa aċt ḋo b'éiġean ḋóiḃ beaṙtúġaḋ oṙṫa ċum caḃaṙṫa le Saṙana ṗá maṙ ḋo ġníḋiḋ inḋiu.

Táṫaṙ ċúġat, a Seáġain-an-Ḋíomair, a ṁaṙcaiġ an ċlaiḋiṁ ġéiṙ, ġléaṙ Mac-an-Ṗiolaiṙ, 7 cóiṁiġ ḋo ḃuiḋean ḃeaġ laoċ. Ní ṗuil aġaiḃ aċt neaṙt ḃuṙ ġcuiṙleanna féin, maṙ náċ ḃṙuil caḃaiṙ 'ná conġnaṁ ḋíḃ ó éinneaċ iaṙmuiċ.

An ṖáḋaiL ḋo ġoiṙṫiḋe aṙ ċeanntṙaiḃ na Saṙanaċ timċeall Ḃaile-aṫa-Cliaṫ. Ḋo léim Seáġan iṙteaċ innte aṙ nóṙ ṫóiṁniġe Ḋo ṙaoḃ 7 ḋ'aṙġain ṙé í ġo ḃalliḋe Ḃaile-aṫa-Cliaṫ. Ṫuġ ṙé iaṙṙaċt ṗá ḋaingean na Saṙanaċ i nḊunḋealġain 7 ḃí ḃṙuiġean áiṙ aiġe le Sydney coiṙ an ḃaile ṙin. Ḋiċeaṙ ṗó-ṁaiṫ ḋo Seáġan annṙúḋ, 7 cuiṙeaḋ aṙ ġcúl é le ḋuaḋ, aċt ḋ'imiṙ ṙé éiṙleaċ aṙ ṙluaġṫaiḃ Sydney ṙuṙ aṙ ḋṙuiḋ ṙé leiṙ. Lean Sydney aṙ aġaiḃ. Ḋo ġluaiṙ ṙé ṫṙé Tíṙ Eóġain, 7 aṙ ṙoin ġo Tíṙ Conaill, i n-aiṁḋeoin Seáġain, aċt ḋo lean ṙeiṙean ġaċ óṙlaċ ḋe'n ṫṙlíġe é 7 ḃa ḃeaġ an ṙuaiṁneaṙ ḋo ṫuġ ṙé ḋó aṙ ṙeaḋ an ṫuṙuiṙ. Níoṙ ċeaṙḃáin ṙé ṙiaṁ ṙoiṁe ṙin cleaṙa cómṙaiċ níoṙ ṙeáṙṙ 'ná an uaiṙ ṙeo. Ḃí Sydney 7 a ṙluaġ lionmaṙ cṙáiḋṫe tuiṙṙeaċ ó ḟoġanna obanna Seáġain. Ḋo ḋṙuiḋ ṙé i nġáṙ ḋóiḃ láiṁ le Ḋoiṙe 7 ṫuġ caṫ ḋóiḃ. Ḃṙuiġean ġaṙġ ḋo b'eaḋ í, maṙ ḋo ṫuiṫ a láṁ ṙeaṙ aṙ ġaċ taoḃ, 7 ṙaṁluiġ Seáġan ġo ṙaiḃ an buaḋ leiṙ, aċt ṙaiṙe ġo bṙáṫ! ṙéaċ an oṙeam ṙo aġ ṫeaċt aniaṙ aiṙ—na Tíṙ Conaillig ċṙuaḋa ṗá Ó Ḋomnaill ḋo ḃí i ġcómnuiḋe 'na ċoinniḃ—7 ḃṙiṙeaḋ aṙ Seáġan ṗá ḋeiṙeaḋ.

Ḋo ḋṙuiḋ ṙé leiṙ aṙ ġcúl ġo bealaiġe Tíṙ Eóġain aġ oṙanntan aṙ Sydney. Ḃí ṙé ċóṁ neaṁeaġlaċ ṙoin, 7 ċóṁ muiníġneaċ ṙoin aṙ ṙéin ġo ṙaiḃ ṙaiṫċioṙ aṙ na Ġallaiḃ teaċt 'na ġoiṙe 7 ḋo ġluaiṙeaḋaṙ oṙṫa ġo Ḃaile-aṫa-Cliaṫ aṙiṙ ġan puinn ḋo ḃáṙṙ a ṫuṙuiṙ aca. "Cuiṙṙeaḋ ṙiaṁ mo láṁ ȯṙṫa ṙóṙ," aḋeiṙ Seáġan. "Ní ṁaċaḋ aiṫiḋ aca aṙ n-aiṙ muna mḃiaḋ na cuiṙṙṫiġ ṙin i ṫTíṙ Conaill; tá ṙáiṫe beaċ annṙoin aṫá am' ċṙáḋ 7 am' ċealġ le ṙaḋa, aċt ḃain an ċluaṙ ḋíom, ġo múċṙaḋ iaḋṙan aṙ ḃall."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrangē your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Caib. 10.

ṡgamaill agus bás.

Bí Seaġan go foluiġteac 'ġá ullamúġaḋ féin ⁊ ní fuil na Saranaiġ 'na gcoṁla. Bíoḋar ag cabṁúġaḋ le h-Ó Doṁnaill i gan fíor, ⁊ 'ġá ṡníoraḋ i gcoinniḋ Seaġain. Aoḋ do b'ainm de'n Ó Doṁnaill do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar caillead Calbac le déiḋeannaiġe. Níor b'fuláir do'n triaṫ nuaḋ fo éaṫ éiġin do ḋéanaḋ i dtorac a fiaġla, mar ba ġnáṫaċ le gaċ fleiṫ an uair úd. Bṁir Aoḋ irteac go Tír Eoġain ar ṁúṁúġaḋ na Saranac ⁊ do ċreac ré an taob ċiar ċuaiḋ di. Do ḋuiḃ ⁊ do ḋeaṁg ag Seaġan-an-Diomuir. Dar cluideaṁ gairge Néill Naoi nGiallaiġ, díolṫaiḋ Ó Doṁnaill ar an gcorġaiṁ reo!

Do ċíṫá troiġteaċa ⁊ maṁcaiġ ag triall ar gáċ áiṁ fá ḋéin tíġe ṁóir Beannboiṁ roiṁ eiriġe ġréine i dtorac na Bealtaine inr an mbliaḋain 1567. Ċṁom na coin ṁóra ar uaill le tearbaċ ar teaċt na fluaġ, ⁊ ag lúṫáil ⁊ ag croċaḋ a n-earball, mar do fíleadar go mbiaḋ feilġ aca mar ba ġnáṫaċ. Rit an fiaḋ fuaḋ ⁊ an macṫíre i bṫolaċ inr na coillṫiḃ mór-dtimċeall mar fíleadar roin leir le tuigṁint an ainṁíde go raḃḋar ar a dtóir.

Ní fuil doṁl i realġ ag Ó Néill an coṁ ro, mar bí deaḃaḋ air ċum Ó Doṁnaill do ṫaoċaḋ, ⁊ do ḃuail ré féin ⁊ a flóiġeaċd trí ṁíle fear riar ó ċuaiḋ. Déarfaḋ daoine firfeóġaċa go fuil na cáṫa ag rṡréaċaiġ ór cionn tíġe Seaġain-an-Diomair an maidean ro, ⁊ nár ċualaiḋ ré ceól na cuaiċe ná fiobaireaċt an loin duiḃ indiu.

"Náċ dán iad na Tír Conaillig reo, ⁊ náċ mór an truaġ ḋóiḃ beiṫ 'ġá gcur a fliġe a marḃṫa," ar reirean, nuair do ċonnaic ré Ó Doṁnaill ⁊ a ḃuiḋean beaġ ruiḋe ar ár ar an ġáire ar an dtaoḃ ċuaiḋ d'inḃear Súilig i nDún na nGall.

Bí an taoide tráiṫte ar an inḃear ⁊ do filiḋ Ó Néill gur ġaiṁiṁ tiṁ do bí ann i gcoṁnuiḋe. Níor ṁar rin do Ó Doṁnaill. Bí aiċne ṁaiṫ aiġerean ar an áit úd, ⁊ do ċoġaiḋ ré i i gcóṁair é féin ⁊ a ċuid fear do ċoraint ar Ó Néill, mar eiriġeann an taoide go tiuġ ⁊ go h-obann annrúd.

Agus féaċ i n-aċṁann le ċéile an fliuċt do ṫáiniġ ó ḃeiṫ ṁac Néill naoi nGiallaiġ—na Tír Conailliġ ó Conall Gulban ⁊ na Tír Eoġainiġ ó Eoġan, é riúd do ḃṁir a ċroiḋe le bród i nḋiaiḋ Conaill nuair do marḃuiġeaḋ an curaḋ roin.

Deirċear náċ fuil aon fonn bruiġne ar Ó'Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

ċonnaic ré an ṗluaġ beaġ ḋo ḃí aġ Ó Ḋómnaill 'na ċoinniḃ, ⁊ ġur ḃ'ṗeárr leir ḋá nġéillṗiḋíṙ, acᵗ map ṗin ṗéin ḋo beaṙtuiġ ré a ċuiḋ ṗeaṙ ġo cṗuinn ⁊ ḋo ṙtiúṗaiḋ ré 'na nḋṙeamaiḃ ⁊ 'na nḋíoṙmaiḃ taṙṙna an ċuaiṙ ṗaiṙṙge iaḋ. Ċuġ Ó Ḋómnaill ṗoġa ṗeaṙġaċ ṗá'n ġcéaḋ ċuiḋ ḋo ṗṙoiċ anonn ⁊ ḋo ḃṙiṙ ré iaḋ. Muna ṗaiḃ móṗán ṗeaṙ aiġe, caiṫ ṗ aḋaiġ ḋo ḃ'eaḋ iaḋ ġo léiṙ. Rinne ré map an ġcéaḋna leir an ḋaṙna cipe calma. "Caiṫ-ṗeaṙ iaḋ ḋo ċuṙ aṙ ṙoin," aṙṙa Ó Néill, ⁊ ḋo ḃuaiṫ ré é ṗéin aṙ ceann cóṙ capall, acᵗ ḋo ṗṙeab maṙcaiġ Uí Ḋómnaill amaċ aṙ loġ aiṙ 'nóṙ ġála ġaoiṫe, ⁊ ḃ'á ṗeaḋaṙ é Seáġan-an-Ḋiomair ⁊ aṙ éiġin ḋo ḃí ré 'na ċumaṙ coṙṫ ḋo ċuṙ leó. Ḋ'ṗéaċ ré timċeall aiṙ. Ḃí cuiḋ ḋ'á ḋṙeamaiḃ meaṙġṫa ṫṙé n-a ċéile ⁊ a ċuilleaḋ aca ṙṫaṙṫa ó n-a ċéile. Níoṙ ḃuiġ Seaġan ṗáṫ an ṁeaṙḃṫaill ġo ḃṙeaċaiḋ ré an ṫaoiḋe aġ eiṙġe ⁊ ṙġeoin aġ teaċt aṙ a ċuiḋ ṗeaṙ, ⁊ Ó Ḋomnaill le n-a ḃuiḋean laoċ aġ ċuṙ oṙṫa ġo ḋian. Níoṙ ṁeaṫ cṙoiḋe Seáġain inṙ an aṁġaṙ úḋ, ⁊ ḋo ċṙom ré aṙ éiṙleaċ le n-a maṙcaiġ ġo ṙiaḋain, ⁊ a ḃuil aṙ ċoṙanáiṙḋe annṙo ⁊ annṙuḋ aġ ġlaoḋaċ aṙ a ċinnṙeaḋna a ġcuiḋ ṗeaṙ ḋo ċóiṁiúġaḋ. Ḋo ġníḋ ré ṗéin iaṙṙaċt aṙ an ṙluaġ ḋo ḃailiúġaḋ leir i n-eaġaṙ ċóiṁ, acᵗ ní ṗaiḃ ṙliġe ċum caṙaḋ aca, ⁊ ḃí cuiḋ aca ġo ġlúṁaiḃ i n-uiṙge ⁊ an ṫaoiḋe aġ ṙóṁaṙ timċeall oṙṫa. Ḟiṙ ó láṁ ṫuaṫa ḋo ḃ'eaḋ a ḃṙuṁóṁ. Ṫáiniġ ṙġeóin níoṙ mó oṙṫa ⁊ ḃṙiṙe ḋaṙ.

Ḃáṫaḋ ⁊ maṙḃúiġeaḋ ṫṙí ċéaḋ ḋéaġ ṗeaṙ aca. Ḋo ḃ'é caṫ ḋeiṙeannaċ Seáġain-an-Ḋiomair é aġuṙ an ṫubaiṙṫe ḃa mó ḋo ṫáṙluiġ ṙiaṁ ḋó. An méiḋ a ċuaiḋ ṫreaṙna ṙlán ṫaṙ inḋeaṙ míleaċ Súiliġ ḋo ċeiċeaḋaṙ leo, aġuṙ ḋo ṙġeinn a ḃṙlaiṫ ṙuaṙ coiṙ na haḃann aġ cuaṙḋaċ áṫa, aġuṙ ḋoṙn maṙcaċ leir. Ḋo ċeaṙḃáin Tíṙ Conaillaċ ḃ'áṙ ḃ'ainm Gallċaḃaiṙ aṫ 'ṙan aḃainn ḋó ḋ'á míle ó ṗáiṙċ an ḃualaḋ aġuṙ ḋo ċuġ Seáġan Ó Néill a ċúl aṙ Tíṙ Conaill, allur aiṙ, a ċeanġa aġuṙ a ċaṙḃaill ċóṁ ṫe, ṫiṁ, le ṙméaṙóiḋ ṫeine, aġuṙ cnap na ṙġóṙnaiġ le ḃuaiḋṙiṙt aiġne.

Ḃí Ó Ḋómnaill ⁊ a ṙáṙ-ṙiṙ ġo meiḋṙeaċ, ⁊ a ḋṫeinnṫe cnáṁ aca ḃ'éiṙ an ḃuaiḋ, acᵗ ní ṗaiḃ ṙioṙ aca ġo ṗaḃaḋaṙ aġ ḋéanaḋ oiḃṙe na Saṙanaċ, oḃaiṙ ḋo ċeiṙ aṙ na Gaill ṙin aṙ ṙeaḋ ċúiġ ḃliaḋna ḋéaġ ṙoiṁe ⁊in, ṡiḋ ġuṙ ċailleaḋaṙ na míltе ṙeaṙ ⁊ ḃá ṁilliúṅ púnt ċuiġe.

Caḋ ḋo ḋéanṙaiḋ Ó Néill Uiaḋ anoiṙ? Ḋeiṙ leaḃaṙ na Ceiṫṙe Ollaṁain ġo ṗaiḃ ré éaḋṫṙom 'na ċeann ḋaṙ éiṙ bṙuiġne Áiṙḋ an Ġáiṙe, acᵗ ní ḟuil 'ṙa méiḋ ṙin acᵗ coṙ caiṁṫe. Ḃí an cuṙaḋ úḋ ṙó-aiġeanṫaṁail ⁊ ṙó-láiḋiṙ i ṡcṙoiḋe ⁊ a ġcoṙṙ ċum cṙomaḋ aṙ ṗlubaiġeal aġuṙ aṙ ċneaḋaiġ i ḋṫaoḃ bṙiṙ aḋ aon bṙuiġne aṁáin. Ní ṗaiḃ ré ḋá ṙíċeaḋ bliaḋan ḃ'aoiṙ ṙóṙ ⁊ bí miṙneaċ an leoṁain i ġcoṁnuiḋe aiġe. Ḋ'iaṙṙ cuiḋ ḃ'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oifigeaċa coġaiḋ air ġéilleaḋ do Ġarana aċt níor ḃ'é rin intinn Seáġain i n-aon ċor. Sġaoil ré Somairle Ḋuiḃe do ḃí mar ċime aige le ḋá bliaḋain, 7 ċuir mar teaċtaire go Cloinn Ḋómnaill i nAlḃain é ag iarraiḋ conganta orṫa. Do ġealladar dó í, 7 ġníḋ ré féin 7 gárda marcaċ ionad coinne leo i mḂunaḃann Ḋuinne, i nAontruim. Ḋ' úṁluiġeadar go talaṁ dó 7 ġléaraḋar ré roa i gcábán faiṙriṅ dó. Táinig fear eile ar an láṫair leir, d'ár b'ainm Pierce, bṙaṫaḋóir ó Elíre do ċualaiḋ cad do ḃí ar siubal ag Seáġan. Ní fuil aon fġṙíḃinn le fáġail do ḋeaṙḃuiġ ann gur ċuġ an captaen Pierce úd díol fola do na hAlḃanaiġ, aċt tá ṁṙar géar ag gaċ úġdar air.

A Seáġain-an-Ḋíomair, tá do ġnó ḋéanta.

Deir do náṁaiḋe féin aṁain, go raiḃ do láṁ láiḋir mar fġáṫ i gcómnuiḋe ag an bṙeag lag, 7 náċ raiḃ gaḋuiḋe ná fear mí-riaġalta id' ċeanntaraiḃ leid' linn. Deir riad, leir, gur ḃ'é do ġnáṫ gan ruiḋe ċum bíḋ go mḃiaḋ a ráiṫ de'n fheoil do b'feárr, mar deiṙṫeá, ag boċt ib Críord, do ċruinniġeaḋ ar do ṫáirriġ. Aċt tá deiṙeaḋ leid' féileaċt 7 leid' ġairge láiṫreaċ, mar tá na hAlḃanaiġ go ciocraċ ag coġarnaiġ le Captain Pierce inr an gcábán. Ní ċloiṙfiṙ uaill de ċonairt agus ní leanfaiṁ an riaḋ ruaḋ ṫre coillteaḃ cnó na Triúċa go deó arír. Ní ċloiṙfiḋ rluaiġte Tíṁ Eóġain do ġáiṙeaṫa níor mó, mar tá fiċe Albanaċ ar do cúl a gan fíor duit 7 Pietce d'á ngniogaḋ gur ṁarḃuiġir a n-aiṫreaċa i mḃruiġin Ġleanna tairre. Ṗreaḃ id' ruiḋe ó'n mḃóṙḋ roin a Seáġain-an-Ḋíomair 7 féaċ dia ṫiar díot mar tá an trleaġ i ngiorraċt óṙlaiġ deid' ṁṙom leaṫan.

Agus liúġann an coiṙṙliún amuiċ ar Ṡruṫ na Maoile, 7 bṙireann na tonna bána ar an tṙáiġ le fuaim coir Ḃunaḃann Ḋuinne, 7 tearḃánann na daoine annruḋ cann cloċ i loġ mar a ḃṙuil Seáġan-an-Ḋíomair 'na ċodla le breir agus trí ċéad bliaḋan.

" Seaċt mḃliaḋna Searccatt cúic céd
Míle bliaḋain ir ní bréċc,
Co bár tSeaáin mic mic Cuinn
Ó toiḋeċt Criort hi ccolainn."

Ṫóg Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nÉirinn 7 baineaḋ an t-éaḋaċ daor de ċorp diċeannta Uí Néill. Ṗuair Pierce a ṁíle ṗunt mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mḃainriogain, 7 buaileaḋ an ceann caiṫreaċ úd ar biorr ar an rinn do b'áirde ar ċairleán Ḃaile-áṫa-Cliaṫ.

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original

A PROCLAMACION

God saue the Queene.

H. D. Cancell.	L. Ormõd. ✝ Offery.	Gerald Defmond.	Jeme. Clu. Gormãſton
Rowland. Baltiglas.	Richard. Montgaret.	James. Slane.	Chriſtofer. Donſany.
P. B. of Dromlettefto.	James. Lyttine.	Chriſtofer. Houthe	John. Curraughmore
W. Fitz. Wyllams.	Henry. Radcliff.	George. Stanley.	Jaques. Wyngfeld.
John. Plonket.	Robart. Dillon	Jamis. Bath.	John. Parker.
Thomas. Euſake.	John. Trauers.	Fraunces. Harbart.	Fraunces. Agard.
Humfrey. Warne.	John. Challener.		

Imprynted in Dub'lyn, by Humfrey. Powell.

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

> "Seven years, sixty, five hundred
> (And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
> To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
> From the coming of Christ in the Body."

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(o) Cailín na mBráithre.

Séamus ua Duibgaill.

Bí cailín fad ó i dtig na mbráithre agus ní bíodh aon teóra leis an méid oibre bíodh sí a cur roimpi le déanamh.

Is cuma cad a déadh gan déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeadh sé gan déanamh an fead práite, nuair déanfaidhe leis an gcailín é déanamh, 'sé an freagra bíodh aici i gcómnuide: "Ó bíodh cum é sin a déanamh mé féin." Ceap na bráithre an dtúis go raibh cailín anadícealláć aca, agus is minic a bíodís ag molad an cailín agus ag maoideam airdi le bráithribh eile.

Aon lá amáin a táinig fear-bráćain cuca ó mainistin eile, agus, nuair a cuala sé an t-árd-molad an cailín na mbráithre, "Beid fíor agam-sa," an seisean, "an bfuil sí com mait agus deisdean liom i beit."

"Cogar," an seisean le ceann de na bráithribh, "abair leis an gcailín teáct isteáć i seómra na leadar agus, nuair a béid sí istig ann, abair léi gur cleacht di na leadair a nige."

"Agus cad cuige go gcuirfinn obair dínisge mar sin roimpi? Béad fearg uirdi agus b'féidir go brágfad sí sinn. Ní fuirfit cailín mar í 'fágail gealláim duit."

"Déan mar orm," arsa' an fear-bráćain.

Do glaodhuig sé an an gcailín agus ní raibh sí i bfad ag teáct, agus, nuair a táinig sí, dubairt an fear-bráćain léi go dog féid: "Cloirim gur anaćailín tú. Is mór an t-iongnad liom, a Bhrigid, na leadair seo beit gan nige agat fós."

"Bíodh díreać cun é sin a déanamh, mé féin, a athair."

"Ó ní fádad duit é, a Bhrigid," arsa' an bráćain eile go fearg. Ó 'n lá rain go dtí an lá indiu tá Cailín na mBráithre mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "cun é sin déanamh" i n-ionad é beit déanta.

(p) An Gad mara
nó
An lorg an Béarla.

Séamus ua Duibgaill.

Tamall mait ó foin anoir bí daoine 'na gcomnuide i n-oileán beag i n-íochtar na hÉireann agus ní raibh aca ach an Gaedilg. Mar geall air go mbíodh daoine raidhre ag teáct ar cuairt ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By James Doyle. Translated by Mary Doyle.

There was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By James Doyle. Translated by Mary Doyle.

A good while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoip agup apíp ceap na daoine bocta ná paib nacá act an Béapla d'fóghuim agup go mbeidíp paidhip go deó. Leanann an Salan céadna mópán daoine a ceapann níop mó céille beit aca 'ná bí ag muintip an oileáin.

" Act cá paib an Béapla le fagáil? " D'in í an ceipt anoip. Bí 'píop aca go paib Béapla i n-Éipinn, act cualadap go paib an Béapla dob' feápp 'pa domhan i mBaile Átha Cliat.

Tap éip mópán cainte agup comhpáid pocpuigeadap ap duine aca a cup go Baile Átha Cliat ap lopg an Béapla.

An lá bí an peap ag imteact bad dóig leat gup go hAimeipice a bí pé ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá paoipe ap an oileán. Táinig muintip an oileáin go léip, óg agup cpíonna, go dtí popt na hÉipeann agup cuipeadh an peap anonn ap an dtíp móip ap an mbád ba mó ap an oileán.

D'fág teacdaipe an Béapla plán aca agup d'imtig aip go Baile Átha Cliat. Tap éip a beit tamall 'pa cadaip bí Béapla aige, dá focal, " Good-morrow," agup ceap pé go paib pé i n'am aige filleadh a baile. Bí pé tuipreac go leop ó beit ag coipideact, agup nuair a táinig pé go dtí péit an Ciotaig i n-aice na pairge, fuid pé píop.

Bí na focail go cpuinn garta aige, 7 le heagla go mbeadh piad caille aige, díodh pé ag rád map pairdin " Good-morrow," " good-morrow," " good-morrow."

Bí an aimpip pliuc agup bí péit an Ciotaig dog. Go deimin, bí pí 'na tóin ap dogadh, agup, nuair a bí an peap doct ag dul tharna, cuaid pé ap lár agup d' fóbair dó beit báidte. Tapraing pé é péin amach i gcuma éicint agup bain pé amach an talamh tipim. Act, mo chead ip mo cár! bí an Béapla caillte aige.

Nuair a táinig pé a baile agup nuair d'innip pé a pséal do muintip an oileáin, díodap buaidéapta go leop, agup 'pé dubairt gach duine aca leip péin gup mór an thuag nac é péin a cuipeadh go Baile-Átha-Cliat.

Act cad a bí le déanamh anoip? Bí an Béapla caillte i bpéit an Ciotaig agup b'péidip go mbéadh pé le fágail pór.

Do gluair peirean de muintip an oileáin anonn ap bád go dtí an dtíp móip agup peap an Béapla le n-a gcoip. Tearbáin pé dóib cár caill pé an Béapla i lár na péice.

Chomadap go léip ap an áit a tóbac agup a taorgad agup níop b'fada dóib ag gabáil do'n obair peo nuair do buail gad mapa leó.

" Sin é an focal," " Sin é an focal," ampateacdaipe an Béapla, " gad mapa," " gad mapa."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FÁILTE-SGÉAL.

Ní maidid mire go bráth ar gcúl
Má'r éigin beit úmal daoib 'r mór mo leun,
Muna dtig liom riúbal, muna dtig liom riúbal,
Muna dtig liom riúbal ar mo páirc-re féin.

Cáinig an tsaethóna teic, 7 fin mé riar ar banca bheag féin, ar daoib an bóthair, agus níor b'fada gur cuir mo codladh orm. Agus im' codladh connairc mé airling.

Do bí mé ag riúbal, mar faoil mé im' airling, i dtír anaithnid nach raib mé aniamh roimhe reó i n-aon tír cormúil léi, bí rí com breag rin. Bí boithre caola dó-fiúbalta ag dul trío an tír áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glasa agus féar bog uaithne, agus h-uile fórt blát d'á bracaid fúil aniamh, ag fár ar gach aon taoib de'n bóthar. Act do bí an bóthar féin cam corrach clochach, agus bí rpruillead ag réideadh air, do loit agus do dall fúile na ndaoine do bí ag riúbal ann.

Agus níor bfada go bfacaid mé fear óg lúthmar láidir amach romham, ag gabáil an bóthar mar do bí mé féin. Agus connaic mé an t-ógánach ro ag fearaim go minic cum an púdair tirim do bí d'á féideadh ar an mbóthar do cuimilt d'á fúilib. Agus do bí an bóthar com h-aimhréid agus com clochach rin gur cuir ré anoir agus anír mar bí ré ag riúbal. Agus an uair deireannach do cuir ré níor féad ré éirighe no go dtáinig mire com fada leir, agus cuzar mo lámh dó gur cóg mé ar a dá coir anír é, agus dubairt mé leir go raib fúil agam nach raib ré gortuighte. D'fheagair reirean de bhiachraib binne blarta nach raib ré gortuighte go mór, act go raib faitcior air nach dtuicfad ré go deiread a airtir an lá rin, mar do bí an bóthar com garb agus com cruaid rin. Agus d'fiafruig mire dé an fada do bí le dul aige. Dubairt reirean nár bfada, act gur mian leir dul go baile-mór do bí cúig míle amach uainn, rul táinig an oidhe air, óir bud mian leir rud le n'ithe, agus leabuid, fágail, agus gan an oidhe do caitheamh amuig ar an mbóthar fiadain rin.

Agus nuair chualaid mé rin do bí iongantar orm, óir bí dá uair de'n lá againn fór, roimh luide na gréine, agus b'fortur do duine ar bit do bí com lúthmar láidir leir an ógánach rin cúig míle do riúbal in ran am rin, dá bfágfad ré an srochóthar agus dá riúbalfad ré ar an macaire b eag réid do bí le n-a taoib; agus dubairt mé rin leir.

"Ná bíod iongantar ort fúm-ra," a deir ré, "óir ní féidir le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bóthar fágbáil. Com clochach cnapach corrach agus atá an bóthar, caithfid duine fanamaint air.

AN ALLEGORY.

Douglas Hyde, LL.D.

(Translated by Norma Borthwick.)

The evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fágann ré an bóthar le riúbal ar an macaire breág réid, iocfaid ré ar go géar. Tá lucht gárda ar an mbóthar ro agus ar h-uile bóthar in ran tír reo, raigdiúraid móra duba. Ir iad na ragdiúraid reo do rinne gach aon bóthar ann ran tír reó agus ir oic do rinneadar iad, act má fágann duine tuirreac an bóthar le riubal ar an macaire, leantar é leir an ngárda dub ro, agus beirid air, agus tiomáinid rompa é, go gcuirfid ar an mbóthar arír é, gan buideacar dó."

"Act," ar ra mire leir an rgraingéar, "ni féidir go bfuil an oifead rin de faigdiúraib duba ar gach aon bóthar in ran tír le lucht riúbalta na mbóthar do rmachtuzad agus do fánuzad mar rin. Nach mbíonn lucht-riúbalta na mbóthar níor iomadamla 'ná an gárda dub ro, agus nach bféadfad riad an lám uachtair fágail orra, agus bruideann arteac, in a n-aimdeóin, ar an macaire mín áluinn rin, agus gan fanamaint ar an mbóthar gránna púdarach poll-líonmar ro?"

"O'féadfaidír rin déanamh go cinnte," ar ran rgraingéar, "óir bíonn rice fear láidir ar an mbóthar i n-agaid an aon g-roa amáin, act atá rórt draoideacta rgarta ag an ngárda dub, ann ran rpéir or cionn na mbóthar, agus ir dóig leir an lucht-riúbail nach bfuil aon neamt aca na bóicre d'fágbáil, agus tar éir gach dit agus docair agus dóláir d'á dtagann orra ann rna rligtib millteacha malluizte reó, ní' an croide ná an corláirte aca iad d'fágbáil, agus ir dóig gur ab é rin mar geall ar an draoideact do rgar na daoine duba. Act ir é an rud ir iongantaize aca uile, nach bfuil in ran gcu o ir mó de na raigdiúraib reó act cormúi eacta raigdiúraid; ir rgáilide gan bruig gan rubrtaint iad, act ir dó g le lucht-riúbalta na mbóthar gur fuil agus feóil iad, agus go loitfid riad an duine fágrar an bóthar le n-a gcuid arm."

Do riubiamar ar ár n-agaid le céile ann rin, 7 níor bfada go rabamar com ráruizte rin gur b'éigin dúinn ruide rior ar an mbóthar, agus do goill an tart agus an tuirre orrainn go mór. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an ógánac, "Ní béinn com dona ro dá mbeit deoc uirge agam."

"Tá tobar breág rion-uirge," aoubairt ré, "rá bun crainn bréag úball, ceatrama mile amac rómainn, act tá ré ar an taoib artig de'n cláide, in ran macaire, agus ní dirdeannac é dul com fada leir."

Act do goill an tart orm com mór rin go noubairt mé, "Caitid mé ól ar, dá marbócaide ar an móimid mé. Treóruig mé go dtí an tobar ro." Táinig faitcior ar an ógánac, agus oubairt ré, "Ir í mo comairle duit gan dul ann, act má 'r éigean duit, ni bacfaid mé tu. Fágfaid mé do cuideacta nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiucfar mé com fada leis an tobar. Mar tu féin, má's mian leat; act ni marbócaid tu mise."

D'éirigeamar ann sin, agus siublamar le céile, go bfacamar crann mór áluinn ag éirighe ar an macaire, timcioll fiche péirse arteac ó'n mbótar. Cuaid mé suas ar bárr an claide do bí ar taoib an bótair, agus connaic mé tobar glan glé-geal fíor-uisge d'á sceitead amac fá bun an crainn áird áluinn, agus connaic mé bláta bána agus úbla beaga agus úbla leat-apuid agus úbla móra deargha lán-apuid, ag fás le céile ar an gcrann sin. Act do bí an oideac sin de smacht agus de sganntaid ar daoinib na tíre sin nár bainead oideac agus aon uball aca, agus ba léir dam, ar an bréag fada fáramail do bí tart timcioll an tobair caom-áluinn sin, nac dtáinig aon duine i n-aice leis le h-ól. Act nuair connaic mise an méad sin do geit mo croide i lár mo chéib, agus dubairt mé 'g or-árd, "Bainfid mé cuid de na h-ublaib sin agus ólfaid mé mo bótain de'n tobar sin, má 'sé an bár atá i ndán dam."

Agus leis sin d'éirig mé de léim áird éadtrom aérach de bárr an claide-teórann agus arteac ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an nid sin, do leig sé orna ar, óir ba bóig leis gur b'é mo bár do bí mé d'á tóruigeact.

Agus nuair táinig mise leat-bealaig idir an gclaide agus an tobar, d'éirig raigdiúir dub, mar beit arract áidbéal úrghránna, suas, ar an bréag fada, agus do tóg sé cladeam mór le mo ceann do sgoltad, mar saoil mé. Agus do cualaid mé ar mo cúl an sgread do cuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le teann-saitcior: Nior lúga 'ná sin an saitcior do bí orm féin, óir ni raib arm ar bit agam le mo coraint. Act do crom mé ar cloic maic móir do bí sá mo coir, com mór le mo dorn féin, agus tug mé toga uicair de'n cloic sin leis an raigdiúir áidbéal. Do buail an cloc é, mar saoil mé, i gceart-lár a éadain, agus cuaid sí amac trid a ceann, amail agus nac raib ann act sgáile. Agus ar an móimid nior léir dam cruit ná cuma an traigdiúra, act do bí rud gan cruit ann amail slám de'n ceó, agus do leag an ceó sin, agus do sgar sé ann san spéir, agus ni raib dadaid eadarsa-re agus an tobar. Tuig mé ann sin nac raigdiúr ná fear cogaid do bí ann, act rud bréagac 7 sgáile do sinnead le draoidheact, cum na ndaoine do sganntugad ó'n tobar. Cuaid mé go dti an t-uisge agus nior bac rud ar bit eile mé. Cromar ar an uisge agus d'ólar mo sáit dé, agus dar liom-sa go raib sé com maic le sion. Bain mé úball mór deargh de'n crann ann sin agus d'itear é, agus do bí sé com milis im' béal le mil. Nuair connaic mé sin, slaod mé ar an óganac agus dubairt mé leis "teact art ac cugam, óir nac raib dadaid

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacaḋ." Com luaṫ agus cuig ré rin rá deara, táinig ré féin arteaċ ṫar an sclaiḋe, agus é rá easla mór, agus sinn ré ar an tobar. D'ól ré a fáit ar, agus d'ith ré a fáit de na h-úḃlaiḃ, agus fíneaman riar le céile ar an bréar bneáġ boġ, agus coruiġeaman ag caint. Agus d'fiarfuiġ mé dé ainm na tíre rin, "Oir" ar ra mire leir, "is í an tír is iongantaiġe d'á bfuil ar an domhan í."

Coraiġ ré ann rin ag innsint sceula na tíre rin dam, agus duḃairt ré, "Tá an tír reó 'na h-oileán, agus do cruṫaiġ Dia í amuiġ ann ran aiġéin mhóir ar an taoiḃ siar de'n domhan, an áit a ġabann an ghian cum a leaptan ann ran oiḋċe. Agus is í an tír is áille agus is glaire agus is úire í d'á bfuil fá'n ngréin. Agus deir cuid gur tír iongantaċ í, acċ ní cuigeann tu leaṫ a h-iongantais go póill. Agus tá trí ainmneaċa uirri, Banba agus Fóḋla agus Éire."

Nuair ċualaiḋ mé rin, do cuig mé léim, agus duail mé mo ċeann le géaġán de'n ċrann, mar ṡaoil mé,—agus ḋúiriġ mé.

Agus ar bforgail mo fúile dam, riúḋ mé mo luiḋe ar an sclaiḋe ar ṫaoiḃ an bóṫair, idir Ḃail-aṫ-cliaṫ agus Bóṫar-na-bruiġne, agus mo ċara Diarmuid Bán 'g am' fáṫaḋ i m' earnaċaiḃ le maiḋe. "'S miċid duit beiṫ dul a-ḃaile," adeir ré.

"Ór a Diarmuid," ar ra mire, "ná bain liom. Ni facaiḋ mac máṫar ariaṁ a leiṫeid d' airiṁ agus connaic mire." Agus leir rin d'innir mé mo bhionglóid dó, ó ṫús go deireaḋ.

"Mairead! mo ghráḋ tu," ar ra Diarmuid, nuair ḃí mé réid, "agus b' fíor do bhionglóid. Fáid agus file tu," adeir ré.

"Cionnus rin?" ar ra mire, "minig ḋam é."

"Is ar ṫalaṁ na h-Éireann do ḃí tu gan aon aṁras," ar ra Diarmuid, "acċ do ḃí tu ag riúḃal, mar tá na h-Éireannaiġ uile ag riúḃal, ar na bóiċniḃ do sinne na Sacranaiġ le n-a sceud oliġḋe agus le n-a sceud fáirrín féin, agus rin bóiċne nach féidir le Gaeḋeal riúḃal oppa gan tuirliugaḋ agus gan tuitim, gan doċar agus gan dólás. Acċ má ṫéigeann riaḋ bóṫar an tSacranaċair agus an Béarlaċair, agus iad do ḃul arteaċ ar a maċaire bneáġ feurṁair féin ni beiṫ' riaḋ ag riúḃal go cruaid ar fead an laé iomláin, mar an t-Éireannaċ boċt rin do ċonnaic tusa, le leabuid agus le ruipéar d'fáġail ran oiḋċe; acċ do racaidís fá dó nior fairde, i leaṫ an ama. Agus an tobar fíor-uirge rin do ċonnaic tu, an tobar nach leigfeaḋ na gairdid duḃa rin do na daoiniḃ d'ól ar, nach dtuigeann tu gur tobar na Glan-Gaeḋeilge é rin, agus cia bé Éireannaċ óirear deoċ ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a béal, d'á neartuġaḋ agus d'á fionnfuaraḋ. Agus an raiġdiúr duḃ rin d'éiniġ idir ṫusa agus crann na n-úḃall, b' é rin an fáirrín Sacranaċ, agus nuair ḃuail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é d'imṫiġ ré ar aṁarc mar ceó, óir tiġeann na fáirriúin mar ceó, agus má ċorṁann duine é féin orra imṫiġeann siad mar ceó arís. Agus na bláṫa bána, agus na h-úḃla, do ċonnaic tu ar an gcrann áird áluinn, sin é an toṁaḋ atá ag fás ar maċaire na Gaeḋaltaċta, agus má fágann na Gaeḋil na bóiṫre ir ar ċuir na Sacranaiġ iad le dul arteaċ ar a dtalaṁ féin arís, na h-uḃla sin nár bíaḋ siad le dá céad bliaḋan bainfiḋ siaḋsaraċ go tiuġ iad. Agus ag sin duit anoir, a Ċraoiḃín, mar ṁini ġim re d'airliġ," ar sé.

"M' anam a Día, a Diarmuid," ar sa mise, "ní'l do fáṁail de ṁiniġṫeóir ar ṫalaṁ na h-Éireann, agus an céad airliġ eile béiḋear agam ir ċuġad-sa ṫiucfar me. Ir fearr 'ná Daniel tu. Bhortuiġ ort anoir agus béiḋmid ag dul a-ḃaile."

Taoḃg Gaḃa.

Caibidil 1.

Bí Taoḃg Ua Bhroin 'na ġaḃa, agus bí a ċeathrúca ar ṫaoiḃ an bóṫair i n-aice le Broiċead na Geaḋaiġe, deiċ míle i dtaoiḃ ṫiar do Ċill Áirne:

Ceathaiġe maiṫ do b'eaḃ Taoḃg. Ní raiḃ 'na pháirtóirde féin, ná b'féidir i gCiarraiḋe, fear do b'fearr a ċuirfeaḋ crúḃ fá ċapall ná clár ar ċéaċta. Acht mar sin féin, ní raiḃ Taoḃg gan a locḃaiḃ féin. Ir dóċa nár ṫáinig riaṁ lá aonaiġ ná marġaiḋ ná feicfiḋe Taoḃg ar sráid Chill Áirne, agus ir ró-annaṁ a bí sé ag ceaċt aḃaile tráṫnóna gan beiṫ rúġaċ go leor, nó b'féidir ar meirġe. Dá ndéarfaḋ aon'ne le Taoḃg ar maidin lae an aonaiġ, "An bruilir ag dul go Cill Áirne indiu, a Taoḃg?" 'sé an freagra a ġeoḃaḋ sé, "Ní feadar," nó "b'féidir dom"— 'san am céadna ag bualaḋ buille dá cárúr ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, ċoṁ maiṫ ir dá mbéaḋ sé ag rád. "Ir mór atá fior uaiṫ."

Nuair a bí lá an marġaiḋ ann bí 'fir ag ġaċ uile duine ġoe raiḃ ġnó aiġe ar an gceathrúcain go mb'foéarr dó fuireaċ ra bail dá mbaḋ maiṫ leir a ġnó beiṫ déanta i gceart. Ir iomda rséal ġreannmar a bí ar fuaid na pháirtóirde timċeall Taoḃg agus a ċuid oibre maidin lae aonaiġ, mar ar ċuir sé tairinge i mbeo, lá, i gcaball Seaġáin Léiṫ, agus mar ar poll sé ar mór dtuaṫal clár a bí aige dá ċur ar céaċta le Domnall Ua Bruiġin.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, A Ċṁaoiḃín, how *I* interpret your dream," said he.

"My soul to God, Dermot," said I, "there isn't your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, 'tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home."

TIM THE SMITH.

By James Doyle. Translated by Mary Doyle.

Tim O'Byrne was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, "Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?" the answer he would get would be, "I don't know," or "Maybe I would"—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, "It is much you want knowledge" (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beag 'na comnaide i mBéal na Geadaige darb ainm do Micéal Crón, act níor cuzad riam air act Micéal na gCleas. Dá mbéad aon gnó ag Micéal na gCleas ar an gceardcain ní fárócad aon lá dó dul ann act lá an aonaig nó an lá go raib 'fior aige go raib Taðg ag dul go Cill Áirne nó go Cill Orglan.

San am ro bíod margad Cill Áirne ar an Satarn agus bíod aonac ann an céad Luan do'n mí, mar atá anoir.

Maidin lae aonaig bí Micéal ag an gceardcain cun rróinini 'fagáil dá muca, agus connaic ré ná raib puinn le déanam ag Taðg.

"Ir doca, Taðg," ara Micéal, "go mbéid tí ar an aonac."

"D'féidir dom," ara Taðg. "Bí Séamus Táilliúra ag rád liom inde go mbéad ré ag ga áit roir timceall an t-aon uair déag, 7 dá mbad maith liom dul leir go braiginn marcaideact uaid."

"Má'r mar rin atá an rgéal," ara Micéal, "ní'l aon maith dom mo céacda a bheit anuar cun é 'cur i o reo."

"Ní'l, go deimin; táim gan gual, agus caitfid m dul a d'iarraid beagáin guail agus áðbar iarrainn."

Nuair a bí Micéal na gCleas ag dul a baile do car ré i teac cun tige Pilib Óig, fei meoir beag eile bí 'na comnaide i n-aice e Micéal féin.

"Cá rabair, a Micil?" ara Pilib.

"Bíor ag an gceardcain ag féa aint an mbéad an gad i ullam i mbárac cun pionnai 'cur im' bráca. Bí T ós ag tatant orm é 'cur cuige indiu mar ná raib mórán le déanam aige."

"Nac bfuil ré ag dul go Cill Áirne?"

"Cuala é ag rád go mbéad iacall air an t-aral a cur go Cill Orglan a d'iarraid beagán guail."

"Ir mai liom gur gabair irteac cugam. Bíor ag caint le Taðg acfuzad inde, agus 'ré dubairt ré liom ná béad am aige aon ní a déanam lem' céacda go dtí Dia Céadaoin reo cugainn. Tá an aimrir ag fleamnuzad uaim agus gan puinn déanta agam. 'Sé ir feárr dom a déan m mo cé cua a bheit cuige anoir ó tá caoi ag an ngaða. Ní b id aon'ne ag teact cuige indiu."

Do deargz Micéal a píopa, agus d'imtig rá air a baile.

Nuair d'fág Micéal an ceardca, agus ó ná raib aon ní eile le déanam ag Taðg cuaid ré irteac cun é féin a bearrad 7 a glanad i gcomair an aonaig. Ní raib rá act leat-bearrta nuair do cuir Pilib a ceann irteac an dorar ag rád, "Bail ó Dia annro."

"Dia 'r Muire duit," ara Taðg, act ní ó n-a croide, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aige nár táinig Pilib gan gnó; "ir ḋóca go ḃfuilir ag ḋul ar an trráṫ."

"Ni'lim, go ḋéiṁin; tá a ṁalairt de gnó agam 'ná rráiḋigeaċt," arra Pilib.

"Ir iomḋa lá ḃeiḋ tú ar ṫaoiḃ an teampaill, a Pilib."

"Má 'reaḋ féin, 'ré ir ceart ḋom mo ḋíċeall a ḋéanaṁ an fáiḋ atáim ar an raogal ro, 7 anoir baḋ ṁaiṫ liom dá gcuirfeá mo ċéaċda i dtreo ḋam. Cím nać ḃfuil tú ró-gnóṫać."

'Ir truag liom, a Pilib, nać féidir liom aon ní a ḋéanaṁ leaḋ' ċéaċda indiu—ni'l aon gual agam, agus tá iaċa'l orm ḋul go Cill Áirne dá iarraiḋ."

"Ni gáḃaḋ ḋuit aon tsiobláid a ḃeiṫ ort mar geall air sin; tá máilín guail ra trucaill agam."

"Drioċ-ċríċ ort féin ir do ċéaċda," arra Taḋg rá n-a fiaclaiḃ. "Cad tá le ḋéanaṁ ar do ċéaċda, a Pilib?"

"Tá clár a ċur air, cruaiḋ a ċur ar an roc, 7 é 'ċur beagán ra bfód. Tearḃuigeann beagán cruaiḋe ó ḃarr an ċóiṫair 7 caiṫfir boilta nua a ḋéanaṁ do'n raca."

"Ni'l aon ċruaiḋ agam acṫ aon rmuiṫín aṁáin a geallar a ċur ar rann-aitin do Seagan Séamuir," arra an Gaḃa.

"Tá lán mo ḋóṫain cruaiḋe agam-ra ra ḃaile," arra Pilib. "Bí-re ag baint an trean-ċláir do'n ċéaċda; béaḋ-ra ar n-air leir an gcruaiḋ gan ṁoill."

"Buḋ ṁaiṫ liom, dá mb'féidir liom é, do gnó a ḋéanaṁ indiu, acṫ do rgoil cor m'úirḋ noé nuair a ḃior ag cur iarainn ar roc le Seagán Bhreac, agus béiḋ iaċall orm cor nua ċur ann. Bíor ċun cor a ḃreiṫ aḃaile liom indiu ó'n aonaċ."

Fear beag canncarać do b'eaḋ Pilib Óg. Connaic ré go maiṫ gur a d'iarraiḋ leiṫ-rgéil do ḋéanaṁ do bí Taḋg Gaḃa, agus bí a ċoċal ag éirge.

"'Sé mo ṫuairim, a Taiḋg," ar reirean ra deireaḋ, "nać ḃfuil aon fonn ort m'obair do ḋéanaṁ. Baḋ ċóir go mbéaḋ mo ċuid airgid-re ċóṁ maiṫ le hairgead Ríċil na gClear, acṫ ċím nać mar rin atá an rgéal, agus ó tá mo ċor ar an mbóṫar tá gaiḃne eile 'ra fanróirde ċóṁ maiṫ leat-ra."

"Déan do roga ruo; ni'lim-re a' braiṫ ar do ċuid airgid, a rgannróir! Beir leat do fean-ċéaċda pé áit ir maiṫ leat,'" arr' an Gaḃa.

"Ir maiṫ é mo ḃuiḋeaċar, a Taiḋg; acṫ ir dóiġ liom go mb'féarr ḋuit fanaṁaint 'ra ḃaile 'ná ḃeiṫ id' ṁaidin laṫaige ar rráiḋ Cill Áirne, ag caiṫeaṁ do ċod' airgid 7 do fláinte."

"Ir cuma ḋuit-re, i n-ainm an diaḃail! Ni hé do ċuid airgid-re a ḃim ag caiṫeaṁ, a rpriúnlóigin. B'féidir nać é gać aon Gaḃa ḃéaḋ ċóṁ bog leat ir bior-ra ag déanaṁ crúiḋe dod'

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ġlocha ar do ḃailiúġaḋ fean-iarrainn. Imtiġ leat anoir, agus b'féidir go fagfá fean-ċruḋ ċapaill ar a' mbóthar," agus leis sin do ḋún Taoḃg an doras.

Bí Pilib ag cur de gur ḃain sé amach ceathrúca Árd-a'-Ċluiġin. B'é an Gaḃa bí i n-Árd-a'-Cluiġin fear ós a bí tamall maith ó foin 'n-a phintíreach ag Taoḃg Gaḃa. Ó d'fág sé Taoḃg bí sé tamall dá aimsir i gCorcaiġ 7 bliaḋain nó dó i nAlbain. Buaċaill ciallmhar do bí ann 7 ceathrair maith. Eoġan Ua Laoġaire do b'ainm dó. Ní raiḃ mórán fáilte aige roimh Pilib nuair do ċonnaic sé é ag teaċt, agus ní mó 'ná sin bí aige roimir nuair d'innir Pilib dó ar an gcairmirt do bí idir é féin 7 an fean-Gaḃa.

Duḃairt an Gaḃa ós le Pilib go raiḃ eagla air ná béaḋ caoi aige ar aon ní do ḋéanamh le n-a ċéaċda go dtí deireaḋ na reaċtmaine. Níor mhaith leis Pilib d'eiteaċ, ach bí rún aige ná béaḋ Pilib fárta le feiċeamh ċom fada sin agus go mbéaḋ sé ag breith a ċéaċda leis ar an n-air go dtí Taoḃg nó go dtí Gaḃa éigin eile, ach ní raiḃ aon mhaith dó ann.

"Fágfaḋ-sa annso mo ċéaċda," arra Pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireaċ leis go ceann coigċiḋir ó 'noiu, 7 tar éis an aoiḋe ḃéil a fuaireas ó Taoḃg Gaḃa an lá so ní ḃaoġal dó go brách arís sinġinn uaim-se."

"Anoir, a Pilib," arra Eoġan, "tá a fior agat go maith nach ḃfuil Taoḃg nó-ḃuiḋeaċ ḋiom-sa i dtaoiḃ teaċt annso, agus ní'lim a rádh ach an fírinne nuair a deirim go mb'fearr liom go mór ná fágfá-sa ceathrúca Taoḃg ċun teaċt ċun mo ċeathrúcan-sa."

"Ar an fírinne ir córa rat a ḃeiṫ," arra Pilib, "ach deirim leat muna mbéaḋ aon Gaḃa eile ar so go catair Corcaiġe ná faiġeaḋ Taoḃg Ua Briain aon ní le déanamh uaim-se."

Bí a réarún féin ag Eoġan Ua Laoġaire. Ní raiḃ do ċlainn ag Taoḃg Gaḃa ach aon inġean amháin. Ní raiḃ sí ach 'n-a geathċaile ag dul ar sgoil nuair do bí Eoġan 'n-a phintíreach ag a hathair. Bí sí ana-ċeanamhail ar Eoġan, agus níor b'aon iongnaḋ é. Buaċaill sgáthmar ruḃáilceaċ do bí ann; níor ḃreathn leis beiṫ 'mearg buaċaillí eile mar é féin 'ná beiṫ i láthair sgata páirdí agus sleó aca do ċuirfeaḋ allaiḋir orrt. Mar geall air seo ní raiḃ leanḃ 'sa baile gan beiṫ ceanamhail ar an ngaḃa ós, agus ḃíodar go léir go han-uaigneach nuair d'fág sé Taoḃg Ua Briain. Ba mó an t-uaigneas do bí ar Neilli ḃig a' Gaḃa 'ná ar aon'ne eile nuair d'imtiġ Eoġan, agus ċaoin sí go fuiġeaċ 'na diaiḋ.

D'fág Neilli fuar 'n-a caiḃin dear ġhártamail. Do cailleaḋ a máthair nuair bí sí seaċt mbliaḋna déag d'aois, agus ó ḃár a máthar 'sí Neilli bí mar ḃean-tiġe ag Taoḃg, agus ní mirde a rádh go raiḃ sí 'n-a mnaoi-tiġe maith. Ní raiḃ ar ḃobal na Tuaiṫe

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

fear ba ðeire rtoca 'ná aċair Neilli, agur ar fon go raiḃ Taðg 'n-a Gaða, agur gan croiceann ró-ġeal air, ní raiḃ léine an tragairt féin níor ġile 'ná a léine ar maiðin Ðia Ðomnaiġ.

Ir beag an t-iongnaḋ nuair ċáinig Eoġan Ua Laoġaire aḃaile go nðuḃairt ré leir féin go mbéaḋ Neilli óg mar ṁnaoi aige, agur ir ðóiġ liom go raiḃ rire ar an aigneaḋ ċéaðna, aċt níor mar rin ðo'n trean-Gaða. Ni raiḃ aon ðeaḃaḋ air ċun cleaṁnair ðo ðéanaṁ ðá inġin, mar ḃí a ġior aige go maiċ go mbéaḋ ré an-leaċláṁaċ gan Neilli, aċt i n-a aigneaḋ féin baḋ ṁaiċ leir, ðá mbéaḋ ronn pórta uirri, go mbéaḋ Séamur Táilliúra mar ċliaṁain aige.

Ḃí feirm beag talṁan aġ Séamur, aċt ba ṁinice é Séamur aġ an gceardóċain, a ġiop 'n-a ḃéal aige agur é aġ féiðeaḋ na mbuilġ ðo'n Gaða, nó a' bualaḋ ðó nuair ðo ḃí Taðg aġ cur cruaiḋ ar rainn nó aġ ðéanaṁ cruḋ ðo ċapaill, ɣ, ar nór Tairðg féin, ḃí an-ðúil aige i rgáiðeaċt. Ḃí trí rabailíní bó aige agur cúpla colpaċ, ɣ iad go léir ar tóġáil ar ċeaċt na Máirta. Ni raiḃ Pilib i ḃrað tar éir imteaċta nuair ðo ḃí Séamur Táillúra agur a ċrucaill aġ ðorar an Gaða.

"Ḃfuil tú ullaṁ, a Taiðg?" arra Séamur.

"Táim i ngiorract ðó," arra Taðg; "ni'l agam le ðéanaṁ aċt mo ḃróga ðo ċur orm. Ḃiortuiġ ort, a Neilli; tá an ḃróg rin maiċ go leór anoir. Cá ḃfuil mo ċapaḃat? Ná bac leir a' rgáċán. Anoir, a Séamuir, táim ullaṁ."

"Naċ ḃfuil tura a' teaċt linn, a Neilli?"

"Ni'lim, a Séamuir, go póill; b'féiðir ar ball go nagainn féin le coir Máire Ċróin, agur béiḋ a' t-aral againn."

"Ir feárr ðuit teaċt linn-ne. Ðá oiċar mo ċapall, ir feárr é 'ná arailin Máire."

"Go raiḃ maiċ agat, a Séamuir. Ðo ġeallar ðo Máire ruireaċ léi. Ðéam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; ni'l puinn le ðéanaṁ agam-ra ar an aonaċ."

"Beaċa ðuine a ðoil," arra Séamur, agur ar riúḃal leó.

Nuair a ḃíoðar tamall beag ar a' mbóṫar ðuḃairt Taðg le Séamur, "Ar ḃuail Pilib Óg umat?"

"Nior ḃuail; cað 'n-a ðaoḃ?"

"Ḃí ré annro tamall beag ó roin le n-a ċéaċða. Ðo ġeallar ðó, tá reaċtmain ó roin, go mbéinn ullaṁ Ðia Céaðaoin'; aċt ni béaḋ ré ráṙta gan teaċt ċugam ar maiðin, agur mé tar éir Micil na gCleap ðo leigint aḃaile mar ġeall ar ná raiḃ aon ġual agam. Ḃí gaċ re read againn le 'n-a ċéile go rabamar araon fearġaċ. D'árðuiġ Pilib a ċéaċða leir, agur ir ðóċa ná béiḋ rtað leir go mbuailfeaḋ ré ceardóċa Eoġainin Ui Laoġaire."

"Raiḃ Miceál na gCleap aġ an gceardóċain ar maiðin indiu?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

"Nac bruilim.. tar éis a rád leat go raib cun rud éigin do déanamh le 'n-a céadóa."

"Bíod geall," arra Séamus "gurab é Micéál do cuir i gceann Pilib teacht cugat."

"Ar m'anam 7 gan drocc-ní ar m'anam, go mb'féidir go bruil an ceart agat, agus má'r mar rin atá an rgéal nára rada go bragaid Micéál torad a deag-oibreacha. Dubart le Micéál péin na raib aon gual agam, agus cuig Pilib máilin guail 'n-a tpucaill leis. Gan amhar 'ré Micéál bun a' tubairte."

"Ni curfinn tairis é."

"Is dóig liom péin ná bead ré rárta gan béit ag déanamh miorgair imearg comharran," arra Taos.

"Is fíor duit rin. Ar cualaidir cad do dein ré ar Domnall Ruad? Bí Domnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceardóa na Ceardaige nuair táinig Micéál na gCleas ruar leis, agus é ag dul a d'iarraid ráil móna ó'n bportac.

"'Cá bruil tú ag dul?' arra Micéál.

"'Táim ag dul leis reo go dtí an ceardóa cun é cur blúire beag 'ra bród. Támaid ag treabad Páircin na gCloc, 7 is ana-deacair i treabad le roc atá beagán ar a bród.'

"'Cait do roc 'ra tpucaill agus tar irteac tú péin. Is mór an ni anró na marcaideacta.'

"'Go raib mait agat, a Micil; agus d'féidir ó táim leat-lámac go brágrá an roc ag an gceardóain; abair le Tomár é cur fíor-beagán 'ra bród.'

"'Déanrad é rin agus fáilte,' arra Micéál, agus d'iompuig Domnall Ruad abaile. Act cad do dein an cleardide act a rád leis a' ngaba roc Domnaill do cur beagan eile ar an bród, i rugid go raib a céadóa go mór níor meara ná bí ré.

"Lá eile bí Micéál a d'iarraid rleagain tall ar an nGort m'Duide. Car ré irteac i ndorar Séamuir Maoil. Bí Séamus 'n-a ruide ar rtól ar agaid an dorair irteac ag cur taoibín ar a bróig. Ó bí an lá go han-brocallac, agus Séamus ag cur allair de, do bain ré de péin a peirdic agus croc ré ar crúca é i ndaoid tiar do'n dorar. Do deanz Micéál a díor agus bí ré ag gabáil dá cuid bneartaideacta, mar ba gnácac leis. Tár éis leat-uair nó mar rin do druid ré díor i n-aice an dorair. D'fan ré ag an dorar tamall beag agus a lám ar an leat-dorar. D'féac ré ar an gcrúca, ag leigint air go raib náire air. ''S amlaid,' ar reirean, 'do cuir Máire anonn mé féacaint a bragainn iaract na rudа rin (an peirdic) cun ceard do cur ag gor ann.'

"Bí Séamus Maol ar deanz-buile, agus léim ré 'n-a ruide, act má léim bí Micéál imigte. Do cait Séamus a carún leis,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow."

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit "in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

act, i n-ionad Micil do buailad leis an gcarúir, d'aimrig ré corcán mór di ar iaract as a mnaoi cun ollan do dathugad. Bruil Eogan Ua Laogaire 'na ceannaige mait?"

"Cá briodh damh-sa roim," arra Taog, 7 ni go ro-milis; "act ni doig liom gurab é feadar a ceannaidheact' ata ag tarrac na ndaoine cuige; 'ré a cuid bladair mealladh iad. Di an teanga go fleamain fiamh aige. Dad cuma liom dá gcuirfead ré ruar do féin as Droicead na Leamna nó cíor ar a Mianuir, act ir doig liom-sa gur mór an náire do teacht 7 ceannóca do cur ruar cómh actumair dam agus tá ré 'noir."

CAIBIDIL II.

Cartar na daoine ar a céile,
Act ni cartar na cnuic ná na sléibte.

Nuair do buail an beirt Cill Áirne b'éigean doib deoc beit aca i dtig Séamuir Ui Bruiġin 'sa Sráid Nuaid, agus níor b'fada doib go raib braon eile aca i Sráid na gCeapc nuair carad orra beirt nó trír eile agus tart orra. Ni raib leat an lae caitte nuair di an gaba rúgac go leor.

Ni raib Neilli i brad ar a' sráid gur connaic sí a hathair agus é ar leat-meirge. Ir gairid do di sí féin agus an cailin eile as déanamh a ngnóta. Nuair do diodar ullamh cun teacht abaile do dein Neilli a dícell a hathair do mealladh léi, act ni raib maitear di beit a tatant air; d'fan sé féin agus Séamuir ar an sráid go dtí cuitim na hoidhce agus go rabadar araon ar meirge nó i ngiorracht dó.

Di capaillin beag cneasta ag Séamur Táilliúra. Di an bótar réid agus an oidhce geal, 7 dá mbéad an beirt sásta leis an méid do di ólta aca nuair fágadar sráid Cill Áirne béad an tséal go mait aca, act ni rabadar. Nuair tángadar go Droicead na Leamna di deoc le beit aca, 7 nuair di an gaba as teacht amach ar an dtruscaill cuir sé ar fleasg a dhroma ar an mbótar, agus 'san am céadna do cuir rud éigin an capall ar riúdal. Cuaid an rod trearna láimhe Taidg. Do tsread an fear bocht comh géar rin gur rit na daoine amach cuige, agus nuair connacadar é rinte ar an mbótar faoileadar go raib a lámh bruite, act ni raib.

Da mór an ni go raib an doctúir 'n-a comnaide ar taoib an bótair as Droicidin na Sriodóige; di sé as baile. Tar éis féachaint ar láimh an gaba 'sé dubairt an doctúir, "Ni'l aon chnámh bruite, act béid sé tamall go mbéid streidm agat ar carúr, a Taidg." Do b'fíor dóran; di an gaba raidhe gan aon nid do déanamh mar geall ar a láimh.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Lá'r na ḃárraċ tar éis lae an aonaiġ, agus ḋaoine ag teaċt go ḋtí ceárnóċa Taoḃg bí ré buaḋarta go leór. Ċuir ré rséala ċun Gaḃa na Ceapaiġe bí an-mhuinteartha leis i gcómnaiḋe, ag féaċaint an gcuirfeaḋ ré a mhac ċuige ar feaḋ reaċtmhaine ċun go mbéaḋ am aige ar fear éigin eile do fholáċar.

'Sé an freagra fuair an teaċtaire go raḃaḋar nó-leaċ-láṁaċ ar an gCeapaiġ, aċt b'féidir i noeifeaḋ na reaċtmhaine go mbéaḋ an fear ós ábalta ar ḋul ar feaḋ lae nó ḋó ċun caḃruġaḋ le Taoḃg.

"An rfhealltóirín ruġaiġ," arra Taoḃg, nuair a ċuala ré cad ḋuḃairt a ḋuine muinteartha, "tá fíor agam-ra go maiṫ cad tá 'n-a ċeann; aċt béiḋ an rséal go cruaiḋ orm-ra nó ranóċaḋ-ra é." Nuair ċuala Eoġan Ua Laoġaire cad do ċuir amaċ ar aṫair Neilli níor b'fad i go raiḃ ré ag dorar tiġe an Gaḃa. Ní raiḃ mórán fáilte ag Taoḃg roimir, aċt rar ar fáġ ré an teinteán bí taoḃ eile ar a' rséal.

"Ir truaġ liom," arra Eoġan, "tura ḃeiṫ mar 'tá oi, 7 gan aon'ne agat aċt tú féin. An féidir liom-ra aon níḋ do ḋéanaṁ ḋuit?"

"Ní feadar," arra Taoḃg; "ir ḋóċa go ḃruil do ḋóṫain le ḋéanaṁ agat féin, agus béiḋ níor mó agat anoir ó táim-re mar a ḃruilim.

'An té bíonn ríor ḃuailtear cor air,
Agus an té bíonn ruar óltar deoċ air.'"

"Ní ḃéir i ḃfad ríor, le congnaṁ Dé; agus mó láṁ ir m'fhocal ḋuit naċ ḃruil aon trainnt orm-ra obair a ḃreiṫ uait-re. Mar a ḃruil aon Gaḃa eile agat fóir cuirfeaḋ-ra mo fhiṁntíreaċ ċuġat gan ṁoill."

"Go raiḃ maiṫ agat," arra Taoḃg, ag cur láiṁe rlán amaċ agus ag breiṫ greim ḋaingean ar láiṁ Eoġain.

Nuair bí an Gaḃa ós ag imṫeaċt ruġ Neilli ar láiṁ air agus aḋuḃairt "Míle ḃeannaċt ort. Bíor a' cuiṁneaṁ ort; bí rúil agam leat, aċt bí easla orm dá dtiocfá féinig go mbéaḋ m'aṫair nó-ġoirġeaċ leat, mar bí fíor agam go maiṫ ná raiḃ ré nó-ḃuiḋeaċ díot."

"Ní mór ir féidir liom a ḋéanaṁ, aċt ḋéanfaḋ mo ḋíċeall; agus tá 'r agat-ra, a Neilli, go ndéanfainn mórán ar do ron-ra."

"Táim go han-ḃuiḋeaċ díot, a Eoġain," arra Neilli, 7 luirne 'n-a cionnaċaiḃ.

Ċuaiḋ an Gaḃa ós aḃaile 'r níor b'fada tar éis imteaċt' dó go dtáinig Séamur Táillliúra irteaċ. Bí Neilli ag an dorar.

"Cannor tá t'aṫair, a Neilli?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am.

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

"Tá 'r agat go maiṫ cannor tá ré, a Séamuir. Tá ré 'na luiġe ar a leabaiḋ agus tá eagla orm go mbéiḋ ré ann go fóill. Buail ruar ċuige; táim-re ag dul a d'iarraiḋ cana uirge ó'n abainn."

D'fan Séamur tamall maiṫ agus nuair bí ré imṫiġte do Ġlaoḋaiġ Taḋg ar Neilli ċun beoċ uirge fuair do taḃairt dó. "Suiḋ ar a' gcaṫaoir go fóill, a Neilli, a ċuid; tá fuil éigin agam le fáḋ leat."

Do fuiḋ Neilli ar an gcaṫaoir ag taoiḃ na leabṫa, aċt gan ċuinne aici cad do bí 'n-a ċeann.

"Tá eagla orm go mbéad im' ṁairṫineaċ, a Neilli, i n-earball mo faoġail; aċt bad ċuma liom dá bṙeicṙinn tura agur do ṫeinteán féin agat. Ir dóċa dá mbéad go faiġinn-re cúinne uait ann."

"Táim ráṙta mar a bṙuilim," arṙa Neilli; "agus 'dtaoiḃ ċura beiṫ id' ṁairṫineaċ, ní mar rin a béiḋ an rġéal agat, le congnaṁ Dé."

"D'féidir rin, a Ġráḋ; aċt mar rin féin bad ṁaiṫ liom dá bṙeicinn cú póṙta."

"Ní'l aon ṙonn póṙta orm-ra, a aṫair, agus dá mbéad féin ní anoir an t-am ċun beiṫ ag cuiṁneaṁ air."

"Táim-re dul i n-aoir, aċt bad ṁór an ráṙaṁ aiġniḋ orm é dá mbéiṫeá-ra i d'áit bíġ féin. Tá feirm beag dear ag Séamur Táilliúra, ní'l cíor trom air, 7 tá ṙior agam náċ bṙuil caillin eile 'ra ṙarróirde do b'feárr le Séamur a beiṫ mar ṁnaoi aige 'ná tú féin."

"Táim an-buiḋeaċ do Séamur. Ní le hearbaiḋ mná tiġe a béiḋ ré ag póraḋ; tuġann a máṫair aire dor na buaiḃ agus leaṫann a deirḃṙiúr an t-aoileaċ ar na ṙráṫaí. An bean-tṙeabṫa aṫá uaiḋ anoir?"

D'orġail Taḋg a fúile. Ní raiḃ aon ċuinne aige ná béaḋ a inġean ráṙta le Séamur do póraḋ. Ḃain a nduḃairt rí an t-anál de agus ní raiḃ' ṙior aige cad do b'feárra dó do ráḋ aċt i gceann tamaill duḃairt ré—

"Saoileaṙ, a Neilli, go raḃair féin agus Séamur Táillúra ṁuinteaṙḋa go leór le ċéile."

"Táimíḋ, ar ṙon naċ bṙuilim ró-buiḋeaċ de 'dtaoiḃ oibṙe an lae inné."

"God é an leiġear a bí aige air?"

"Dá mbéad ré 'ra baile ag taḃairt aire dá ġnó féin, 'n-áit ba ċóra dó beiṫ, ṫiocfá-ra aḃaile liom-ra, agus ní béiḋeá mar ataoí indiu."

"Taoi ró-ċruaiḋ ar Séamur boċt, a Neilli. Ċíḋeann tú ġur minic a taġann ré ċun congnaṁ a taḃairt doṁ-ra nuair a bím

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

ag cur iarrainn ar roċaiḃ nó nuair a ḃíonn obair trom mar rin roir lám' agam."

" D'fearra dó go mór aire a ṫaḃairt dá fairde beag talmhan. Náċ minic ro' ḃéal ' An ré ḃíonn 'n-a ḋroċfeirḃíreaċ dó féin, ḃíonn ré 'na feirḃíreaċ maiṫ do na daoinib eile.' "

" Ir beag a ḟaoileaḋ, a Neilli, ná déanfá ruo orm."

" Daḋ maiṫ liom ruo a ḋéanamh oṁt, a aṫair ; aċt mar a mbé ró ar talamh a' domhain aċt é féin amháin ní ḃéinn mar ċéile aige Séamur Táilliúra."

Le n-a linn rin d'fág Neilli an reomra, agur do ġol rí go fuiġeaċ ar feaḋ tamaill.

Nuair d'fág Séamur teaċ an ġaḃa bí ré fárta go leor. Ṡaoil ré ná raiḃ anoir le déanamh aige aċt dul agur an " páipéar " do ḃreiṫ aḃaile leir ċun Neilli an ġaḃa do ḟóraḋ. Bí ré gan tobac agur ċar ré irteaċ i riopa Seaġáin an learra ċun bliúire tobac do ċeannaċ.

" An fíor," arra Seaġán an learra, " gur ḃrir an ġaḃa a láṁ ag teaċt ó Ċill Áirne aréir ? "

" Ni'l ré fíor agur ni'l ré bréagaċ," arra Séamur. " Ni'l a láṁ ḃuirte, aċt tá rí goiṫiġte ċom mór rin go ḃfuil eagla orm ná béiḋ aon maiṫ ann go deó. Tá an feap boċt buaḋarta go leor, aċt 'ré an ruo ir mó tá cur air anoir, gan Neilli ḃeiṫ ḟórta."

" D'fearra ḋuit féin i ḟóraḋ, a Ṡéamuir. Ni fuláir nó tá múiṁle beag airgid ag Taoḋg, agur tá Neilli 'n-a cailín ċiall-mar."

" D'féidir go b-fórrainn," arra Séamur, agur d'imṫiġ ré air aḃaile.

Lá ar na ḃárach bí ré leaṫa ar fuid na parróirde go raiḃ cleaṁnar ḋéanta roir Séamur ⁊ inġin an ġaḃa.

Ar feaḋ reaċtmaine tar éis goiṫiġte láiṁe Taoḋg do ḋein Eoġan Ua Laoġaire agur a ṗrinċipeaċ obair an dá ċeapróċan ċun go ḃfuair Taoḋg ġaḃa óg ó Ḃaile an Muilinn. Ir beag laeċe riṫ na reaċtmaine ná raiḃ Eoġan tamall ag ceapróċain Taoḋg agur tamall beag ag caint le Taoḋg féin agur d'féidir le Neilli.

Nuair ṫáinig an ġaḃa eile ó Ḃaile an Muilinn d'iarr Taoḋg ar Eoġan teaċt anoir agur arís nuair a ḃéaḋ am aige, agur ṫáinig go minic. Nuair ḃíoḋ an beiṫ ⁊ ouine aca ar ġaċ taoḃ do'n teine ir mó ruo do ḃíoḋ aca ag cur tré 'na ċéile, ⁊ Neilli i mbun a ngnóṫa féin timċeall na ciṫoineaċ. Nuair fuair Eoġan rġéala go raiḃ cleaṁnar rocair roir Neilli agur Séamur Táillíúra bí iongnaḋ air, aċt ḃúḃairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an rġéal ná raiḃ ré ceart dó-ran a beiṫ ċom minic irteaċ 'r amaċ i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

otig na ceapocan. D'imtig lá nó dó mar reo 7 gan tuilar ag Eogain ar an gceapocain. Arra Taoig le Neilli:

"A bpeaca tú Eogan indiu nó inoé?"

"Ni peaca," arra Neilli.

"Tá rúil agam nac bpuil aon ni air. Ni raib re annro 'nir ó atruigad 'noé; ni peadar cad tá á coimeád."

"Ni'l pior agam-ra," adubairt rire, act bi amhrar aici, mar cuala rí rgéal an cleamhnair.

Ir dóca ná raib Eogan nó-fada i n'aigneád. Bí fonn ir faitcear air. Dad mait leir tuilar do tabairt anonn go ceapocain Tairg, act mar rin féin bí beagán náire air géilleád go raib buadairt air. Bí ré ag obair go dian, act ba cuma dó beit díomaoin nó gnótac, nior b'féidir leir pórad Neilli do cur ar a ceann.

Tráthnóna an tarna lá, nuair do bí deirneád le hobair an lae agur an ceapoca dúnta, buail Eogan trearna na páirceanna, agur bí ré ag cur de go dtáinig ré amac ar an mbóthar i n-aice tige na ceapocan. Bí Neilli ag an doras.

"Cannor tá t'athair, a Neilli?" arra Eogan.

"Tá ré dul i bpeadar. Tar irteac. Ni'l ré leat-uair ó bí ré ag caint ort. Bí iongnad air go raibair cóm fada gan bualad irteac cuige."

"Ni béad ag dul irteac anoir, a Neilli. Ta deabad orm."

"'N é rin Eogan, a Neilli?" arr' an Gaba.

"'Sé, a athair."

"Cad 'n-a taob nac bpuil ré teacht irteac?"

"Deir ré go bpuil deabad air, a athair."

"Abair leir teacht irteac. Tá gnó agam de."

Do buail Eogan irteac.

Arra an Gaba, "Cá raibair le reactmain? Bior cun rgéala cur anonn cúgat féacaint cad a bí ort."

"Ó! ni raib pioc orm, act go rabar an-gnótac, agur gur faoilear go mbéad rud éigin eile búr gcur tré 'n-a céile 'ná rib a beit a cuimneam orm-ra."

"Act go mbéad mo lám bacac rlán agam amir, agur buideacar le Dia tá rí dul cun cinn go mait, ni béad aon ni ag cur buadarta orainn."

"Go deimin, ni cúir buadarta an rgéal agaib, act a malairt, agur go n-éirigid búr bpórad lib," arra Eogan, agur tocht 'n-a croide.

"Arú god é an pórad?" arra Taoig Gaba.

"Nac bpuil Neilli agur Séamur Táilliúra le beit pórta i ndiaid an Carraigir?"

"Fiarraig do Neilli féin an rior é nó bréag."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he could'nt put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

"An fion é, a Neilli?"

"Ni'l, agus ni béid go deó," arra Neilli, agus amac an dorar léi.

An fead tamaill nior labair aon'ne do'n beirt focal.

"D'féidir, a Taidg," arra Eogan, "go dtabarfá Neilli dam-ra?"

"'Sé ir fearra dúit an ceirt rin a cur cuici féin."

Agus do cuir, agus ni gábad innrint cad é an freagra fuair ré ó Neilli. Bi an parróirde ag magad fá Séamus Táilliúra; act fuair ré tsopóigín beag ó Gleann na gCoileac ná raib nó-óg act go raib fice punt rpréid aici.

TAGRA:

Aillaidin—deafness.
Rabalíní bó—miserable cows.
Ar tógáil—"lifting," not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.
Gac an a fead or gac ne fead—every second word, "one word borrowed another."
ir geaindid = ir geafil = ir goiridid—soon, very soon.
An m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.
Paidéan—dispensation from banns.
Muinle beag airgid—a little lump of money.
Tocht 'na choidhe—a load at his heart.
Sean-gnoga—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

AITRIGE AN REACÚRAIG:

A Rig tá ar neim 'r a cruṫaig Ádaim,
'S a cuireas cár i bpeacaḋ an úḃaill,
Oċ! fgreaḋaim ort anoir, or árḋ,
O ir le do gráfa tá mé ag fúil.

Tá mé i n-aoir, a'r do ċrion mo ḃlát,
Ir iomḋa lá mé ag ḋul amúg',
Do ṫuit mé i bpeacaḋ anoir naoi ndrát,
Acṫ tá na gráfa ar láim an Uain.

Nuair ḃí mé óg b'oic iaḋ mo ṫréiṫe,
Duḋ mór mo rpéir i rcléip 'r i n-eaċrann,
B'feárr liom go mór ag imirt 'r ag ól
Ar maiḋin Dómnaig ná ṫrialí cum Aifrinn.

Níor b'feárr liom ruiḋe 'n aice cailín óig
Ná le mnaoi póṫa ag céiliḋeaċt tamall,
Do mionnaiḃ móra do ḃí mé taḃarṫa
Agur ḋrúir no póite níor leig mé ṫarm.

Peacaḋ an úḃaill, mo ċráḋ 'r mo leun!
Ir é mill an raogal mar geall ar ḃeirt i
A'r ó'r coir an craor atá mire fíor,
Muna ḃfóirfiḋ fora ar m'anam do ċt.

Ir orm, faraor! tá na coireaċa móra,
Acṫ diúltóċaḋ dóiḃ má ṫairim tamall,
Gaċ nid ḃuail anuar ar mo ċolainn fór,
A Rí na Gloire 'gur tárraing m'anam.

---

* *Literally:* O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
The man who ate of that sad tree,
To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
And though in truth our sense be dull,
Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
Caught by the devil I went astray;
On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
Each in her way was loved by me,
I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
For my riotous appetite Christ alone
From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
But grant to me time to repent the whole,
Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

---

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ó'éalaiġ an lá a'r níor ṫóg mé an ṗál,
No ġur ṫeaṫ an báṗṗ ann ar ċuiṗ tú ḋúil,
Acṫ a Áiṗṫ-riġ an Ċeiṗt, anoir péiṫ mo ċár,
A'r le ṗruṫ na ngráṗa ṗliuṫ mo ṗúil.

Ir le do ġráṗa do ġlan tú Máiṗe,
A'r ṗaoṗ tú Ḋáiḃiḋ do ṗinne an aiṫriġe,
Do ṫuġ tú Maoiṗe ṗlán ó'n mḃáṫaḋ,
'S tá croċuġaḋ láiṫiṗ ġur ṗaoṗ tú an ġaḋuiḋe.

Maṗ ir peaċaċ mé naċ nḋeaṗna ṗtóṗ,
Ná ṗóláṗ móṗ do Ḋia ná Muiṗe,
Acṫ ṗáṫ mo ḃṗóin tá mo ċoiṗeaċa ṗóṁam,
Maṗ ṗeóil mé an ṗcóṗ ar an méaṗ ir ṗuiḋe.

A Riġ na Ṡlóiṗe tá lán de ġráṗa,
'S tú ṗinne beóiṗ a'r ṗíon de'n uiṗġe,
Le beaġán aṗáin do ṗiaṗ tú an ṗluaġ,
Oċ! ṗreaṗḋail póiṗ aġur ṗláṁaiġ miṗe.

O a Íoṗa Críoṗt a ḋ'ṗulaing an ṗáiṗ,
A'r do aḋlaċaḋ, maṗ do ḃí tú úṁal,
Cuiṗim cuimṗiḋ* m'anama ar do ṗġáṫ,
A'r ar uair mo ḃáiṗ ná taḃair ḋam cúl.

A Ḋainṁioġain Páṗṗṫair, máṫair a'r maiġdean,
Sġáṫán na ngráṗa, ainġeal a'r naoṁ,
Cuiṗim coṗaiṁ m'anama ar do láiṁ,
O ṫóġ mo ṗáiṗṫ, 'r béiṫ mé ṗaoṗ.

---

* "Cuimṗiḋ" i ġConnaċtaiḃ, i n-áit "comaiṗce," .ɻ. ḋíḋionn.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
O King of the Right, forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water,
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
I place myself in Thy gracious hands
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

---

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'r an bruaċ an báir,
'S ir ġeall an ṙáṫ go dtéiġim i n-úir,
Aċt ir ṙeall go deirṙeannaċ ná go brát,
Agur ṙuaġṁaim páirt ar Riġ na n'Dúl.

Ir cuaille ġan ṁaiṫ mé i ġcoinnéall fáil.*
No ir corṁúil le báo mé a ċaill a ṙtiúr,
Do brirṙide arteaċ a n-aġaiḋ carṁaiġ 'ra 'bṙáiġ†
'S do deiḋeaḋ dá báṫaḋ 'rna tonntaiḃ ṙuar'.‡

A ṁora Críort a ṙuair bár Dia h-Aoine,
A d'éiriġ arír ann do riġ ġan loċt,
Naċ tú tug an trliġe le aiṫriġe do ḋéanaṁ,
'S naċ beag an ṙmuaíneaḋ do ginnear ort!

Do ṫárla, ar dtúr, mile 'r oċt ġceud,
An riċe go beaċt, i ġceann an do-déag,
Ó'n am tuirling Críort do neul an ġeataiḋ;
Go dti an bliaḋain a ndeaṁaiḋ Reaċtúmaiġ an aiṫriġe.

---

* Aliter, "ir cuaille con mé i n-éaḋan fáil," G.

† = ṙaiṁġe. Aliter, "ar bruaċ na tná."

‡ Aliter, "beiḋeaḋ 'ġá báṫaḋ 'r a ċaillṙeaḋ a ṙnáṁ"; aliter, "reól," aliter, "riúḃal"; aċt d'aṫmaiġ mé an line le comṁuaim do ḋéanaṁ."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not!

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

---

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

An Cúis d'á pléid.

(Leis an Reachtúrach.)

Éirigidhe suas tá 'n cúrsa ag teannadh liobh,
Bíodh cloidheamh a'r sleagh aguibh i bhaodhar geur,
Is gearr uaibh an Cúig, tá 'n dáta caithte,
Mar sgríobh na hAbrdail na naoimh 'r an cléir;
Tá an coinneall le múchadh tuig Lúitéir larta leis,
Acht téidhidh ar bhur nglúnaibh a'r iarraidh athchuinge,
Guidhidh an tUan 'r béidh an lá ag na Catoleaigh,
Tá an Mhumhan tsé larach 'r an Chúis d'á pléidh.

Tá 'n dá Chúige Múmhan ar siubhal, 'r ni stadfaidh
Go leagfadh dóibh deachmadh a'r cíos dá réir,
'S dá dtugfaidhe dóibh conghnamh a'r Éire [do] fearamh
Dheidh' gárdaidh lag a'r gach bearna réidh.
Dheidh' Gaill ar a g-cúl, a'r gan teacht ar air acha,
Agus 'Orangemen' brúighte i gciúmar* gach baile 'gainn
Dheitheamh a'r Júdy† i dteach cúirte ag na Catoleaigh'
Sacrana marbh, 'r an chróin ar Shaedheal.

* sgríobhta "ingheóin" 'san MS. mar labhairtear sa g-Connachtaibh é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coitchionn acht deir an Reachtúrach "Júdy" le "comhardha," no comh-fhuaim, do dhéanamh le "cúl" agus "bhúighte."

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* *Literally:* Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—*i.e.*, the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "*Koosh daw play*," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(By Raftery.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns,
Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southerns,
God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,
Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§
It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."‖
When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
The guards of England must fall away.
Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

---

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

‖ From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béird againn faoi Charg pléaráca 'r cuideachta,
Ói a'r imirt a'r rpóirt dá réir,
Béird maire 'gur bláth agur fár ar ċrannaib,
Snuad 'gur rnar agur drúcht ar feur.
Feicfird rib fán a'r neam-árd ar Shacranaig',
Ár náṁaid le fán agur leagad a'r lear (?) orra,
Deinnteacha cnáṁ ann gach árd ag na Catoicaig',
'S nach rin í gan brabach (?) an Chúir d'á pléird.

Ir iomda fear breag faoi an trát ro deilgte*
O Chorca go h-Innir 'r go Daile Roirché,
Agur buachaillide bána le fán ag imteacht
O fráid Chille-Chainnig go "Dantri Daé."
Acht iompócaid an cárda 'r béird láṁ ṁaiċ againn-ne
Searraid an ṁád ar clár na h-imirte,
Dá breicfinn-re an rára o Phortláirge go Diorra 'rra
Sheinnfinn go deiṁin an Chúir d'á pléird.

* Labairtean an focal ro map "tlicte." Ir focal coitcionn i gConnachtaib é. Ir ionnann "bí ré deilgte" agur "Chuaid bheitheamhnar na cúirte 'na agaid."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it —

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off!*
Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
But all that's past is but a *token*,
To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
It is I who shall lilt for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on them [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Éirigidh suas, a's gluaisidh uile,
Téidhidh ar an gcnoc agus glacaig bur ngleus,
Ag Dia tá na gráda a's béid sé 'n bur gcuideachta,
Bíodh agaib meisneach, is bréag an sgeul é.
Gnóthócaid sibh an lá ann gach áird de Shacranaig',
Buailid an clár 's béid na cárdaid teacht cugaib,
Díaidh ar láimh, anois, sláinte Raifteiri,
'S é cuipfead dhaoib baill ar an gCúir d'á Phéird.

---

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

---

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SIOS.

(Leis an Reactúrac.)

Is fada ó cuireadh síos go dtiucfaidh sé 'san traoghal
Go ndóighfidhe fuil 's go ndeunfaidhe sléuchta,
Do réir mar fhíodh na naoimh i mbliadhain an Naoi* tá 'n
baoghal
Má ghéillimid do'n fhíorthúir naomhta:
An balla deuntar fuar ni fhanann sé a bhrath fuar,
Sgiorrann sé ó'n droch-"foundation,"
Acht an áit a ndeachaidh an t-aol ni chóchaidh cloch ar chóidh',
Tá an charraig faoi 'na suidhe nach bhleunghfaidh.

Is síorruidhe sean an Chúirt do raoileadh tadhairt anuas
Acht 'sé mearaim-se gur mhó nach féidir,
Tá Naoimh Peadar le n-a bhuaic agus Críost [do] cheur an fhuaigh
A'r congbóchaidh siad na h-uaim le céile.
Adhaltranus 'r dhúir do thoraigh an fgeul ar dtúir,
Agus Nannaoi an t-Oct do théigh a céile,
Acht díoghaltar mé a'r muaigh ar "Orangemen" go luath
Nach bhuair amach an "conflagration."

* Is comhúil go raibh an sean-charraingiseacht seo i gcuimhne ag an Reactúrac.

Nuair caillfear an leómhan a neart
'S an fóchanán breac a bhíg,
Seinnfidh an cláirseach go binn binn
Idir a h-oct agus a naoi.

Is comhúil go measgann se an sgríobtúir agus sean-charraingiseacta le céile! Labairtear "baoghal" mar "baoigheal" ann so, acht "naomhta" mar "naémhta." Dá bhoirfeadh sé o'á rann deunfadh sé "baéghal" de "baoghal" agus "naomhta" de "naomhta"!

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* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID?

(By Anthony Raftery, of the Co. Mayo.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
And blood flow red like a river?
In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
(It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide and time,
As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport;
But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
And to gather all his lambs in, together.
Adultery and lust began the game at first,
When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation;
But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by it side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Ag éirighe daoibh 'r ag luidhe, smuaintidh ar an rígh,
Do chuadhaigh ar fad an cine daonna,
Ir iomda cor 'ran ngaoith, acht ni lia 'ná 'ran traoghal,
'Gur ir beag an chaoi le' bhfuighimíd réidhteach:
Irebél do faoil an eaglais thabairt faoi dhighe
Ag cur anaghaidh an bheatha naomhtha,
Tá rí i ngéibhionn fíor a'r Lúiteir le n-a thaoibh,
'S ioc go cruaidh faoi an "reformation." *

A Dhia, nach mór an fhóirt an dream do faoil ár ndóghadh
Go mbuidh éigin dóibh a bhóta do féunadh,
A'r Uilliam do ghonfadh ghleo a'r do chuir na Gaedhil d'á
threighin
Ni feicfidh riamh nior mó é ghleurta.
Dainfear cloch 'ran Róimh, béidh teinnte cnámh a'r ceól,
Ann 'r gach beag agus [gach] mór tré Éirinn,
O thámig Seóirse i g-cróin tá Oranghemen faoi bhrón;
A'r gan neart aca a fhón do féidheadh.

A fhora cheurtha i gcrann ná feuch ar lár an dream
Nár dhíol an bean d'oil tu ar aon chor,
Acht Lúiteir 'r a dhighe cam 'r an dunadh chreidheas ann
Nach olc an ceart go bhfuighidís géilleadh.
Má'r fíor do Oranghemen ni'l maith do'n chléir i gcaint
'Sa chrochughadh ar rúd le léighead ag Éirinn
Gur eughcóir fionghail 'r feall agus cliread clainne Gall
D'iompaigh an bhiobla anonn 'ran mbéarla.

* Tá dúil mhór ag an Reachtúnach, mar chídhmid, ann sna foclaibh ár-ghlórtha Gallda so chríochnuighear i n-"action" (= "éirinn"). Na ceud fhilidhe de na Gaodhalaibh do rghríobh i mbeurla mugadar na focla so arteach ann 'r gach nann, beag-nach!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (*i.e.*, Elizabeth), who thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

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† Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualaidh mé, munab bfeuch, go dtiucfaidh fé fan tráthgal
Go h-cuirfidhe máighirtin léighinn ann gach cúinne,
Ni bfuil 'fan gcár acht fséim* ag mealladh uainn an tréidh
Agus diúltaighidh do ghnóthaighibh Lúitein.
Creididh do'n chléir 'r ná téidhidh ar malairt féin,
Mo caillfidh pibh Mac Dé 'r a cúmachta,
'S an long fo chuaidh a léig (?) má théidheann pibh ann de léim
Iompóchaidh fi a'r béidh pibh fúithe.

Altaighidh le Dia, tá an t-athair Daimhlidh fíar,
'S congbóchaidh fé ar na caorchaibh gárda,
An fliocht i h-cath ná i nghliadh nár dhíol an páir amach
Agus fearfaidh fé anaghaidh Búrcáigh a'r Dálaigh.
Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár ndiaigh mar beidheadh madma alla ar fliadh
Dheidh' ag iarraidh an t-uan do ghoid ó'n máthair.
Acht [?r] O Ceallaigh dheunfadh a bfiadhach gan cú gan each gan
fhian
Le toil a'r cúmacht fíghe na nGrádha.

Ni'l fighfeadóir láun na bféidhe ná ghéarfaidh andiaigh a laé
Nach mbíonn ag piocadh bheuch ar úghdair,
A mbíobla ar bárr a méar, ag dearbhughadh 'fan éitheach,
Acht iocfaidh fiad i ndeirbe cúire.
Fear gan nadhairc gan léighean a mhínighear dhaoibh an fgeul,
Raifteirí d'éirt le ar' dubhradh,
'[S] adeir go flaitheas Dé nach nachaidh neach go h-euch
Dhéidhear ag plé le leabhraibh Luithein.

*= an focal béarla "fcheme."

*I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [*i.e.*, remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

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† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

Mallugad an Doeir ar Sacsanaib.

(Leis an "n Géagán Glas.")

A Dia gur goirid
An uair 'r an lá
A bfeicfimid Sacsana
Leasta ar lár!

A Dia gur goirid
An lá 'gur an uair,
A bfeicfimid í
A'r a croidhe-re go fuar.

Go fuar a'r go crapta,
'S í cráidte gan brig;
Gan cor ann a lámhaib
Gan cor ann a croidhe.

Bainfiogain bí innti;
Bainfiogain gan bród;
Act bainfimid di-re
Go póill a cróin.

Béid an bainfiogain áluinn
Go cráidte a'r go dúbach;
Oir geobaid rí cúictiugad
An lá rin, a'r luaé;

Luaé na fola
Do dóirt rí 'na fruth;
Fuil na bfear bán
Agus fuil na bfear dub;

Luaé na gcroidhe rin
Do brir rí go tiug,
Croidte bí bán
Agus croidte bí dub.

Luaé na gcnámh
Tá d'á mbánugad anoiú;
Cnáma na m Ban
Agus cnáma na n Dub.

Luaé an ocaraid
Cuir rí ar bonn,
Luaé na bfiadhnaise
Sgaoil rí le fonn.

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(Translated by Lady Gregory)

O God, may it come shortly,
The hour and this day,
When we shall see England
Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
This day and this hour,
When we shall see her
And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
A Queen without sorrow;
But we will take from her,
One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
Will be tormented and darkened,
For she will get her reward
In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
She poured out on the streams;
Blood of the white man,
Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
That she broke in the end;
Hearts of the white man,
Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
That are whitening to-day;
Bones of the white man,
Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
That she put on foot;
Her wage for the fever,
That is an old tale with her.

Luad na mbaintreabad
D'fág rí gan fir,
Luad na ngairgidead
Cuir rí ar dior.

Luad na noilleadta
D'fág rí fá crád;
Luad na noibirtead
Cait rí ar fán.

Luad na n-Indianad
(Truag a gcár),
Luad na n-Airmicead
Cuir rí cum báir.

Luad na n-Éireannad
Céar rí ar croir,
Luad gad cinid
D'á ndeamaid rí sgrios.

Luad na milliún
Do lúb rí 'r do bruir,
Luad na milliún
Fá ocrus anoir.

A Tigearna go dtuitid
Ar mullad a cinn
Mallacht na ndaoine
Do duit le n-a linn.

Mallacht na fuarad
A'r mallacht na mbeag,
Mallacht na n-anbfann,
A'r mallacht na lag.

Ni éirteann an Tigearna
Le mallacht na mór,
Act éirtfid Sé coidce
Le orna faoi deóin.

Éirtfid Sé coidce
Le caoinead na mbocht,
'S tá caointe na miltib
D'á sgaoilead anocht.

Her wage for the white villages
  She has left without men;
Her wage for the brave men
  She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
  She has left under pain;
Her wage for the exiles
  She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
  (Pitiful is their case);
For the people of Africa
  She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
  Nailed to the cross;
Wage for each people
  Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
  She deceived and she broke;
Her wage for the thousands
  Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
  Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
  That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
  And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
  And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
  To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
  To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
  To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
  Is abroad to-night.

Éiṁeóċaiḋ na caointe
Go Dia, tá fuar,
Ni fada go fhoirfiḋ
Gaċ mallaċt a ċluar.

Béiḋ cûṁaċt, an lá fil
Ag gaċ uile ḋeóil
Longs-cogaiḋ do báṫaḋ
'S an braighge móir.

Agus tuitfiḋ, mar mallaċt,
Go thom ar an luċt
D'fág Airric 'na fárac
A'r Dórraiġ go boċt.

CUṀA ĊROIḊE ĊAILIN.

Donnċaḋ Ua Dalgáin d'aiṫhris, 7 Taḋg Ua Donnċaḋa do ċuir síos.

A Dómhnaill Óig, má ṫéiḋir ṫar fairrge
Deir mé féin leat, ir na déin do ḋeanmaḋ,
Ir béiḋ agat féirín lá aonaiġ ir marġaiḋ,
Ir inġean Rioġ Sréige már ċéile leaṙta agat.

Má ṫéiḋir-se anonn tá comhairle agam ort;
Tá cúl fionn agus dá fúil ġlasa agat
Dá ċocán déag id' cúl buiḋe bacallaċ,
Mar béaḋ béal-na-bó nó lór i ngairraiḋe.

Ir ṫéiḋeanaċ aréir do labair an gaḋar ort;
Do labair an naoiġaċ 'ra' cuirraiḋin doimhin ort;
Ir tu id' "ċaoġaiḋe aonair" ar fud na gcoillte;
'S go rabair gan ċéile go brách go bragair me.

Do ġeallair dam-ra, agus d'innsir bréag dam,
Go mbeiṫeá romham-ra ag cnó na gcaorać;
Do leiġear feaḋ agus thí ċéaḋ gladaḋ ċuġat,
'S ni bfuarar ann acht uan a' méiliḋ.

Do ġeallair dam-ra, ni ba ḋeacair duit,
Loingear óir fá ċrann-reoil airġid;
Dá baile déag do bailtiḃ marġaiḋ;
Ir cúirt bréaġ aoiḋa coir taoḃ na fairrge.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do ghealladh dam-sa, ni nar b'fheidir,
Go dtiubhradh laimhinne do chroicean éirghe dam;
Go dtiubhradh bhógha do chroicean éan dam;
Ir culadh do'n trioda ba daoire i nEirinn.

A Dhomhaill Óig, b'fhearr duit mire agat
'Ná bean uaral uaibhreach iomarcach;
Do chrúdhfainn bó agus do-ghéanainn cuigean duit;
Ir, dá mbadh chuaidh é, do bhailfinn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, agus ni le hocrar,
Uirearbha bídh, dighe, ná codlata,
Fá ndeadh damhsa beith tanaidhe thiucaldha;
Act gradh fir óig ir é bheodh go follus me!

Ir mor ar maidin do chonnac-sa an t-óighean
Ar muin capaill ag gabáil an bóthair;
Nior dhuid sé liom ir nior chuir sé fsródh orm;
'S ar mo charadh abaile dam 'r eadh do ghoilear mo dhóthain.

'Nuair théidim-se féin go Tobar an Uaignir,
Suidhim fíor ag déanamh buadhartha,
Nuair cím an faoghal ir ná feicim mo bhuachaill,
Go fuil fsáil an ómair i mbarr a ghruadha.

Siúd é an Dhomhnach do thugar gradh duit,
An Dhomhnach dheach roimh Dhomhnach Cárga;
Ir mire ar mo ghlúnibh a' léigeadh na páire,
'S eadh bí mo dá fúil a fíor-thabairt an gradh' duit.

Ó! adhé, a mháthrín, tabair mé féin do,
Ir tabair a bhuil agat do'n traoghal go léir do;
Éirigh féin ag iarraidh déirce,
Agus ná gab riar ná aniar im' éileamh.

Dubairt mo mháthrín liom gan labairt leat
Indiu ná i mbáirneach ná Dia Dhomhnaigh,
Ir olc an tráth do thug rí roghe dam,
'S é "dúnadh an doruir é tar éir na foghla."

Tá mo chroide-re com dubh le háirne,
Nó le gual dubh a béadh i gceárdcain,
Nó le bonn bróige béadh ar hallaíbh bána;
'S gur deimir lionn dubh díom or cionn mó flainte.

Dó bainir roir díom, ir do bainir riar díom,
Do bainir romham, ir do bainir im' diaidh díom,
Do bainir Gealach, ir do bainir Ghrian díom,
'S ir ró-mór m'eagla gur bainir Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady: I would milk the cow; I would bring help to you; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse; he did not come to me; he made nothing of me; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya! my mother, give myself to him; and give him all that you have in the world; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday; it was a bad time she took for telling me that; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me; you have taken the west from me; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me!

1901.

Bán-Chnoic Éireann Óg.

(Le Donnchadh Mac Conmara.)

Beir beannacht óm' chroidhe go tír na h-Éireann,
Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg!
Cum a mairean de fiolrad ir a'r Éibir,
Ar Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg.
An áit úd 'nar b'aoibinn binn-guth éan,
Mar fám-chruit caoin ag caoineadh Gaodhal;
'Sé mo cás a beit míle míle i gcéin,
Ó Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg.

Bídeann barra bog rlim ar caoin-chnoic Éireann,
Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg!
'S ir fearra ná 'n tír ro dit gach rléibe ann,
Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg!
Dob árd a coillte 'r ba díreach réid;
'S a mblát mar aol ar maoilinn geug;
Tá grádh ag mo chroidhe i m'intinn féin
Do Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg.

Tá garra lionmar i dtír na h-Éireann,
Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg!
A'r fearacoin chroidhe ná claoidhfeadh ceudta
Ar Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg!
M' fadtuirre chroidhe 'r mo cuimhne rgeul,
Iad ag Gallaboic rior fá gheim, mo leun!
'S a mbailte d'á roinn fá cior go daor,
Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg!

Ir fairrinn 'r ir mór iad cruacha na h-Éireann,
Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg!
A gcuid mealta 'gur uachtair a'gluaireacht 'na rlaodha,
Ar Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg.
Rachaidh mé ar cuairt no ir luaith mo faogal,
Do'n talamh beag fuair rin ir duail do Gaodhal!
'S go mb'fearra liom 'ná duair dá uairleacht é
Beit ar Bán-Chnoic Éireann óg.

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* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(By Doncadh Mac Conmara. Circa 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
Fair Hills of Erié O!
Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
The Fair Hills of Erié O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!
With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

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on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic Æneid, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgaipeann an drúcht ar ghealach agus réar ann;
Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg;
Agus tagaid fin ubla cumha ar gheugaib ann,
Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg.
Biolar agus rama i ngleanntaib ceo
'S na fnoca 'ran tramha a' labairt ar neoin;
A'r uirge na Siúire a' brucht 'na flóig,
Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg.

Ir orgailte fáilteach an áit fin Éire,
Bán-chnoic Éireann óg!
Agus torad na fláinte a mbárr na béire,
A mbán-chnoic Éireann óg.
Ba binne 'ná meura ar téadaib ceoil,
Seinm 'gur géimread a laog 'r a mbó,
Agus taitneamh na gréine orca aorda 'r óg
Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!
More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Seaḋna:

(Coir na teineaḋ: Peg, Nóra, Gobnuit, Síle beag, Cáit ní Ḃhuaċalla).

Nóra: A Peg, innir rgeul ḋúinn.

Peg. B'aiṫ liom rin! Innir féin rgeul:

Gob. Ni'l aon ṁaiṫ innti, a Peg; b'feaṙr linn ḋo rgeul-ra.

Síle. Déin, a Peg; beiḋmíḋ ana-focaiṙ.

Peg. Naċ maiṫ náṙ ḟanaiṙ rocaiṙ aṙéiṙ, 'nuaiṙ ḃí "Maoṙa na n-Oċt gCor" agam ḋá innrint!

Síle. Maṙ rin ni rtaoṙaḋ Cáit ní Ḃuaċalla aċ am' ḟṙiocaḋ:

Cáit. Thugaiṙ o'éiṫeaċ! Ni ḟaḃar-ra aḋ' ḟṙiocaḋ, a ċailli iċín!

Gob. Ná bac í féin, a Cáit; ni ḟaiḃ aoinne' ḋá ḟṙiocaḋ aċ í ḋá leigint uiṙṙti.

Síle. Do ḃí, arṫóin; agur muna mbeiḋeaḋ go ḟaiḃ, ni liugḟainn.

Nóra. Abaiṙ le Peg naċ liugḟaiṙ anoiṙ, a Shíle, ꝛ innéoḟaiḋ ri rgeul ḋúinn.

Síle. Ni liugḟaḋ, a Peg, pé ḟuḋ imṫeoċaiḋ oṙm.

Peg. Má'r eaḋ, ruig annro am' aice, i ḋṙeo ná ḟeuḋḟaiḋ aoinne' ṫú ḟṙiocaḋ gan ḟior ḋom.

Cáit. Biḋeaḋ geall go bḟṙiocḟaiḋ an cat í. A ḃoice biġ, beiḋeaḋ rgeul ḃṙeaġ againn, muna mbeiḋeaḋ ṫú féin ꝛ ḋo ċuiḋ liugḟaiġe.

Gob. Éiṙt, a Cháit, no cuiṙṙiṙ aġ gul í, ꝛ beiḋmíḋ gan rgeul. Má ċuiṙteaṙ feaṙġ aṙ Peg, ni innéoḟaiḋ ri aon ;geul anoċt. Seaḋ anoiṙ, a Peg, tá gaċ aoinne' ciuin, aġ bṙaċ aṙ rgeul uaiṫ.

Peg. Bí feaṙ ann ḟaḋ ó, ꝛ iṙ é ainm ḋo bí aiṙ, Seaḋna; ꝛ gneuḟaiḋe b'eaḋ é; bí tiġ beaġ ḋeaṙ clúṫmaṙ aiġe, aiġ bun cnuic, aṙ ṫaoḃ na ḟoiṫine; bí caṫaoiṙ ḟúġán aiġe ḋo ḋein ṙé féin ḋo féin, ꝛ ḃa ġnáṫ leiṙ ruiḋe innti um ṫṙáṫnóna, 'nuaiṙ biḋeaḋ obaiṙ an lae cṙíoċnuiġṫe; ꝛ 'nuaiṙ ḟuiḋeaḋ ṙé innti, biḋeaḋ ṙé aṙ a ḟáṙṫaċt. Bí mealḃóġ mine aiġe, aṙ cṙoċaḋ i n-aiṫe na teineaḋ; ꝛ anoiṙ ꝛ aṙiṙ ċuiṙeaḋ ṙé a láṁ innti, ꝛ tóġaḋ ṙé lán a ḋuiṙn ḋe'n ṁin, ꝛ biḋeaḋ ḋá coġaint aṙ a ḟuaiṁneaṙ. Bí cṙann uḃall aġ fáṙ aṙ an ḋṙaoḃ amuiċ ḋe ḋoṙuṙ aiġe, ꝛ 'nuaiṙ biḋeaḋ taṙt aiṙ, ó beiṫ aġ coġaint na mine, ċuiṙeaḋ ṙé láṁ 'ṙa ċṙann ṙan, ꝛ tóġaḋ ṙé ceann ḋe 'ṙna h-uḃlaiḃ, ꝛ o'iṫeaḋ ṙé é—

Síle. O a Thiaṙcaiṙ! a Pheg, náṙ ḋeaṙ é!

Peg. Ciaco, an caṫaoiṙ, nó an ṁin, nó an t-uḃall, ḃa ḋeaṙ?

Síle. An t-uḃall, gan aṁṙuṙ!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

From Seadna (Shayna), by Father Peter O'Leary.

(By the Fireside—Peg, Nora, Gobnet, Little Sheila, Kate Buckley.)

Nora.—Peg, tell us a story.

Peg.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

Gobnet.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

Sheila.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

Peg.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

Sheila.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

Kate.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

Gob.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

Sheila.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

Nora.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

Sheila.—I won't screetch now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

Peg.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

Kate.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

Gob.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

Peg.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. B'ḟearr liom-ra an mín; ní ḃainfeaḋ an t-uḃall an t-ocṙar de ḋuine.

Sob. B'ḟearr liom-ra an caṫaoir; ⁊ cuirfinn ṗeg i n-a ṙuiḋe innti, aig innrint na ṙgeul.

Peg. Ir maiṫ cum plámáir tú, a Sobnuit.

Sob. Ir fearr cum na ṙgeul ḋura, a Pheg. Cionnur d'imtig le Seaḋna?

Peg. Lá ḋá raiḃ ré ag ḋéanaṁ bróg, ḋug re fé ndeara ná raiḃ a ḋuille leaṫair aige, ná a ḋuille rnáiṫe, ná a ḋuille céirseaċ. Bí an taoiḃin déiḋeanaċ ruar, ⁊ an gheim déiḋeanaċ cuṙta; ⁊ níorḃ ḟuláir do ḋul ⁊ aḋḃar do ḟoláṫar rul a bṙeudraḋ ré a ḋuille bróg do ḋéanaṁ.

Do ghuair ré ar maiḋin, ⁊ bí trí ṙgillinge 'n-a póca, ⁊ ní raiḃ ré aċt míle ó'n ḋtig 'nuair ḃuail ḋuine boċt uime, aig iarraiḋ déirce. "Taḃair ḋom déirc ar ron an tSlánuiġṫeora, ⁊ le h-anmannaiḃ do maiḃ, ⁊ tar ċeann do ṗláinte," arr an ḋuine boċt. Thug Seaḋna ṙgilling do, ⁊ annran ní raiḃ aige aċt dá ṙgilling. Duḃairt ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanfaḋ an dá ṙgilling a ghó.

Ní raiḃ ré aċt míle eile ó baile 'nuair ḃuail bean boċt uime, ⁊ í cor-noċtuiġṫe. "Taḃair ḋom congnaḋ éigin," ar riri, "ar ron an tSlánuiġṫeora, ⁊ le h-anmannaiḃ do maiḃ, ⁊ tar ċeann do ṗláinte." Do ghlac truaiġe dí é, ⁊ dug ré ṙgilling dí, ⁊ d'imtig ri. Do bí aon ṙgilling amáin annroiṁ aige, aċt do ṫiomáin ré leir, a bṙaṫ air go mbuailfeaḋ rianr éigin uime do ċuirfeaḋ ar a ċumur a ghó a ḋéanaṁ. Niorḃ ḟaḋa gur caraḋ air leanḃ ⁊ é ag gul le fuaċt ⁊ le h-ocṙar. "Ar ron an tSlánuiġṫeora," arr an leanḃ, "taḃair ḋom ruḋ éigin le n-iṫe." Bí tig órta i ngar doiḃ, ⁊ do ċuaiḋ Seaḋna irteaċ ann, ⁊ ċeannuiġ ré bṙic aráin ⁊ dug ré ċum an leinḃ é. 'Nuair ḟuair an leanḃ an t-arán d'aṫruig a ḋealḃ; d'ḟár ré ruar i n-áirde, ⁊ do lar rolar iongantaċ 'n-a ḟúilib ⁊ 'n-a ċeanaċaiḃ, i dtreo go dtáinic ṙgannraḋ ar Sheaḋna.

Síle. Dia linn! a Peg, ir dóċa gur ḋuit Seaḋna boċt i luige.

Peg. Niorḃ ḋuit; aċt má'r eaḃ, ba díċeall dó. Chom luaṫ agur d'ḟeud ré laḃairt, duḃairt ré: "Cad é an raḋar duine ḋura?" agur ir é fṙeagra ruair ré: "A Sheaḋna, tá Dia buiḋeaċ díot. Aingeal ireaḋ mire. Ir mé an tríomaḋ h-aingeal gur ḋugair déirc dó anoiu ar ron an tSlánuiġṫeora, ⁊ anoir tá trí ġuide agat le faġáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia aon trí ġuide ir ṫoil leat, ⁊ geoḃair iaḋ; aċt tá aon ċomairle amáin agamra le taḃairt duit,—ná deaṁuid an Tṙócaire."

Sheila.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

Peg.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

Sheila.—The apple, to be sure.

Kate.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

Gob.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

Peg.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

Gob.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

Peg.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna give him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

Sheila.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

Peg.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

" Agus an ndeirir liom go bfaigead mo guide ? " arra Seaḋna: " Deirim, gan amhar," arr' an t-aingeal. " Tá go mait," arra Seaḋna, " tá cataoir beag dear fúgán agam 'ra baile, 7 an uile ḋailtín a tagann arteaċ, ní fuláir leir ruide innte. An ċeud duine eile a fuiḋfiḋ innte, aċt mé féin, go gceanglaiḋ fé innte ! " " Faire, faire ! a Sheaḋna," arr' an t-aingeal ; " fin guide bfeag imtiġte gan taire. Tá dá ċeann eile agat, 7 ná dearmuid an Tfócaire." " Tá," arra Seaḋna, " mealḃóigín mine agam 'ra baile, 7 an uile ḋailtín a tagann arteaċ, ní fuláir leir a doirn a fáṫaḋ innte. An ċeud duine eile a ċuirfiḋ lámh 'ra mealḃóig fin, aċt mé féin, go gceanglaiḋ fé innte,—feuċ ! " " O a Sheaḋna, a Sheaḋna, ní'l fart agat ! " arr' an t-aingeal. " Ní'l agat anoir aċt aon guide amáin eile. Iarr Tfócaire Dé do t'anam." " O, ir fior duit," arra Seaḋna, " ba ḋóḃair dom é dearmad. Tá crann beag uball agam i leaṫ-taoiḃ mo doruir, 7 an uile ḋailtín a tagann an treo, ní fuláir leir a lámh do ċur i n-airde 7 uball do fṫaṫaḋ 7 do breiṫ leir. An ċeud duine eile aċt mé féin, a ċuirfiḋ a lámh 'ra crann roin, go gceanglaiḋ fé ann—O ! a ḋaoine ! " ar reirean, ag fgairteaḋ ar gáiríde, " naċ agam a beiḋ an fpóirt oirra ! "

'Nuair ṫáinig fé ar na triḋiḋiḃ, o'feuċ fé ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtiġte. Dein fé a maċtnam air féin ar feaḋ tamaill mait, il fé deirfeaḋ riar ṫall, duḃairt fé leir féin : " feuċ anoir, ní'r aon amaḋán i n-Éirinn ir mó iona mé ! Dá mbeiḋeaḋ triúr ceangailte agam um an dtaca ro, duine 'ra' ċaṫaoir, duine 'ra' mealḃóig, 7 duine 'ra' crann, cad é an mait do ḋéanfad gan domhra 7 mé i bfad ó baile, gan biaḋ, gan deoċ, gan aig gead ? " Ní túirge bí an méid rin cainte ráiḋte aige ná tu, fé fé ndeara ór a ċómair amaċ, 'gan áit a raiḃ an t-aingealfear fada caol duḃ, 7 é ag glinneamaint air, 7 teine ċreara ag teaċt ar a ḋá fúil 'n-a fpreaċaiḃ nime. Bí dá adaire air mar beiḋeaḋ ar pocán gaḃair, 7 meigiolt fada liaṫ-gorm garḃ air, eirboll mar beiḋeaḋ ar maḋaḋ ruaḋ, 7 crúb ar ċoir leir mar crúb ṫairḃ. Do leaṫ a beul 7 a dá fúil ar Sheaḋna, 7 do fṫaḋ a ċainc. I gceann tamaill do labair an fear duḃ. " A Sheaḋna," ar reirean, " ní gáḋ duit aon eagla do beiṫ oirt rómamra ; ní'lim ar ti do díoġḃála. Da mian liom tairḃe éigin do ḋeanam duit, dá nglaċfá mo comairle. Do ċloirear tú, anoir beag, dá ráḋ go raḃair gan biaḋ, gan deoċ, gan airgead. Ciuḃrainn-re airgead do ḋóṫain duit ar aon coingioll beag amáin." " Agus gneaḋaḋ triḋ lár do fgairt ! " arra Seaḋna, 7 ṫáinig a ċainc dó ; " ná feudfá an méid rin do ráḋ gan duine do milleaḋ leo' cuid glinneamna, pé h-é tú féin ? " " Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aċt beurfad an oiread airgid duit anoir agus ċeannóċaiḋ

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "is'nt it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oifeaḋ leaṫair agus ċoimeaḋfaiḋ aʒ obair ṫú ʒo ceann trí mbliaḋain noeuʒ, ar an ʒcoinʒioll ro—ʒo ḋtiocfair liom an uair rin ?"

"Agus má féiḋtiġim leat, cá fagmaoid an uair rin ?" "Cá beag duit an ċeirt rin do ċur, 'nuair beiḋ an leaṫar iṫiġte 7 beiḋmid aʒ ʒluaiseaċt ?" "Táir ʒeurċúiseaċ—bíoḋ agat, feiceam an t-airʒead." "Táir-re ʒeurċúiseaċ, feuċ !" Do ċuir an fear dub a lámh 'n-a póca, 7 ṫarrainʒ sé amaċ sparán mór, 7 ar an sparán do leiʒ sé amaċ ar a ḃair carn beag d'ór ḃreaʒ ḃuiḋe.

"Feuċ !" ar seisean ; 7 sin sé a lámh 7 ċuir sé an carn de ṗiorair ʒleoiḋte ʒleineamla sé ṫúilib Sheaḋna doiċt. Do sin Seaḋna a ḋá láimh, 7 do leaṫadar a ḋá laʒar ċum an óir. "ʒo séid !" arr' an fear dub, aʒ tarrainʒt an óir ċuiʒe arteaċ ; "ni'l an marʒaḋ déanta fós." "Bíoḋ 'n-a marʒaḋ !" arra Seaḋna.

"ʒan teip ?" arr' an fear dub. "ʒan teip," arra Seaḋna.

"Dar bríʒ na mionn ?" arr' an fear dub. "Dar bríʒ na mionn," arra Seaḋna.

[An oiḋċe na ḋiaiʒ sin.]

Nóra. Seaḋ !—a Peʒ—cámaoid annso—anir—cá saoṫar orm—bíor aʒ ruiċ—bí eagla orm—ʒo mbeiḋeaḋ an sʒeul ar siubal romam, 7 ʒo mbeiḋeaḋ cuid de caillte aʒam.

Peʒ. Am' briaṫar ʒo bfanfamaoid leat, a Nóra, a laoiʒ. Ni'l i bfad ó ṫáinig Sodnuic.

Sob. Mar sin do bí cuiʒion aʒam dá ḋeunamh, 7 b'éiʒin domsa dul siar leir an im ʒo Deul an Ṡeasṫa, 7 'nuair bíor aʒ teaċt a baile an cómʒar, do ṫuit an oiḋċe orm, 7 seallaim duit ʒur baineaḋ sneaḃ aram. Bíor aʒ cuimhniuʒaḋ ar Seaḋna 7 ar an ór 7 ar an ḃfear noub, 7 ar na spreaċaiḃ bí aʒ teaċt ar a ṫúilib, 7 mé aʒ ruiċ rul a mbeiḋinn déiḋeanaċ, 'nuair ṫóʒar mo ċeann 7 cad do ċifinn acċ an rud 'n-a fearam ar m' aʒaiḋ amaċ

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You* are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisitè glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(Next Night.)

Nora.—There!——Peg——we are here——again——. There's a *saothar* on me——. I was running. I was afraid——that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

Peg.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

Gob.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Soillán! ar an sceud amaic dá dtugar air, do diubrainn an leaðar go raib aðaica air!

Nóra. A diamaire, a Sobnuit, éirt do beul, 7 ná bí dár mbodrað leo' soillánaib 7 leo' aðaicaib. Aðaica ar an nSoillán! feuc air rin!

Sob. B'éidir, dá mbeidéá féin ann, sur beag an ponn masaid do beidead ort.

Síle. Feuc anoir! cia atá ag cors an tséil? B'éidir go scuirfead Cáit Ní Buachalla orm-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfid, a Síle. Táir ad' cailín mait anocht, 7 tá ana-cion agam ort. Mo srád í rin! Mo srád am' croide irtis í!

Síle. Sead go díreac! fan go mbeid fears ort! 7 b'éidir ná déarfá "Mo srád í rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaðaid, a cailinide. Mire 7 mo Soillán fa nðeár an obair reo. Cait uait an rtoca roin, a Pes, 7 rsaoil cusainn an rseul. An bruair Seaðna an rparán? Ir iomda duine bí i riocht rparáin d'fasáil 7 nac bruair.

Pes. Com luat 7 oubairt Seaðna an focal, "dar brís na mionn!" do táinis atruzad sné ar an bfear ndub. Do nocht ré a fiacla fíor 7 truar, 7 ir iad do bí go dlúite ar a céile. Táinis rósd crónáin ar a beul, 7 do ceir ar Seaðna a ðeunam amac cia 'co as sáinide bí ré nó as dranntuzad. Act 'nuair d'feuc ré ruar idir an dá fúil air, ba dóbair go dtiucfad an rsannrad ceudna air a táinis air i dtorac. Do tuis ré go mait nac as sáinide bí an díoltmuineac. Ní feacaid ré riam roime rin aon dá fúil ba meara 'ná iad, aon feucaint ba mallaizte 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, aon clár eudain com dúr, com droc-aizeanta leir an sclár eudain do bí ór a sclonn. Níor labair ré, 7 do r n' ré a díceall gan a leisint air sur tuis ré ré nðeara an dranntuzad. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear dub an t-ór amac arír ar a bair, 7 do cómairim.

"Seo!" ar reirean, "a Seaðna. Sin céad punt agat ar an sceud rsillins tugair uait indiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir mór an breir í!" arra Seaðna. "Dad cóir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó euscóir," arr' an fear dub, "an bfuilir díolta?" 7 do seunuiz 7 do bforduiz ar an ndranntuzad.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" arra Seaðna, "go raib mait agat-ra."

"Seo! má 'read," ar reirean. "Sin céad eile agat ar an dara rsillins tugair uait indiu."

"Sin í an rsillins tugar do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuizte."

"Sin í an rsillins tugair do'n mnaoi uarail ceudna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me——the *Gollan!* On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

Nora.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan!* Look at that!

Gob.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

Sheila.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

Kate.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

Sheila.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

Nora.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

Peg.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words— "By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of apearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank *you!*"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

" Ma ḃa ḃean uaṙal í, caḋ ḋo ḃeiṙ coṙ-noċtuiġṫe í, ⁊ caḋ ḋo ḃeiṙ ḋí mo ṙgillinġ ḋo ḃṙeiṫ uaim-ṙe, ⁊ gan aġam aċt ṙgillinġ eile i n-a ḋiaiḋ ? "

" Má ḃa ḃean uaṙal í ! Ḋá mḃeiḋeaḋ a ṗioṙ aġaṫ ! Sin í an ḃean uaṙal ḋo mill mṙe ! "

Le linn na ḃṗocal ṙain ḋo ṙáḋ ḋo, ḋo ṫáinig cṙiṫ ċoṙ ⁊ láṁ aiṙ, ḋo ṙṫaḋ an ḋṙanntán, ḋo luiġ a ċeann ṙiaṙ aṙ a ṁuineál, ḋ'ḟeuċ ṙé ṙuaṙ inṙ a' ṙṙéiṙ, ṫáinig ḋṙiuċ báiṙ aiṙ ⁊ clóḋ cuiṙṙ aṙ a ċeannaċaiḃ.

'Nuaiṙ ċonnaic Seaḋna an iompáil lí ṙin, ṫáinig ionġnaḋ a ċṙoiḋe aiṙ.

" Ní ḟuláiṙ," aṙ ṙeiṙean, ġo neaṁġuiṙeaċ, " nó ní hé ṙeo an ċéaḋ uaiṙ aġaṫ aġ aiṙeaċṫain teaċt ṫáiṙṙi ṙiúḋ.

Ḋo léim an ḟeaṙ ḋuḃ. Ḋo ḃuail ṙé ḃuille ḋá ċṙúiḃ aṙ an ḋṫalaṁ, i ḋṫṙeo ġuṙ ċṙiṫ an ṙóḋ ḋo ḃí ṙé ċoiṙ Seaḋna.

" Cioṙṙḃaḋ oṙṫ ! " aṙṙ' eiṙean. " Éiṙt ḋo ḃeul no baṙġṙaṙ ṫú ! "

" Ġaḃaim páṙḋún aġaṫ, a ḋuine uaṙail ! " aṙṙa Seaḋna, ġo moḋaṁail, " ċeaṙaṙ ġo mḃ' éiḋiṙ ġuṙ ḃṙaon beaġ ḋo ḃí óiṫa aġaṫ, ḋ'ṙáḋ 'ṙ ġuṙ ḋuġaiṙ céaḋ puṅṫ maṙ ṁalaiṙṫ aṙ ṙgillinġ ḋam."

" Ṫiuḃṙainn—⁊ ṙeaċt ġcéaḋ ḋá ḋṫiocṙaḋ liom ḃainṫ ó'n ḋṫaiṙḃe ḋo ṙin' an ṙgillinġ ċéaḋna, aċt 'nuaiṙ ḋuġaiṙ uaiṫ í aṙ ṙon an ṫSlánuiġṫeóṙa, ní ṙéiḋiṙ a ṫaiṙḃe ḋo loṫ ċoiḋċe."

" Aġuṙ," aṙṙa Seaḋna, " caḋ iṙ ġáḋ an ṁaiṫ ḋo loṫ ? Ná ḟuil ṙé ċoṁ maiṫ aġaḋ ṫaiṙḃe na ṙgillinġe úḋ ḋ'ṙáġḃáil maṙ tá ṙé ? "

" Tá an iomaḋ ċainṫe aġaṫ—an iomaḋ aṙ ḟaḋ. Ḋuḃaiṙṫ leaṫ ḋo ḃeul ḋ' éiṙteaċt. Seo ! ṙin é an ṙṙaṙán aṙ ḟaḋ aġaṫ," aṙṙ' an ḟeaṙ ḋuḃ.

" Ní héiḋiṙ, a ḋuine uaṙail," aṙṙa Seaḋna, " ná beiḋeaḋ ḋaoiṫin na haimṙiṙe ann. Iṙ iomḋa lá i ḋṫṙí bliaḋnaiḃ ḋéaġ. Iṙ iomḋa ḃṙóġ beiḋeaḋ ḋeunṫa aġ ḋuine i ġcaiṫeaṁ an ṁéiḋ ṙin aimṙiṙe, ⁊ iṙ iomḋa cuma i n-a n-oiṙṙeaḋ ṙgillinġ ḋo."

" Ná bíoḋ ceiṙt oṙṫ," aṙṙ' an ḟeaṙ ḋuḃ, aġ cuṙ ṙmuṫa ġáiṙe aṙ. " Taṙṙaing aṙ ċoṁ ġeuṙ i nĠiṙinn ⁊ iṙ maiṫ leaṫ é. Beiḋ ṙé ċoṁ teann an lá ḋéiḋeanaċ ⁊ tá ṙé inḋiu. Ní beiḋ puinn ġnóṫa aġaṫ ḋe aṙ ṙain amaċ."

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

"ní ar dia a duideacas."

Do tarraig Diarmuid a dúidin dub donn ar a póca, ⁊ do fín cuige í, ⁊ d'imtig ⁊ do cuaid reirean annran go meadalacán teinead do bí ar barr na trágha, beirear ar meadán airti ⁊ réidear, réidear í go tréan tiug tearuide; act dá tréine a anál ⁊ da tiugha a féideadh, ní raib maith do ann; réidear arís ⁊ arís eile níor tréine, níor tiugha, níor tearuide ná céana, act do bí a gnó 'n-a fárac air, mar do bí an tear ion éag anr an rpréig. Beirear ar rpréig eile ⁊ réideear fúithi go feargac fuinneamail fiochmar, ⁊ a fúile ar dearglarad, ⁊ féiteanna a muinil cómh atuighe rin go radadar i neact a bpléargta: dob' fánac do a féideadh ám. Beirear ar an rpréig ⁊ caitear irteac i gcoimleatan an cuain í, ag rád, "Go réidid mátair an Áidbeirgeora tú mar teimid!" ⁊ tugtar buille dá coir deir do'n cuid eile do'n teimid ⁊ rcairtear ar fud an báin i. Do connaic an cuid eile é díreac donn le n-a linn rin, ⁊ do cuireadar aon uladhgáirtéig amáin arta do tógbad na mairb ar a n-uaigib. Éirigid uile—an méid a'r nac raib i n-a rearam díob—⁊ tagaid i n-a timcioll, ag lúbarnaig le leatan-gáire ⁊ ag rceartad ar a lándícioll. Beirear duine ar rpréig, duine eile ar rpréig eile, ⁊ mar roin dóib riar rior go hearball timcioll, an beag ⁊ an mór, an t-óg ⁊ an t-aorta; ⁊ reo ag réideadh iad, ar cnámh a ndícill, ag tnúth le teimid ⁊ tear do cur arís i ngac rpréig, ⁊ é riar orra, do brígh gur rgar teodhact le gac rmeadaid díob beag nac o lúib ladhair.

"Atá teine im' rpréig-re," arra neac éigin:

"Séid leat a duadaill!" arra Domnall. "Cá bruil tú?—réid leat go dtagad cúgat."

Do léim ré de lúit-phreib ⁊ táinic i n-a aice—"Séid! réid, a diabail!" ar reirion, "⁊ ná leig an rmeadaid ion eug—réid!—ar do bár réid!"

Do léig an buadaill rcearta ⁊ do rtop de'n tréideadh:

"Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!" ar reirion.

Do tuit an buadaill ar báinid gáirid; beirior féin ar an rpréig, le ampiad ⁊ airc cun gail, dógtar a órdóg ⁊ caitear an rpréig uad d'iarracht. Tuit rí ar an mbán; níor bris rí ámact. Cuirear a órdóg i n-a béal le coir na riopa.

"Tarraig! tarraig anoir!" arra áillteoir éigin i n-a mearg.

Do bí ré ar buile,—beirior ar an rpréig le n-a láimh clé, ⁊

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

By Patrick O'Leary.

Dermot drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn;* but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

réideap cóm hairčinneač roin i gup rpréac rí. Séideap apír 7 léimeap rmeačaid do'n deapg lapain irteač i n-a uct, map do bí buillač a léineaid ap leataid, 7 dógap é láitreač. Do čon gaib ré greim ap an rpréig ám, 7 brúgap an lapain rior i mbéal na piopa 7 tarrraigeap, tarrraigeap, tarrraigeap, ap čuma gup geárr go raib deatač ag éirige go gorm glórmar n-a flamairčidib or cionn a cinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuid na daoine go léir ag breitniugad ar an múr ag luargad or a gcómair, 7 é ag teačt irteač go mear. Do bí Dómnall ag diúdad a piopà 7 gan aon duine ag cur čuige ná uaid. Nior b'fada gur éirig rtailc dá piopa ámačt, do tarrraig ré i dár ndóig ar čnám a dícill, ačt nior b'fiú duit feučaint ar an ngal beag báir do bi ag teačt amač airti. Annran do čuir ré rgrugal ar féin, ir róideag ná'r ceangail a béal iočtair dá béal uačtair le doic tarrraigte ačt ní raib brig i n-a gno.

"Fagbad duine éigin réiteoir dom—ar ron Dé fagbad!" ar reirion, 7 do luig ré nior dúluigte ar an dtarrrac; i n-agaid beit ag baint an tralačair ar poll na piopa, ir amlaid bi re ag a dainguugad ann—gan coinne leir gan aimrear. Faoi deir-iod, 'nuair do fuair ré an réan rgarta le n-a faočar, 7 go raib ag dul de, dá čréine luig re čuige, do čóg ré an diuid ar a béal, 7 do gladod go hairčinneač ar duine éigin, réiteoir d'fag-báil do. D'imčig trúr nó ceatrar de buačailliodb go ruig páirc do bí lán de tráičnínidb, ačt do bí ré rteannz maič uaid-rani. D'fan reirion ag feičiom orra go dtiocfaidír čar n-air, anoir ag cur na piopa ion a béal, 7 arír ag a baint ar, 7 arír eile ag fáčad a lúidín innti d'feučaint a raib močáil an teair imčigče airti. 'Nuair do čuaid fuil čar feiteamantar aige, do léim ré féin čar čloide irteač; reo ag cuartač é anonn 'r anall, 7 biop ar a fúilib le fagaint čun fagbála, dá mb'féidir. Do bí rad ion áimiom air rá ceann tamaill—fuair ré bnob cuidearač neamar, 7 do fáčuig i gcró na piopa é go tapaid. Annran čuz ré foga faoi n-a tarrrac, ačt d'fan an bnob mar a bí, 7 ní corr-óčad ar a lúndračaib. Do čréall ré an at-uair, ačt b'é an rgéal céadna é. I ndeirioð rtracča do, bruir an tráičnín go cailče air, irtig i gcró na piopa. Do léim ré i n-a čaoin duile čar čloide, ní raib fulag (=fulang) na foidne aige, 7 do čaič an diuid fad a určair amač annran muir móir. Ní raib méam ar aonneač le heagla bruigne, mar do bí toga an eolair aca go léir ar Domnall, 7 cad é an fagar b'ead é, 'nuair do beidead ré amuig leir féin. D'fan na daoine go léir i n-a ruide go

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann fealaid, 7 ar an bfead so bí an múr ag druidim leis an dtráig go dtí sin. Táinic aon tonn amáin, i ndeis na dála, do lion an cuan suas go daic le múr sgothógach fada dearg. Do phreab Domhnall i n-a coilg-fearaim 7 do cait é féin ar a shuga anuas ar carn do'n múr 7 do bí ag a féicioc le fuirre, 'nuair feo irteach tonn eile, do cuaid lea'rtuas de 7 sul fa feud feirion cuimheam ar aon-nid (act ar an múr) do fcuab ar léi amac é idir fut fead. Do béic 7 do fgread ar cobair, ilct ni raib breir deadaid ar aonne'—nid nár b'iongnad—dul briúntas a caillte cun eirion do faghad.

"Cuirimir iarraid ar téid suas go tig Diarmuda léit," arra Piarus Paor.

"Beidead re báitte sul a proicride leathfluge suas," arra Padruig Duide.

"Cuir an raicin amac 7 b'feud go nsreamócad ré é," arra Micéál óg.

Le n-a linn sin do liuig an báitteacán 7 do glaoid i n-árd a cinn 'sa guta ag iarraid cabha, ag rád, "Ar son Dé 7 saor mé! saor mé! a daoine, saor mé! ó a Dia, tá·m báitte! saor mé, saor mé orú!" Nior stad ré do beit ag caillairioct mar sin, mar do bí ucdac mait aige.

"Rasad 7 snámrad amac cuige," arra Diarmuid Mac Amlaoib.

"Ná teigid," arra na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

"Rasad," ar reirion. "Ní beidead a cuillead ag feucaint air annsan amuig, ag fagbáil báir ar ár gcómair."

Rug Micéál Meata suas ar bholiac a léinead 7 dubairt, "Mairse, go deimin ni fagair, ir fada fuar go gcuimneócainn ar cú liogaint amac cuige."

"Dog díom," arra Diarmuid, "dog do gheim díom."

"Ní dogfad," arra Micéál Meata, "ní beag a bfuil caillte 7 fain-re irtig." Direac donn do béic Domhnall de caolrgread amuig. "Ni'l aonne' caillte fór," arra Diarmuid. "Dog díom, a deirim leat, dog díom;" act ní dogfad. Do rsuas reirion é féin uad 7 do cait de a cuid éadaig 7 do léim irteac 'san muir 7 'san múr; do fnáim amac cun Domhnaill do bí beag nac tabarta 7 do rsuas irteac leis é ar cuma éigin go dtí an tráig. Cuir Domhnall i laige 'mar ar go dtáinic ar an dtalam tirm 7 o' fan innti go ceann i bfad. Nuair táinic ré cuige féin, dubairt duine éigin leis gur ceart do buidheacar do bheit le Dia i dtaob nár bádad é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

" Ná bí im bodhradh," ar feirion ; " má táim fábálta, ní ar Dia a buidheachar, mar ní mór do bí ré im chomhair ; d'fágfad annsan amuigh mé go mbeidinn báidhte, múchta, 7 ir beag an gearrabhuaic do chuirfead ré air aileir, gealláim-re duit ; acht beidead buidheach do Diarmaid MacAmhlaoibh, an fear glan g'lánta, cuaidh i n-eineach a cailliche cun mé fhoradh. A ! a duine, má táim fábálta,

Ní ar Dia a buidheachar ! "

SEATHÚN CÉITINN.

[Leir an Athair O Duinnín.]

Ní'l aon ughdar do rinne an oiread le Céitinn chum léigeann ir litridheacht do congbáil beo i measg na ndaoinead, go mórmór daoine leatha Mogha. Níor b'eadh gur rghíob Seathún fearchar ró-beacht, ró-cinnte, acht gur chuir ré le céile i n-aon bolg amháin na tuairimidhe do bí le fagbáil ar Éirinn inr na fean-leabhraibh. Ní raibh tuairimidh eile le fagbáil chomh dear, chomh fuinnte ir do leat ré ar fuaid na tire. Ní raibh aoinne 'n-a rcoláire foghanta ná raibh eolar aige ar rtáir Céitinn, ir ní raibh chíochnughadh déanta ar rcoláire i rcoil go mbeadh macramhail déanta aige do'n " bhorar fhear." I measg na dtuatach rimpluide ní leomhfadh aoinne amhrar do chur ar an gcunntar tugann Céitinn ar gabáil na hÉireann le Partolan, ir leir an gcuid eile do'n threib rin tar lear. Ní leomhfadh aoinne réanadh gur chéimeadh Gaedheal Glar le nadar nime, ir gur cheangaid Maoir a cheadh 'ran Éigipt le fearrtaibh Dé. Díodar na daoine fealbuighte d'fírinne na rséal rain, ir bí a n-ur-mór 'n-a mbéal aca, ir ní raibh dán ná laoidh gan tagairt éigin dor na mór-gairgidhibh ar ar thácht Céitinn. Ir dóigh linn muna mbeadh gur rghíobadh an " forur fhear " ná beadh cuimhne na rean-aimrire, ná ainmeaca na rean-flaith, ná éachta na leomhan leat chomh abaidh i n-aigneadh na ndaoineadh ir díodar leit-céad bliadhan ó roin.

Ir fíor, go deimhin, go raibh na neithe reo i leabhraibh eile ar ar tós Seathún iad, acht ní'l ur-mór dor na leabhraibh reo le fagbáil i ndiu. Do cailleamar iad, ir tá an " forur fhear " 'n-ar measg, gan focal, gan litir ag tearthadáil uaidh. Tamall ó roin ir ar éigin do bí duine uasal i gCúigeadh Muman ná raibh a macramhail do'n " forur fhear " go ceanamhail i gcoimhéad aige. Bí

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Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats

return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. Patrick S. Dineen.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré ag na daoinib boċta ċóm maiċ leir na huairlib. Ir cuimin linn féin figeadóir boċt do ṁair i nIarthar Ċiarraiġe, nár ṁór i dteannta dóċain na hoiġċe do bí 'n-a feilb, do tairbeáin dom a ṁacraṁail do Ċéitinn go ceanaṁail, carta i linn-éadaċ, ir gan dul ag páirte bheiċ air, ná dioġbáil ar biċ do déanaṁ dó. Da gcall le leabar naoṁta é ar a mear, ir níor díomaoin do bí an leabar rain, mar ir blarta cruinn do bí tuairisg ar gaċ leaċtanaċ de i gceann an figeadóra, agus ba deacair áiteaṁ air go rabh focal aċt fírinne 'ran ṁéid do rgríob Céitinn ar Fennius Fearrad, ar Partolan, ir an ċuid eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fór i mearg daoinead nár léig, ir ná feaċaid riaṁ a ċuid raoċair. Ir dóig leir a lán go rabh draoideaċt éigin ar an nduine, nó gur ó neaṁ do táinig ré ċum cunntar ar rean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnaḋ gur ċreid na daoine nár duine daonna Seaċrún. Do dreid Gallda do b'eaḋ é, aċt 'n-a diaid rin bí ré idir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoilioeaċ ó Cnoideamaċ, Sagart, Doċtúir Diaḋaċta do b'eaḋ é. Fear léigeannta i Laidin ir i leaḃraib na n-Aiḃreaċ do b'eaḋ é, ir ċaiṫ ré a lán dá raogal 'ran bFrainc. Aċt 'nuair d'fill ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar rad d'obair na hEaglaire le dioġbail iongantaiġ gur cuireaḋ ruaġairt reaċa air, ir gur b'éigean dó dul i bfolaċ i gcumar doilb i nGleann Eaċarlaċ. Ir é an rud ir iongantaiġe i mbeaċaid Seaċrúin go bfuair ré uain ir caoi ar na leabraib do dearcuiġ uaid i gcóir a feanċair, do bailiuġaḋ an fad do bí rán ir ruaġairt air. Do riubail ré go Connaċtaib ir go Doire, aċt ní mór do ṁear do bí ag fearaib Ulaḋ ná ag Connaċtaib air. I gcionn trí nó ceaṫair do bliaḋantaib bí an "Forus Feara" go léir cuirta i gceann a ċéile aige (1631). Do rgríob ré fór dá leabar diaḋa, "Eoċair Sgiaṫ an Aifrinn," agus "Trí Bior-Gaoiṫe an Báir."

Dála an "Forair Feara," torruigeann ré ó'n bfiortorac, ir tagann anuas go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-rannaib i n-a mbailiġteap ainmeaċa na dtreaḋ do táinig go hÉirinn, ir i n-a gcuirteap le ċéile na héaċta do bain leo. Tá a bfuil i bfiór de, leir, annro ir annrúd múċta le ainmeaċaib taoiseaċ ir flaiṫ ir a gcraob geinealaċ. Níor ċeap Seaċrún aon nid ó n-a ṁeaḋair féin; gaċ a dtugann ré dúinn—na rgéalta, na heaċtraiḋe, na gaḋá-lċair, na héaċta ar muir ir ar tír—ruair ré iad go léir i reanleaḃraib do bí rá mear ag ollaṁnaiḃ ir fáidiḃ. Ní rinne ré aċt iad do ċur le ċéile ir d'aontugaḋ. Tá mbeaḋ ré ag aiṫrgríoḃaḋ na neiteaḋ rin i ndiu, agus a aigneaḋ lán do léigeann na haimrire reo, ni'l deaṁaḋ ná go gcuirfeaḋ ré a lán díoḃ i leaċ-taoiḃ, do bríġ ná baineann riaḋ le fír-feaṅċar. Aċt do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

rcríob ré an "Forus Feasa" tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó foin, agus ní hiongnaḋ ná raiḃ an oifead rain amṁuig i dtaoiḃ fiṁinne na n-éaċt ro an tráṫ rain. Agus is mar an gcéadna atá an rséal ag díoṁdaiḃ eile. Tá a lán éaċt is eaċtra i reanċas na Roṁa do ċreid na Roṁánaiġ go hiomlán i n-aimsir Diṫsil is Oiḃid—ná fuil ionnta aċt úir rséalta na bfileaḋ. Ar an nós gcéadna ní ġéilleann aon rgoláire anoir d'éaċtaiḃ Hengirt is Horra agus dá leiṫéidiḃ d'eaċtraiḋiḃ i reanċas na Breataine.

Aċt 'n-a diaiḋ rin, ní ceart a deasmaḋ go mbíonn dunaḋas fiṁinne inr na rséaltaiḃ reo do ġnáṫ. Níor ċúm na filiḋe rséal ar dtúir gan dealramaṁ éigin do beiṫ air—*nec fingunt omnia Cretæ*—ciod go gcuirtear leis i gcionn na mbliaḋan, i dtreo ná haiṫneoċaiḋe é rá deireaḋ. D'oic an dail ar tír ná beiḋ úirrséalta do'n traġar rain cruinniġṫe ir mearġa tríd a cuid reanċair. Ba comarta é ná raiḃ file ná fáiḋ le rinneamaiḃ i mearġ a daoineaḋ, ir nár ṁór aca a cáil ná a gclóir.

Is álainn an díon-bhollaċ a ċuireann Seaċrún le n-a "Forus Feasa." O teaċt an Dana Henri anall ċuġainn is roiṁe, níor ġaḃ ror ná ruaiṁnear na huġdair Sagrannaiġ aċt ag cur ríor bréaga is rséalta aiṫire ar ar nóúṫcar. Gionnsoid de Barra, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer, is an tseaḋ rain uile—ní raiḃ uaṫa aċt rinn do ċur rá ċoir ar dtúir, is ó ṫeir rin orṫa, rinn do ṁarluġaḋ i rcáṫaiḃ fallra. Agus tar éis ar bfeasann do baint díob, ba bréagaiġṫe is ba ṫarcaisniġe do bíodar 'ná riaṁ. Do ċuġ Seaċrún fúṫa 'ran díon-bhollaċ le fuinneaṁ is le feirg. Do rtoil ré ar a ċéile an fáiméir ṁarluiġṫeaċ do ċuir an Barrac 'n-a leaḃar, níor fág ré puinn do Stanihurst gan réabaḋ, is trom é tuitfeaṁuinġ a láiṁe ar Camden is ar Spenser. So deimin is geall le gairgideaċ mór éigin é—le Coin Culainn nó Aicill—a ċuid airm gléarta 'n-a láiṁ, éadaċ pláta ó ṁullaċ cinn go troiġṫiḃ air, is é ag gaḃáil le díoġrais is le dian-feirg ar na daoiniḃ beaga ro do dearḃuiġ éiteaċ i gcoinniḃ a dúṫċair, is do ṁarluiġ a ṁuinntear. Dá mbeaḋ ré ar mairean i ndiu, ṫaḃarfaḋ ré faoḃar baṫa dor na reanċaiḋiḃ atá anoir fá ṁór-mear, ar Froude is ar Mac Aṁlaoiṁ, is ar Hume.

Adeir ré 'n-a díon-bhollaċ :—

"Ni'l rtairide dá rsríobann ar éirinn naċ ag iarraid locta agus toiḃéime do ṫaḃairt do Fean-Gallaiḃ agus do Gaeḋealaiḃ díb; díod a fiadnuire rin ar an teirt do beir Cambrenrir, Spenrer, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclid, Morison, Dabir, Campion, agus gaċ nuaḋ-Gall eile dá rsríobann uirde ó

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amaċ, ionnus gurabé nór beagnaċ an phiompolláin do ghníd ag rgríobaḋ ar Éireannaċaiḃ . . . . ir é do ghníd cnomaḋ ar ḃéaraiḃ fo-ḋaoineaḋ agus caillteaċ mbeag n-úir-íreal ar ḋtaḃairt maiċ-ghníomh na n uaral i ndeaghmaḋ, agus an méid a ḃaineas fir na rean-Gaeḋealaiḃ do ḃí ag áitiughaḋ an oileáin seo fia ngaḃáltais na rean-Gaill," gc.

Is minic a gcuirtear an Heroḋotus Gaeḋealaċ ar Seaċrún; agus is deimin gur mór a ḃfuil do cormaileaċt eatorra araon. Tá caint Seaċrún deas, rimpliḋe, milis-ḃriaċraċ, mar ċaint "Aċar an tSeanċais." Séanaiḋ araon baoċ-focail, neamḃrioghmara, neamh-fairḋeamla, aċt 'n-a n-ionaḋ atá fuinneamh is taċac i ngaċ line tá rtáiriḋ. Cuiris araon irteaċ na húir-rgéalta ḃaineas le n-a ḋtír, gan amhras do ċur ar a ḃfirinne. B'é Heroḋotus an ċéaḋ rtáiriḋe do ċuir reanċas na nGréigeaċ i n-eagar is i gcruinneas, agus ciaḋ gur b'fada 'n-a ḋiaiḋ do rgríob sé, b'é Céitinn an ċéaḋ reanċaiḋe d'órduiġ is do ċeaptuiġ i rlaċt, is i n-eagar reanċas na nGaeḋeal. Do ḃain na filiḋe—na Gréigiġ is na Románaiġ—a lán ar rtáiriḋ Heroḋotuis, agus 'ran gcuma gcéaḋna ḋus Céitinn innsean a nsóċain dos na filiḋiḃ Gaeḋealaċa, d'Aoḋagán Ua Raḃaille, do Seaghán Clárach Mac Domnaill, is d'Eogan Ruaḋ. Aċt ní feicimíd ḋíoghrais i ḋtaoḃ na firinne, ná fearg ċum namaḋ a ḋíre ar an nGréagaċ: Bíonn sé ciuin, rocair, réim i gcomnuiḋe i mearg rtáta is úir-rgéil, *et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis*, aċt ní léigfeaḋ an Gaeḋealaċ ruainne do ċeart ná do ċáil a díre le n-a dearg namaid.

Obair léigeanta, doimin is eaḋ "Trí Bior-Gaoiḋe an Ḃáis," lán do rmuaintiḃ diaḋa is do maċtnaim fairḋeamla i ar an beaċaiḃ daonna, is ar a chríoċ. Is iongantaċ ar ṫóg sé ar reanuġḋarais is ar oibreaċaiḃ na naom, agus is biarta tá an obair ar fad roinnte i leaḃraiḃ agus i n-altaiḃ. Aċt is trom, laironeamail an ċaint atá ann ó ṫúis go deireaḋ, díoḋ go bfuil sí larta ruar annro is annrúd le rgéal beag ghreannmar mar an eaċtra rain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obair an-léigeanta i ndiaḋaċt is i nórannaiḃ na hEaglaise is eaḋ "Eoċair Sgiaċ an Airrinn." Ní léir dúinn aon uġdar eile ċuireas an oiread rain do ċuairiġ ar neiṫiḃ baineas leis an Airrfeann, ċom beaċt, ċom cinnte rin i leaḃar tá méid. Aċt 'n-a ṫeannta rain, tá an ċaint ċom rimpliḋe, ċom ghreannta, ċom binn, ċom bhioġmar rain, gan baoċ-foclaiḃ ná fáiḋtiḃ carta gur fuaigte d'aoinneaċ é léigeaḋ gur i ndiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimrir Céitinn anuar níor rgníobad a lán do fhór bunadarac. Do cuiread áddar eactrairde le céile agur rgéalta ar gníomarcaib atac, agur ní mór 'n-a dteannta rain. Do luigeadar na hugdair Gaedealaca ar ranna do mérgailt, ir ba mhilir, aoibinn a gcuid dán ir amrán.

Sgoil nó fiadh ir fearr an baile—An Cneamaire.

(le h-Una ni Fhaircealluigh.)

Ní raib an rinnceóireact i bfad ar riubal nuair fleamnuig an Cneamaire amac uata a gan-fhor dóib.

Suar an carán leir ag déanam ar caoib na n-aillirneac do'n oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar barr na tulca. Do rtad ré annrin. Gé gur thréan láidir an fear é, do bí an aoir ag teannad go daingean air, 7 níor mirde dó a rgíd do leigean.

Dhí an gealac go hárd 'ra rréir, agur do b'féidir an t-oileán agur an fairrge d'feicrin go glan roiléir.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amarc do bí or a comair amac, act irtig i gcroide an thean-fhir do bí anfad ar riubal. D'amlaid nár airig ré a com dear ir do famluig an doman i n-a timcioll. Ní raib a fhor act ag Dia amain cad do bí 'gá fuatad.

Chraic ré a lámha or cionn a cinn, agur adubairt or árd:

"Liom féin ir ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-daine ag duine ar bit eile leir. D'iocar go mait ar—go dian-mait!"

Ar agaid leir arír ag riubal agur ag rír-riubal, díread ir dá mbéad 'n-a aignead rtoirm a croide do lagdugad ar an nór rein.

Níor b'fada dó ag imteact mar rin go dtí go raib ré i ngar do na hailirneacaib.

Annrein do rtad ré go hobann, mar ba dóig leir go gcualaid ré gut duine éigin. Chuir ré cluar le héirteact air féin, agur do b'amlaid d'éir agad d'amrir go raib ré cinnte 'n-a caoib. Gut mná ag caoi do b'ead é, gan gó.

Ar mbreathnugad dó ar an áird ar a dtáinig an fuaim, ba léir dó, rgatam beag uaid, duine éigean leagta leir an gclaide.

Dhruid ré leir an áit, agur d'airig ré gan moill gur b'í Máire Bhán do bí ann roime.

Ní raib a fhor aici duine ná daondaide do beit i n-a haice, agur do fhread rí le neart rgeóin nuair do leag ré a lámh ar a ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

From "An Cneamhaire."

By Una Ni Fhaircheallaigh.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

The dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

"Ná corruiġ, a leanaiḃ. Ná biod fairċear ort, cor ar biṫ!"

Ní ḋubairt Máire focal, aġur reo ar aġaiḋ é le n-a ċuid ċainte.

"Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ṙtóir, beiṫ amuiġ i n-aonṙaic ⁊ an oiḋċe atá ann. Tá an comluaḋar aġ fuireaċt leat 'ra ġcirḋin."

Ní ṁearṙaḋ éinneaċ ġur b'é an Cneaṁaire do bí aġ caint.

"Uċ! a Sheámair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Caiṫfiḋ mé leiġint dom' ċuid bróin. Déaḋ nior fearr dá bárr i ġceann tamaill."

"Aċt dubraḋar liom, a Mháire, ġur tú féin ar cionntaċ leir an tuṙar ⁊ an airḋeal reo. Tuiġe naċ bṙanṙá aġ do ṁáċair 'ra mbaile ⁊ aġ Peaḋar Fada!"

"Tuiġe, a n-eaḋ? tá fáṫ ġo leór leir, muir, aċt cia an ṁaiṫ beiṫ aġ caint anoir?" Ar an toirt, do ṙil na deóṙa léiṫi ⁊ ċrom fí ar ġuiḷarír.

Nior ċuir an Cneaṁaire irteaċ uirri an ṙaiḋ do lean fí ar beiṫ aġ caoi, aċt nuair ḋ'éiriġ fí nior ciúine ar ball ḋ'fiarṙruiġ fé ḋi cia an fáṫ ḋi beiṫ aġ imteaċt ar Éireann.

"Ná ceil orm éin-ċeó do'n ṙírinne" arr' reirean ṙa ḋeóiḋ. "Cad faoi ndeara ġo bṙuil tú aġ imteaċt uainn?"

"Do briġ ġo bṙuil earḃaiḋ airġid orm" arr an cailín boċt.

"An t-airġead! an t-airġead!" arr' an Cneaṁaire ġo neaṁṙoiġneaċ, "'S é an ṙġéal céadna é i ġcomnaiḋe; aċt biod 'ṙior aġat, a ċailín, ġo bṙuil a lán nuḋai 'ra doṁan nior fearr i bṙad 'ná an t-airġead féin."

Ní ṫuġ Máire ṙreaġra ar biṫ air, do bí an oireaḋ roin ionġantair uirri.

"Naċ bṙuil Peaḋar aġat!" arr' reirean "aġur naċ leór duit é rin?"

"Tá—Peaḋar—aġam; ir ṙior duit é," arra Máire i ndeireaḋ na dálaċ, "aċt—ní ċuiġim tú. Nac bṙuil dúil aġat féin 'ran airġead? Ġaḃaim páṙúin aġat, a Sheámair; ní 'ġá ċaraḋ leat aṫáir, cor ar biṫ."

"Ní ṙuil ṙocal bréiġe ann, a inġean ó. Ir mór í mo dúil 'ran airġead le leaṫ-ċéad ḃliaḋan, aċt ní ṁaiḃ an ṙġéal man rin aġam riam. Dhí lá eile aġam Dhí mé óġ ⁊ bior i nġráḋ ċom maiṫ leat-ṙa, ⁊ b'ṙéidir nior doimne 'ná man aṫáir-re. Dhior boċt, ⁊ bí ripe boċt, freirin. D'ṙáġḃar mo ċéad rlán aici ⁊ do ḃailiġear liom ġo hAimeirioċá le carnán airġid do ċur ar ṁuin a ċéile ⁊ le bean uaral do déanaṁ dom' ṙréir-bean. D'imṫiġear liom riar ġur ṙroiċear lanḋan na Stát nAontuiġṫe. Chaiṫear roinnt ḃliaḋanta ann ⁊ d'éiriġ an raoġal liom ġo ġeal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraiding you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annaṁ a ɡeiḃinn leiṫiṙ ó Éiṙinn acṫ aṁáin cúṙla ṙocal anoiṙ ɫ aṙíṙ uaiṫi-ṙean 'ɡá ṙáḋ ɡo ṙaiḃ ṙí ɡo maiṫ, aɡuṙ a leiṫéiṙi ṙin.

" Aon uaiṙ aṁáin ċuaiḋ bliaḋain ṫaṙainn ɫ ɡan ṙocal aɡam uaiṫi. Niọṙ b'ṙéiṙiṙ liom a ṙuiɫaŋɡ beiṫ ɡan ṫuaiṙiṙɡ uiṙṙi, ɫ ó ṫáṙla an ṫ-am ṙin ɡo ṙaiḃ ṙoinnṫ maiṫ aiṙɡiḋ i ḋṫaiṙɡiḋ aɡam, ṫuɡ mé aɡaiḋ aṙ an mbaile aṙíṙ. Oċ? mo léan ɡéaṙ iṙ mo lomaḋ luain! ní ṙaiḃ ṙoṁam acṫ a huaiɡ. 'San uaiɡ ċéaḋna cuiṙeaḋ na coṁuṙṙain uiliɡ naċ móṙ, bliaḋain na ɡoṙṫa. Sáiṫeaḋ iṙṫeaċ le ċéile iaḋ i n-éan-ṙoll aṁáin.

" Ó a Ḋhia na nɡṙárṫa! í aɡ ṙaɡḃáil báiṙ leiṙ an ocṙaṙ aṙ ṫaoiḃ an ḃóṫaiṙ ɫ miṙe i ḃṙaḋ uaiṫi ɫ ɡan ṙméaṙóiḋ eólaiṙ aɡam aṙ a cáṙ! Siṙe ɡan ṙuḋ le cuṙ i n-a béal aici ɫ miṙe ṫall i nAimeiṙiocá, mo ṙóca lán ɡo béal ḋ'aiṙɡeaḋ."

Ḋo ṙaṁluiɡ éaḋan an ṫṙean-ṙiṙ ɡo miliṫeaċ ṙa ṙolaṙ na ɡealaiɡe. Ḋ'iompuiɡ ṙé uaiṫi beaɡán ɫ ċṙom ṙé aṙ aṁaṙc amaċ ṫaṙ an bṙaiṙṙɡe ó ṫuaiḋ:

Ḋhí a ṙioṙ aɡ Máiṙe ɡo ṙaiḃ ṙé aɡ ḋéanaṁ maṙanṫa aṙ uaiɡ ṁóiṙ bliaḋna na ɡoṙṫan ṫuaṙ i ɡCondae Mhuiɡeó ɫ níoṙ leiɡ ṙí ṙocal aṙ láṙ. I n-a leaḃaiḋ ṙin, iṙ aṁlaiḋ ɡo ṙuɡ ṙí aṙ láiṁ aiṙ. Ḋ'aiṙiɡ ṙí ṙuaṙ ɡan bṙíɡ ɡan ṙuinneaṁ í:

Ḋhí an cailín aɡ baillċṙiṫ acṫ ní ṙuaċṫ na hoiḋċe ṙa ndeaṙa é. Niọṙ b'é an Cneaṁaiṙe ḋo bí oṙ a coṁaiṙ acṫ taiḋḃṙe ḋ'éiṙiɡ ċuici aṙ laeṫeannṫaiḃ a óiɡe.

" A Shéamaiṙ ḃoiċṫ! a Shéamaiṙ ḃoiċṫ!" aṙṙ' ṙiṙe oṙ íṙeal. Niọṙ ċuiṙ an ṙean-ṙeaṙ éan-ṫṙuim innṫi, acṫ ḋ'ɡan ṙé aɡ aṁaṙc amaċ ḋo ṫaoiḃ an Ḋhá Ḋheinn Déaɡ ɡan coṙṙaiɡe aṙ.

Ḋhiḋoaṙ maṙ ṙin aṙ ṙeaḋ ṫamaiɫɫ ṁaiṫ aimṙiṙe.

" Ḋ'ṙéiṙiṙ ɡuṙaḃ é an ṙáṫ ɡo ḃṙuiɫ ḋúiɫ aɡam 'ṙan aiṙɡeaḋ," aṙṙ' an Cneaṁaiṙe ṙa ḋeiṙeaḋ, " ɡuṙ ḟocaṙ ċoṁ ḋaoṙ ṙin ṙ. Ḋionn an ṫ-aiṙɡeaḋ maṙ ḟuiɫ oṙ coṁaiṙ mo ḋá ḟúiɫ—ɡo ḋeaṙɡ, ɡo ḋeaṙɡ i ɡcoṁnaiḋe. Iṙ maṙ ṙin a ċím-ṙe é."

Ḋo ċṙom Máiṙe a ceann ṙíoṙ ɫ póɡ ṙí a láiṁ. Ḋ'aiṙiɡ Séamaṙ ḋeóṙ aɡ ṫuiṫim léiṫi.

Ḋhiḋoaṙ aṙaon i n-a ḋoṙṫ ɡo ceann ṫamaiɫɫ.

" Ní imṫeóɡaḋ aṙ an oiɫeán, ċoṙ aṙ biṫ," aṙṙa Máiṙe ɡo naiḃiḋ.

" Ní imṫeóɡa ṫú, an n-eaḋ? An é ṙin a n-aḃṙann ṫú? Acṫ an ḋṫuiɡeann ṫú 'n-a ċeaṙṫ méaḋ na boċṫanaċṫa a béaṙ aɡ ɡoiɫɫeaḋ oṙṫ annṙeo, má ṙanaiṙ?"

" Ní ṙuiɫ ḋuine 'ṙa ḋoṁan a ṫuiɡeannṙ níoṙ ṙeaṙṙ 'ná miṙe ċoṁ ṫṙom ɫ a ḃionnṙ an ɡanntaṙ ɫ an boċṫanaċṫ aɡ ɡaḃáil ḋo ṁuinnṫiṙ Áṙann—acṫ 'n-a ḋiaiḋ ṙin féin ṙanṙaḋ 'ṙa mbaile i n-ainm Ḋé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

"Tá go maiṫ," arr' an Cneamaire."

* * * * * * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárach cuadadar muinnteir an oileáin i ndiaid a céile rorr go dtí an fánán. Dhí na curacá i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul tar leir do bheiṫ ar bord an longfaile.

"Tuige go bfuil tura ag caoineaḋ?" arra Peadar fada nuair d'árduiġ Máire Bhán a guṫ com maiṫ le cáċ. "Ir muidne a béar ag caoineaḋ in do diaiḋ."

"Táim ag caoineaḋ i ndiaid na gcailíní atá ar tí imteaċt, uainn," arra Máire.

"An dá rírib atá tú, a Mháire? 'Ar ndó,' ní ceart duit beiṫ ag ronmaid rúm inniu 7 ualaċ ar mo ċroide."

"Ní ag déanam ronmaid' rút atáim, muir. Tá m'inntinn rocair agam ar fanaċt leat, cibé boċt fairdir tú, nó cibé an fair a ċaiṫfimid beiṫ ag feiṫeam le n-a céile."

Ní ċreidfeaḋ Peadar a ċluara rein.

"Ir ag magaḋ rúm atá tú, tá mé ag ceapaḋ."

"Ní head go deimin! Ní déanfainn a leiṫéid ort ar an doman."

"Creidim tú anoir, muir. Aċt ní tuigim an fgéal ċor ar bit. Cad a tug ort an t-adarruġaḋ inntinn' reo?"

"Airling a bí agam aréir, a Pheadair, nó brionglóid, mar adéarfá. Shaoilear go raib tura id' fean-fear ċroda gan fuinneam i do géagaib ná grád d'éinne' i do ċroide. Dhí tú id' iargaire comportamail annro. Dhí mire t'éir Aimeirioca, clóca rioda orm 7 hata gléarta go dear le ribíní agur a leiṫéidí eile, airgead mo dóṫaint im' rpapán agam 7 'c uile ċineál maoin' im' feilb. Dhíor-ra ag gabáilt ruar an bóiṫrín i n-aice na roilig' 7 mé ag teaċt a baile. Caraḋ dam annrin tú, aċt níor aiṫin tú mé, ċor ar bit."

"'Mire Máire Bhán,' adubrar leat.

"'Ní tú,' arra tura go fearġaċ; 'ní tú go deimin. Dhí Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a cail n óg rlaċtmar, agur cad mar ġeall ort-ra? Sean-bean portamail gránda tú atá córuiġte mar ṗéaċóig i ngioblaċaiḃ rróil. Ní tura Máire go deimin.'

"D'féaċar rior i bpoll uirge a bí taoiḃ liom 7 do b'é rin an ċéad uair d'airiġear mé rein aorda gránda; bí an ceart agat.

"'Ir mire Máire Bhán,' adubrar arir.

"D'féaċ tú orm annrin ioir an dá rúil 7 an fad a bior mar aon leat nior dóġ tú do rúile díom.

"'Ir amlaid adeir tú,' arra tura, 'aċt ní ċreidim tú—ní tura an Mháire a dtuġar grád di fad ó. Dhíor 'ran roiliġ úd d'fearr

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you.'"

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

'It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom i 'beit 'ná beit mar tura anoir. Ní aithnigim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'sá rád rin, ar so brát leat. Bhior fágta im' aonarán go brónac. Sin í an bhiongloíd a bí agam. Nac airteac é?"

"Ní fuil tú id' fean-bean fós, a rúin! Do b'ághmarac an bhiongloíd dam-ra í, cibé rséal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhiongloíd a tug ort fanacht 'ra mbaile?"

Nior mear Máire gur ceart dí rséal an Chneamhaire d'innsint gan cead aici uaid. Mar rin adubairt rí:—

"É rin agus rud eile."

"Duideacar mór do Dhia," arra Peadar.

* * * * * * * *

"Nac mór an t-iongantar nac mbéitéa ag brait le do díol mná 'fágbáil?" adubairt athair Pheadair leis cúpla lá i n-a diaid rin. "Nac dear dathamail an cailín í Máire Chatac, ingean na saintseabaige thar i gCionn an Bhaile?"

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteacht air féin. Dá mba gur tuit an grian anuas ar an rséir ní cuirfeá dé nior mó iongantair air

Ní raib dé i n-innim oireas le focal do rád.

"Tá dé i n-am do Cháit, sheirin, cur súiti i n-áit di féin. Ní racad beirt máigirtreár le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cad é do mear ar Mhac Uí Dhonncada. Ní fuil fód talman aige, act mar rin féin, 'ar nod', ir breag láidir an buacaill é. Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a seact sinnsir roime."

Nior féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus nior tuig dé rtaid na ceirte cuige 'ná ar éan-cor. So deimin, nior tuig act an oireas le ceap bróige, mar adéarta, act dá mbiod dé do láthair 'ra seomra beag taoib thar do'n cirdin rgathamh beag i n-a diaid rin ir dóca go dtuigfeád dé an t-iomrlán go dianmhait. Ir fean-focal é, agus ir fíor, go dtairbeánann tráithnin thed na gaoithe.

Ar ball nuair do bí an t-aor ós cionn ar an Muirbeac, ted é an Cneamhaire irteac cum athar Pheadair agus mála aige i n-a láimh.

Seo é ag tarraing láin a glaice do fioraib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áireamh tri ficid punnt ar an sclár or a comair, agus ted é fós 'sá rád, agus é ag féachain so glinn géar ar an bfear eile:

"Ní cuirfid Tomár Sheagán Ruaidhrí barr a méine ralaige ar mo cuid airgid go bed. Dar fiad, ní cuirfid. Ir do'n gnád agus do'n óige atáim 'gá tabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a rúin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

An uaiṁ.

Sgiota ar an "nGiobláċán."

(Ûirrséal le tomás O h-Aodha.)

Bíor ag féaċaint timċeall orm an fáid do bí ré ag caint, ag breaċnuġaḋ ar an reomra agus an ċaoi 'n-a raiḃ ré curṫa le ċéile agus 'ḋá fiafruiġe im' aigneaḋ féin cá bruair ré na rúġáin ar fad nuair duḃairt ré:

"Tá tú ag déanaṁ iongantais dem' ċeaġlaċ agus dem' aiciliḋeaċt. Náċ dear-láṁaċ an duine me?"

"'Seaḋ, ar m' focal; aċt cá bruarais na rúġáin go léir? Agus má'r uaiṁ atá annro, ar nóiġ ní raiḃ éin-ċeal leis an mbotán ro i n-éan-ċor."

"Inneorais mise duit ar ball; aċt an mb'ait leat an uaiṁ ar fad d' feiscint?"

"B'ait liom," arra mise, "aċt tá ré ró-luaṫ fór an ċor do ċur fúm."

"Ni'l, pioc," ar feisean, "ċoṁ fada is tá ré reo agat," agus ṫóg ré maide croise ó'n gcúinne agus fin ré ċugam é.

"Raġamaoid amaċ go fóill go breicfiḋ tú mo fioġaċt-sa ar fad," ar ré.

"Aċt cá bruarais an maide croise?" arra mise leis.

"Cuiseas le céile i an fáid do bí tú id' ċodlaḋ. Gaḃ i leiṫ annro anoir agus taḃair aise do'n ċoir."

Ṫóg ré an tsillseán o'n mbóṁd agus d' orgail ré doṁar beag taoḃ leis an teallaċ agus ċuaḋmar amaon isteaċ. Ni faca mé a leiṫéid de radarc ó'n lá ruġaḋ me go dti sin agus ní faca mé radarc mar é ó foin. Bí an reomra beag déanta go díreaċ glan ar an gcaoi céadna i raiḃ an ceann eile, aċt do bí ré lionta suar go dti an doṁar le hairneaḃ de gaċ cineál, agus bíodar go léir ċoṁ glan agus ċoṁ soillseaċ soin is gur ḃaineadar an radarc díom, naċ móir, nuair do ċuaḋar isteaċ ar dtúr. Bíodar ar croċaḋ aige ór cionn a céile ar na ballaíḃ ṫairt timċeall an treomra ċoṁ fada is b'féidir leis suiġe d' fáġail doiḃ—gunnaí geanna agus piortail go leór, agus a lán de ċlaidṁtiḃ agus de ḃaigneiciḃ—agus bí cuid eile aca cruaċta i ngróġánaiḃ ar an úrlar. Bí úirnéir beag, inneóin agus úirlirí saḃann i gcúinne, agus binnse agus úirlirí siúinéara i gcúinne eile. Bí an fear agus an áit ag éirige níor airtiġe gaċ éan-nóiminț.

"Is doiġ liom go bruilim fá dṁaideaċt," arra mise, nuair do ṫóġar lán mo súl de'n treomra.

"Ni'l, ṁaise, i n-éan-ċor," arra an "Giobláċán."

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha, (*i.e.*, Thomas Hayes).

I was looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do ṫóg ré ruar ceann de na gunnaiḃ agus do ċuimil ré é go cneálta le n-a láiṁ.

"Féaḋ," ar feirean, "naċ deaṙ an úiṙlir í rin. Ṫáinig rí ó Amerioċá agus do ċuiṙṙeaḋ rí piléar ṫré ḋuine náċ mór míle ó ḃaile; aċt ċíṙimíḋ an ċuid eile aca aṙír. Gaḃ i leiṫ annṙo."

D'ṙorgail ré doṙar eile agus baġaiṙ ré amaċ oṙm. Níoṙ ṙéadaṙ mo láṁ d' ṙeiṙcint bí ré ċoṁ doṙċa roin. Níoṙ ċuimniġeaṙ go raḃamaṙ inṙ an uaiṁ agus nuaiṙ d' ṙéaċaṙ amiac ḋuḃṙaṙ.

"Uċ, naċ doṙċa í an oiḋċe!"

Leiġ an "Gioḃlaċán" ṙmut gáiṙe aṙ.

"Naċ doṙċa í an oiḋċe," aṙṙa gur ṫaoḃ amuiġ ḋíom: "Há! há!" aṙṙa gur eile. Annroin do laḃaiṙ beiṙt nó ṫriúṙ eile i n-éinṙeaċt níoṙ ṙuiḋe amaċ, "Uċ! naċ doṙċa"—"há! há"—"an oiḋċe"—"há! há! há!"—"Naċ"—"Naċ doṙċa"—"há! há!"—"an oiḋċe"—"há! há! há!"—agus maṙ rin leó aġ ṙġiṙeaċd agus aġ déanaṁ maġaiḋ ṙúm go raiḃ an áit lán ruar de ġuṫannaiḃ. Ḃíoḋaṙ ċíoṙ ṙúm, ċuaṙ oṙ mo ċionn, aṙ m'aġaiḋ amaċ agus aṙ ġaċ taoḃ díom. D' imṫiġeaḋaṙ uaim i ndiaiḋ a ċéile agus d' iṙliġeaḋaṙ ṙá deiṙeaḋ aṙ nóṙ na raiḃ ionnta aċt ṙioṙaṙnaċ aġ creaċaḋ i gcúinniḃ na huaiṁa.

Deiṙ miṙe gur ḃain ré ṙreaḃ aṙam. Ṫáinig ṙġannraḋ oṙm aṙ ḋtúṙ agus 'na ḋiaiḋ rin ṫáinig ionġantaṙ agus uaċḃáṙ an ṫraoġail oṙm, aṙ nóṙ náṙ ṙéaḋaṙ coṙṙuiġe aṙ an áit 'n-a raḃaṙ im ṙearaṁ aṙ ṙeaḋ cúig nóiminte. Do ḃaġaiṙ an "Gioḃlaċán" iṙteaċ oṙm.

"Mac-alla," aṙṙa miṙe, nuaiṙ bí an doṙaṙ ḋúnta aiġe.

"'Seaḋ," aṙ ré, "naċ ḃṙeaġ é?"

"Níoṙ aiṁiġeaṙ riaṁ roiṁe reo éan-ṙuḋ maṙ é aċt éan-uaiṙ aṁáin; aċt ní raiḃ teaċt ruar aṙ biṫ leiṙ reo aiġe. Tá an uaiṁ go han-mór iṙ ḋóċa."

"Bí cinnte de rin. Táiṙ id' ṙearaṁ anoiṙ aṙ ḃruaċ gáġa uaċḃáraiġe agus má tá éan-óṙḋlaċ aṁáin ann, tá ré óṙ cionn míle ṫroiġ i ndoiṁneaċt. Ná téiġiṙ ró-ṙaḋa amaċ nuaiṙ a ḃeaḋ aġ tairḃeánt na huaiṁa ḋuit, nó b'ṙéidir go ḃṙuiġṫeá ḋúḋán id' ċeann; coinniġ taoḃ ċiaṙ díom-ṙa agus ní beiḋ baoġal aṙ biṫ oṙt."

Ṫóg ré rliṙeóg ziuṁaiṙe agus ċuiṙ ré ṙġoilt beag 'na héadan le tuaiġ. Annroin ruaiṙ ré ṙop baṙṙaiġ agus ṙocruiġ ré iṙteaċ 'ran ṙġoilt é agus ċaṙ ré an baṙṙaċ i mbaċall maṙ ḃéaḋ méaṙóġ aṙ ḃaṙṙ na rliṙeóige. Nuaiṙ bí ré rocruiġṫe go dainġean aiġe, ċúm ré an rliṙeóg agus an baṙṙaċ i bṙota ola agus d'ṙág ré ann iaḋ go raiḃ an ola ṙúiġṫe iṙteaċ go maiṫ ionnta. Ċuṙaṙ ṙá ndeaṙa lom-láiṫreaċ go raiḃ ré aġ déanaṁ tóiṙṙe ċun na huaiṁa do ṫairḃeánt daṁ.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

" Tiubhraid ré reo rolar ár ndóchaint dúinn anoir," ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuadmar amach go bruach na gága arís. Gach con do cuireamar dínn do cuir an mac-alla freagra tar air cugainn. D' árduig an " Gioblacán " an tóirre ór a cionn ar nór go bfuiginn nadarc mait ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go dána amach ar bruach an puill. Ni déanfainn féin é dá bfuigint mile púnt; act, ar ndóig, mar adeir an fean-focal—" Neatn na taitige méaduigeann ré an tarcuirne."

Cé go dtug an tóirre rolur bread uaid níor féadar ruo ar bit d' feircint act amáin roinnt beag de'n carraig ór mo cionn agus ar gach taob díom. Amach uainn ní raib ann act doracadar trom tiug agus ir dóig liom féin nár dein an tóirre act é do méadugad. Di ré com tiug roin gur faoilear go mb' féidir liom é geallad le rgin, no mám de tógaint im' láim. Dior ag fiarfuige díom féin, an fair do bior ag féacaint amach, cad do bi foluigte taob cian de'n doracadar, agus do bi ré com diamair gráineamail rin gur cuir ré uatbár im chroide.

" Ni'l iomarca le feircint amach uainn no taob tuar dínn," arr' an " Gioblacán," " act tairbeánfaid mé duit anoir doimneact an puill." Cuaid ré ar a glúinib.

" Luig rior agus tarraing amach go bruach na cairrge," ar rerean, " táim cun an tóirre do caiteam rior."

Luigear rior mar d' órduig ré agus druidear amach go hairead go raib mo ceann tar bruach na gága. Do dein ré féin an ruo céadna. Cait ré an tóirre amach uaid agus rior agus rior leir trid an doracadar. Dior ag brat gach éan-nóimint go mbuailfead ré an tóin act níor buail; agus níor tairbeán ré éan-ruo dúinn. Dior ag faire air go dtí ná raib ann act rpréac. Táinig rian im' fúilib agus dúdán im' ceann ó beit ag féacaint air, agus do chuitear go rmior. Fá deiread do cailleamar nadarc air ar fad.

" Anoir, cad dein tú," arr' an " Gioblacán " irteac im' cluair nuair bi an tóirre imtigte ar nadarc.

" Leig dam go póill," arra mire, " go gcuirfid mé leitead na cairrge idir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac úd." Agus do cuadar ag lapadáil irteac ran mbotán. Ni leigfead an eagla dám éirge im' fearam go nabar irtig, agus bior mar duine do bead i n-áirde ar luargán. Táinig an " Gioblacán " irteac im' diaid agus dún ré an doras.

" Ir airdeac agus ir millteac an áit i reo," arra mire, " agus tá greim im' chroide le huatbár."

" Dior féin mar rin ar dtúr," arr' an " Gioblacán," " agus i brad nior meara ná tá tura anoir, mar ir beag nár cuiteat irteac ar mullac mo cinn ran gág an tarna huair do táingar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro; acc cá caicize agam air anoir agur ní cuirim ruim ar bic ann."

Cóg ré anuar bóga agur raigeao oo bí aige ran mbocán ag ó. rá

"Cairbeánraió mé leiceao na gága ouic anoir."

Fuair ré mám barraig agur car ré ar bior na raigoe é agur oein ré cóirre oe mar oo oein ré oe'n crireóig roime rin. Nuair bí a óócaint ola rúigce ag an mbarrac, oo cuir ré teine leir agur o'orgail ré an oorar. "Féac amac anoir," ar ré agur rgaoil ré uaió é cric an oorcaoar leir an mbóga. Cuaió an craigeao agur an rop barraig ar larao go roillreac amac, b'féroir céao rlat, gan an caob call oo buailaó; agur annroin oo claonuig ré rior i noiaió a céile agur cuic ré mar oo cuic an cóirre, agur i gceann tamaill oo rluigeaó i nooimneacc na gága é gan éan-ruo oo cairbeánc oúinn. Ní miroe a rád gur meaouig ré reo an méao ionganrair oo bí im' croióe ceana:

Cuir ré rcól caob amuig oe'n oorar. "Suió rior annro go fóil," ar reirean, "go gcuirfió cú aicne ar an gcuideaccain a bionn annro agam go minic."

———

An Mac Alla:

Rug ré ar ceann oe na gunnaib agur cuir ré piléir ann: Sul a raib a fior agam cao oo bí gá déanam aige o' árouig ré an gunna agur caic ré urcar ar.

"Comraige Dé cugainn," arra mire, agur oo phreabar im fearam leir an ngeic oo bain ré aram. Saoilear go raib an rliab ag cuicim irceac oiainn. D'éirig an mac alla mar bladm cóirnige, agur bí an ruaim com huacbárac roin gur mocuigear an carrraig ag criceao rúm. D'imcig ré uainn agur cáinig ré ar air arír agur arír eile, ar nór gur b'éigin dam mo méarada oo cur im' cluaraib cun an "ruaille buaille" oo congbáilc amac. Ar ocúr bí ré com borb bagarcac leir an cóirnig; annroin bí ré go garb glugarac fa mar beao ruaim na fairrge ag brureao go trom ar cloćar trága; agur n-a diaió rin bí ré an-coramail leir an bruaim oo ciucpao ó clairoe ag cuicim, no ó crriucaillíb oo beao ag gabáil can bócar garb; agur crío an brocrom agur an crurcar go léir cáinig cugainn ruaim mar pléargaó gunnaí mór i bfao uainn. Cait an "Giobladán" a dó nó a crí o'urcaraib eile agur bí ronn air leanamaint oo'n gnó, acc o'iarrar air a cabairc ruar. Dí an mac alla go han-bréag ar fao acc bí mo dóćaint agam de an uair rin go háirice. Acc ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying:

"I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now."

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

"Look out now," said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

"Sit down here awhile," said he, "until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here."

THE ECHO.

From "An Gioblachán," by Thomas Hayes.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

"The protection of God to us!" said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

raiḃ an "Giobladán" rárta fór. Tóg ré anuar fiuil bí ar croćaḋ, de'n ḃalla, agur ćuir ré i gcóir í.

"An dtaitneann ceól leat?" ar reirean.

"Taitneann go maiṫ," arra mire, "tá rpéir mór agam ann i gcomnuiḋe."

"Má'r mar rin atá an rgéal," ar ré, "geoḃaiḋ tú ceól anoir nó riam."

"Má tá ré mar an ceól do ḃug an mac alla uaiḋ ó ćianaiḃ ná ḃac leir."

"Éirt," ar reirean, ag leigint gáire ar, "agur taḃair do ḃreiṫ nuair táim criochnuigte."

Tornuig ré ag reinm, agur dá mbéinn ag caint go ceann reaćtmaine ní féadrainn tuarargḃáil ćeart do ṫaḃairt ar an gcoimḟeinm d'éirig ran uaim. D'áluinn an beiḋleadóir an "Giobladán" agur bí ré 'n-a ćumar, "ó neart na taitige," ir dóća, ceól do ḃuaint ar an mac alla com maiṫ leir an ḃrioil. Dá mbeaḋ gać éin-gléar ceól i n-Éirinn bailigte irteać i n-éanhalla amáin agur iad go léir ar riuḃal i n-éinfeaćt, ní féadfaḋ riad ceól níor ḃinne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamaige do ṫaḃairt uaća ná an ceól do ḃug an fioil agur an mac alla ḋúinn an oiḋće úd. Tóg ré an croiḋe agur an t-anam aram. Níor moćuigear rian ná tuirre ná eagla ná éinniḋ eile ać amáin aoiḃneas agur ráram aigniḋ an fuiḋ do bí an "Giobladán" ag reinm agur o' fanfainn annroin ag éirteaćt leir ar feaḋ lae agur oiḋće gan beiṫ tuirreać de.

Nuair bí ré ráṫa ćuir ré uaiḋ an fioil agur tornuig ré ag caint ar ceól na hÉireann agur bí cur rior mór againn mar geall air. Cainteóir áluinn doḃ' eaḋ an "Giobladán" agur b'ait leat beiṫ ag éirteaćt leir. Da liomṫa agur ba léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agur do ṫuit an Gaeḋilg ó m-a béal com bladma le ceól. Ni raiḃ ré ball ar éinniu. Do bíor ag rmaoineam, anoir agur arír, an fuiḋ do bí ré ag caint, ar an gcaoi 'na raiḃ re ag caiteam a coda aimrire agur ag riarruige diom féin cad é an fáć bí leir. Bíor deimneać go raiḃ ré leaṫ-éadtrom agur gur b'in é an ćiall go raiḃ ré ag imteaćt, mar a déarfá, le haer an traogail agur ag cur a muinéil i gcontaḃairt; ać ni raiḃ rior agam an uair rin ar an méid ar cuaiḋ ré thíd.

Níor leig ré ḋam dul ro-fada leir na rmaointiḃ reo mar ṫarrainig ré cuige feaḋóg agur tornuig ré ag reinm uirri. Dá feaḃar an ceól do ḃuain ré ar an ḃrioil, b'fearr ná rin feaćt n-uaire an ceól do ḃuain ré ar an ḃreaḋóig. Do fárruig ré ar gać uile niḋ o'airigear ruar go dti rin. Ni ćiuḃraḋ éanlaiṫ na cruinne dá mbeiḋir go léir 'ran uaim ag cantain le ceile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor aoibne uaca. Do chuig an fear óg an mac alla amach i bfad níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-fud eile.

"Cad deir tú leis sin?" arr' an "Giobladán" nuair fuair sé dá feinneamhaint.

"Ni fear fóir," arra mise, "ná fuilim fá dhaoidheacht. Dá mbeinn ag caint ar feadh lae agus bliadna, ní féadfainn a innsint duit an méad aoibnis agus taitneamh agus fáfamh chroidhe do chuig an ceól úd dam. Ní'l éin-teacht ruar leat."

"Ná bac leis an bhlámár anois," arr' an "Giobladán."

"Ní'lim ag blámár i n-éan-chor," arra mise, acht b'féidir gur chirte dam a rádh ná fuil éin teacht ruar le dearlámhacht an "Fir i nAirde."

"Tá tú ag caint go ciallmhar anois," ar seisean, ag cur sgairte ar.

"B'féidir é," arra mise, "acht bíodh cun a rádh nuair bíos ag éirteacht leat—"

"Agus leis an mac alla," ar seisean.

"Agus leis an mac alla, ar eagla an bhlámáis—do chuir sé i n-umhail dam an tuathargbáil do léigear agus do chualar go minic i dtaob ceóil na n-Aingeal is na flaithis."

"Ni'lim chiochuighte i n-éan-chor fós," ar seisean, agus d'éirigh sé 'n-a seasamh.

Thornuigh sé ag amhrán. Bí guth breagh fonnmhar ceólmhar ag an "nGiobladán" agus níor chaill se éanfuid i dtaob beith irtigh ran uaimh. Ní fheadar féin cia aca do b'fearr cun an mac alla do thabairt amach—an fidil, an feadóg nó guth an "Giobladáin"—nó cia aca a raibh an barr aige i gcóimheinm; acht is dóigh liom gur fáguigh an guth orra go léir. Chualar trí chéad daoine ag gabáil amhrán i n-éinfeacht éan-uair amáin i halla mór i mBaile-Átha-Cliath; acht cé go raibh an ceól agus an choimheinm go han-bhreagh ar fad, ní raibh éin-teacht ruar aige le ceól an "Giobladáin" nuair dus sé uaid "An Raibh tú ag an gCarraig," agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóigh do chuir sé ruar gan uaimh ag cuideachtain leis.

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASAD AN TSUGÁIN.

DRAMA AON-GHNÍM.

NA DAOINE :—

TOMÁS Ó hANNRACÁIN, file Connactach atá ar feachrán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOGÁIN, bean an tige.
ÚNA, ingean Mháire.
SÉAMUS Ó hIARAINN, atá luaidte le Úna.
SÍGLE, comharsa do Mháire.
Píobaire, comharsanna agus daoine eile.

ÁIT :—

Teach feilméir i gCúige Mumhan céad bliadan ó foin. Tá fir agus mná ag dul thíd a céile in gan tig, no 'na fearaibh coir na mballa, amhail agus dá mbeith damhsa chíochnuighte aca. Tá Tomár Ó hAnnracáin ag caint le Úna i bpíosa-torac na tráithe. Tá an píobaire ag fárgaid a píobaid air, le torughadh ar feinm arís, act do bein Séamar Ó hIarainn deoch cuige, agus stadann sé. Tagann fear óg go h-Úna le n-a tabairt amach ar an urlár cum damhsa, act diúltann sí dó.

ÚNA.—Ná bí m'bodhughadh anoir: nach bfeiceann tú go bfuil mé ag éirteacht le n-a bfuil feirean d'a rádh liom. [leir an h-Annracánach]: lean leat, cad é fin do bí tú 'rádh ar ball?

TOMÁS Ó hANNRACÁIN.—Cad é do bí an bodach fin d'á iarraidh ort?

ÚNA.—Ag iarraidh damhsa orm, do bí sé, act ní ciúbhrainn dó é:

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ir cinnte nach dtiubhrá. Ir dóigh, ní mearann tú go leigfinn-se do duine ar bit damhsa leat, com fad agus tá mise ann so. A! a Úna, ní raib rólár ná rócamhail agam le fada go dtáinig mé ann so anocht agus go bfacaid mé tusa!

ÚNA.—Cad é an rólár duit mise?

MAC UI h-ANN.—Nuair atá maide leat-dóighte in gan teine, nach bfághann sé rólár nuair dóigheas uirge air?

ÚNA.—Ir dóigh, ní'l tusa leat-dóighte.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceathramha de mo chroide, dóighte agus loisgte agus caithte, ag troid leis an faoghal, agus an faoghal ag troid liom-sa.

ÚNA.—Ní féadann tú com dona sin!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Uch! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l aon eólas agadsa ar beatha an báird boicht, atá gan teach gan téagar gan tíogh-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to* OONA.

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance.* HANRAHAN, *in the foreground, talking to* OONA.

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS *brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to* OONA, *as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.*

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To* HANRAHAN] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

ḃar, acṫ é aġ imṫeaċt aġur aġ ṙíor-imṫeaċt le ṗán ar ṗuḋ an tṙaoġail ṁóir, ġan ḋuine ar ḃiṫ leir acṫ é féin. Ni'l maiḋin in ran tṙeaċtmain nuair éiṙiġim ruar naċ n-aḃṙaim liom féin ġo mb'feárṙ ḋam an uaiġ 'ná an feaċṙán. Ni'l aon ṗuḋ aġ ṙearaṁ ḋam acṫ an ḃṙonntanur ḋo ṗuair mé ó Ḋia—mo ċuiḋ aḃṙán. Nuair ḋoṙaiġim oṙṙa ṙin, imṫiġeann mo ḃṙón aġur mo ḃuairḋṙeaḋ ḋiom, aġur ni ċuimniġim níor mó ar mo ġéar-ċṙáḋ aġur ar mo mí-áḋ. Aġur anoir, ó ċonnaic mé ṫura, a Úna, ċim ġo ḃṙuil ṗuḋ eile ann, níor ḃinne 'ná na h-aḃṙáin féin!

ÚNA.—Ir ionġantaċ an ḃṙonntanur ó Ḋia an ḃáṙḋuiġeaċt. Ċoṁ ṗaḋa aġur tá ṙin aġaḋ naċ ḃṙuil tú níor ṙaiḋḃṙe na luaṫ ṙtuic aġur ṙtóir, luaṫ bó aġur eal aiġ.

MAC UI H-ANN.—A! a Úna, ir mór an ḃeannaċt acṫ ir mór an ṁallaċt, leir, ḋo ḋuine é ḋo ḃeiṫ 'na ḃáṙḋ. Feuċ mire! Ḃṙuil caṙaiḋ aġam ar an ṗaoġal ṙo? Ḃṙuil feaṙ ḃ ó ar ṁaiṫ leir mé? Ḃṙuil ġṙáḋ aġ ḋuine ar ḃiṫ oṙm? Ḋim aġ imṫeaċt, mo ċaḋan boċt aonṙánaċ, ar ṗuḋ an tṙaoġail, maṙ Oiṙin anḋiaiġ na féinne. Ḋionn ṗuaṫ aġ h-uile ḋuine oṙm, ni'l ṗuaṫ aġaḋ-ṙa oṙm, a Úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair ṗuḋ maṙ ṙin, ni féiḋir ġo ḃṙuil ṗuaṫ aġ ḋuine ar ḃiṫ oṙt-ṙ.

MAC UI H-ANN.—Taṙ liom aġur ṙuiḋṙimiḋ i ġcúinne an tiġe le ċéile, aġur ḋéaṙṙaiḋ mé ḋuit an t-aḃṙán ḋo ṙinne mé ḋuit. Ir oṙt-ṙa ṙinneaṙ é.

[Imṫiġeann ṙiaḋ ġo ḋtí an coiṙneull ir ṗaiḋe ón ṙtáiḋ, aġur ṙuiḋeann ṙiaḋ anaice le ċéile.]

[Tiġ Síġle arteaċ.]

SÍGLE.—Táimiġ mé ċuġaḋ ċoṁ luaṫ aġur ḋ'feuḋ mé.

MÁIRE.—Céaḋ ṗáilte ṙóṁaḋ.

SÍGLE.—Caḋ tá ar ṙiúḃal aġ ḋ anoir?

MÁIRE.—Aġ ḋoruġaḋ aṫámuiḋ. Ḋi aon ṗoṙt aṁáin aġainn, aġur anoir tá an ṗioḃaire aġ ól ḋiġe. Ḋoṙóċaiḋ an ḋaṁṙa aṙir nuair ḃéiḋeaṙ an ṗioḃaire ṙéiḋ.

SÍGLE.—Tá na ḋaoine aġ ḃailiuġaḋ arteaċ ġo maiṫ, ḃéiḋ ḋaṁṙa ḃreáġ aġainn.

MÁIRE.—Ḃéiḋ a Síġle, acṫ tá ṙeaṙ aca ann aġur ḃ'feaṙṙ liom amuiġ ná artiġ é! Feuċ é.

SÍGLE.—Ir ar an ḃṙeaṙ ṗaḋa ḋonn atá tú aġ caint, naċ eaḋ? An ṙeaṙ ṙin atá aġ cóṁṙáḋ ċoṁ ḋlúṫ ṙin le Úna in ran ġcoiṙneull anoir. Cá'n ḃ'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ṙġiaṙṫe ir mó táimiġ i n-Éiṙinn aṁaṁ, Tomár O h-Annṙaċáin ċuġann riaḋ air, acṫ Tomár Rógaire buḋ ċóir ḋo ḃairteaḋ air, i ġceaṙt. Óṙa! naċ ṙaiḃ an mí-áḋ oṙm, é ḋo ċeaċt arteaċ ċuġainn, ċoṙ ar ḃiṫ, anoċt!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

Oona.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

Hanrahan.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world: like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

Oona.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

Hanrahan.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together.* Sheela *comes in at the door.*]

Sheela.—I came to you as quick as I could.

Maurya.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

Sheela.—What have you going on now?

Maurya.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

Sheela.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

Maurya.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

Sheela.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

Maurya.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍĠLE.—Cia'n ṗórt duine é? Nac ṗeap déanta aḃrán ap Connacṫaiḃ é? Cualaiḋ mé caint aip, ċeana, agur deip piaḋ nac ḃṗuil ḋamṗóip eile i n-Eipinn ċoṁ maiṫ leip: buḋ maiṫ liom a ṗeicpint ag ḋamṗa.

MÁIRE.—Ġpáin go deó ap an mbiṫeamnac! Tá'p agam-pa go pó maiṫ cia 'n cineál atá ann, map bí ṗórt caṗṫanaip ioip é péin agur an ċéad-ṗeap do bí agam-pa, agur ip minic ċualaiḋ mé ó Ḋiarmuiḋ boċt (go nḋéanaiḋ Día tṗócaire air!) cia 'n ṗórt duine bí ann. Bí pé 'na máġistip ṗgoile, ṗíop i gConnacṫaiḃ, acṫ bíoḋ h-uile ċlear aige buḋ ṁeapa ná a ċéile. Ag ṗíop-déanaṁ aḃrán do bíoḋ pé, agur ag ól uipge beaṫa, agur ag cup imiṗ ap bun ameapg na gcómaṗpan le n-a ċuid cainte. Deip piaḋ nac ḃṗuil bean in ṗna cúig cúigiḃ nac mealḷpaḋ pé. Ip meapa é ná Ḋómnall na Ġréine paḋ ó. Acṫ buḋ é deipeaḋ an ṗgéil gup puaig é n paġapt amac ap an bpapṗáipte é ap paḋ. Puaip pé áit eile ann pin, acṫ lean pé do na cleapannaiḃ céadna, gup puaigeaḋ amac apíp é, agur apíp eile, leip. Agur anoip ní'l áit ná teac ná ḋaḋaiḋ aige acṫ é beiṫ ag gaḃail na típe, ag déanaṁ aḃrán agur ag páġail lóiptín na h-oíḋċe ó na ḋaoiniḃ. Ni ḋiúl-tóċaiḋ duine ap bit é, map tá paiṫċíop oppa poiṁe. Ip mór an pile é, agur b'éiḋip go nḋéanpaḋ pé pann opt do ġpeamóċaḋ go deó ḋuit, dá gcuipfeá peapg aip.

SÍĠLE.—Go bṗóinniḋ Día oppainn. Acṫ cpéad do ċuġ arteaċ anoċt é?

MÁIRE.—Bí pé ag tairteal na típe, agur ċualaiḋ pé go paiḃ ḋamṗa le beiṫ ann po, agur táinig pé arteaċ, map bí eólap aige oppainn,—bí pé móp go leóp le mo ċéad-ṗeap. Ip ionġantaċ map tá pé ag déanaṁ amac a ṗlige-beaṫa, ċop ap bit, agur gan aige acṫ a ċuid aḃrán. Deip piaḋ nac ḃṗuil áit a paċaiḋ pé nac ḋtuġann na mná gpáḋ, agur nac ḋtuġann na fir puaṫ ḋó.

SÍĠLE [ag breiṫ ap ġualainn Máipe].—Iompuiġ do ċeann, a Máipe, feuch é anoip; é péin agur ḋ' inġean-pa, agur an dá iloiġionn buailte apa ċéile. Tá pé tap éip aḃrán do déanaṁ ḋi, agur tá pé ḋ'á múnaḋ ḋi ag coġaṁnuiġ in a cluaip. Óna, an biṫeamnac! béiḋ pé ag cup a ċuid pirpeóg ap Úna anoip.

MÁIRE.—Oċ ón! go deó! Nac mi-áḋamail táinig pé! Tá pé ag caint le Úna h-uile ṁóimiḋ ó táinig pé arteaċ, trí uaipe ó foin. Rinne mé mo ḋiṫċioll le n-a pġapaḋ ó ċéile, acṫ ċeip pé opm. Tá Úna boċt tuġṫa do h-uile pórt pean-aḃrán agur pean-páiméip de pġéalcaiḃ, agur ip binn leip an gcpéatúip beiṫ ag éipteaċt leip, map tá béal aige pin do bpéagpaḋ an pmóiaċ de'n ċpaoiḃ: Tá'p agad go bṗuil an póṗaḋ péiḋte pocpuiġte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching* MAURYA *by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him The marriage is settled between herself and

roir Úna agus Séamar O h-Iarlainn ann rin, ráiṫe ó'n lá inoiú: feuċ Séamus boċt ag an doṁus agus é ag fairge orra. Tá bṫón agus ceannfaoi air. Ir fuṁus a feicfinn go mbuḋ ṁaiṫ le Séamus an rgiaṁḋe rin do ṫaċtaḋ an móimid reo. Tá faiṫċior mór oṁ go mbéiḋ an ceann iompuiġṫe ar Úna le n-a ċuid ḃlaḋaireaċt. Coṁ cinnte a'r tá mé beó, tiucfaiḋ oíc ar an oiḋċe reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus naċ bfeaḋfá a ċur amaċ?

MÁIRE.—D'féaḋfainn; ní'l duine ann ro do ċuideóċaḋ leir, muna mbeiṫ bean no dó. Aċt ir file mór é, agus tá mallaċt aiġe do rgoiltreaḋ na crainn agus do féabfaḋ na cloca. Deir riaḋ go loḃtann an fíol in ran talaṁ, agus go n-imtiġeann a gcuid ḃainne ó na bat nuair ṫugann file mar é rin a mallaċt doíḃ, má ruaiġeann duine ar an teaċ é. Aċt tá mbeiṫ ré amuiġ, mire mo ḃannuiḋe naċ leigfinn arteaċ arír é.

SÍGLE.—Tá raċaḋ ré féin amaċ go toileaṁail. ní beiṫ aon ḃriġ in a ċuid mallaċt ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beiṫ. Aċt ní raċaiḋ ré amaċ go toileaṁail, agus ní tiġ liom-ra a ruaġaḋ amaċ ar eagla a mallaċt.

SÍGLE.—feuċ Séamus boċt. Tá ré dul anonn go h-Úna.

[éirigeann Séamus 7 téiḋeann ré go h-Úna.]

SÉAMUS.—An noaṁróċaiḋ tú an fíl reo liom-ra, a Úna, nuair béiḋear an fíobaire féiḋ.

MAC UI h-ANN [as éirġe].—Ir mire Tomár O h-Annraċáin, agus tá mé ag labairt le Úna Ní Rioġáin anoir, agus ċoṁ fad agus béiḋear fonn uirre-re beiṫ ag caint liom-ra ní leigfiḋ mé d'aon duine eile do ṫeaċt eadrainn.

SÉAMUS [gan aire ar Mac Ui h-Annraċáin].—Naċ noaṁróċaiḋ tú liom, a Úna?

MAC UI h-ANN [go fíoċmar].—Nár ḋubairt mé leat anoir gur liom-ra do bí Úna Ní Rioġáin ag caint? Imtiġ leat ar an móimid, a bodaig, agus ná tóg clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A Úna——

MAC UI h-ANN [as béicil].—fág rin!

[Imtiġeann Séamar agus tig ré go dtí an beirt fean-ṁnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A Ṁáire Ní Rioġáin, tá mé ag iarraiḋ ceaḋ oirra an rgiairte mí-áḋaṁail meirgeaṁail rin do ċaiteaṁ amaċ ar an tiġ. Má leigeann tú ḋam, cuirfiḋ mire agus mo beirt ḋeaṙḃráṫar amaċ é, agus nuair béiḋear ré amuiġ roċróċaiḋ mire leir.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

Sheela.—And couldn't you put him out?

Maurya.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

Sheela.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

Maurya.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

Sheela.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [Sheamus *gets up and goes over to her.*]

Sheamus.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

Hanrahan (*rising up*)—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

Sheamus (*without heeding* Hanrahan).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

Hanrahan (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

Sheamus.—Oona——

Hanrahan (*shouting*).—Leave that! (Sheamus *goes away and comes over to the two old women*).

Sheamus.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O! a Ṡéamair, ná ḋéan. Tá faitċíor orm roime; Tá mallaċt aiġe rin oo rgoiltreaḋ na cnainn, oeir riaḋ.

SÉAMAS.—Ir cuma liom má tá mallaċt aiġe oo leaġraḋ na rpéarta. Ir orm-ra tuitfiḋ ré, agur cuirim mo ḋúḃrlán raoi. Oá marḃóċaḋ ré mé ar an móimeo ní leigfiḋ mé ḋó a ċuro pirtreóġ oo ċur ar Úna. A Mháire, taḃair 'm ceaḋ.

SÍĠLE.—Ná ḋéan rin, a Ṡéamuir, tá cómairle níor feárr 'ná rin agam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle í rin?

SÍĠLE.—Tá rliġe in mo ċeann agam le n-a ċur amaċ. Má leanann riḃ-re mo cómairle-re raċaiḋ re féin amaċ ċom rocair le uan, ḋ'á ṫoil féin, agur nuair ġeoḃaiḋ riḃ amuiġ é, ḃuailiḋ an ḋorur air, agur ná leigiḋ arteaċ arír go bráṫ é.

MÁIRE.—Raṫ ó Ḋia ort, agur innir ḋam cad é tá in oo ċeann.

SÍĠLE.—Ḋéanramaoio é com ḋeas agur com rimpi ḋe agur connaic tú riam. Cuirfimio é ag caraḋ ruġáin go bruiġimio amuiġ é, agur ḃuailfimio an ḋorur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Ir forur a ráḋ, acċ ní forur a ḋéanam. Ḋéanfaiḋ ré leaṫ "ḋéan ruġán, ṫú féin."

SÍĠLE.—Ḋéanramaoio, ann rin, naċ bracaiḋ ouine ar biṫ ann ro ruġán féin riam, naċ bruil ouine ar biṫ an ran tiġ ar féioir leir ceann aca ḋéanam.

SÉAMUS.—Acċ an gcreiofiḋ ré ruo mar rin—naċ bracamar ruġán riam?

SÍĠLE.—An gcreiofiḋ ré, an eaḋ? Creiofiḋ ré ruo ar biṫ, creioreaḋ ré go raiḃ ré féin 'na riġ ar Éirinn nuair aṫá Glaine óiṫe aiġe, mar aṫá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Acċ cad é an croiceann ċuirfear rinn ar an mbréiġ reo,—go bruil ruġán féin ag tearṫál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar croicionn oo ċur air rin, a Ṡéamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Ḋéanfaiḋ mé go bruil an ġaoṫ ag eirriġe agur go bruil cúmaċ an tiġe ḋ'á rguabaḋ leir an rtoirm, agur go gcaiṫfimio ruġán ċarrainġt air.

MÁIRE.—Acċ má éirteann ré ag an ḋorur béiḋ fior aiġe naċ bruil ġaoṫ ná rtoirm ann. Smuain ar croicionn eile, a Ṡéamuir.

SÍĠLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart agam-ra. Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

bruil cóirte leaṫa aṫ bun an cnuic, aguṙ ṫo bruil riaḋ aṫ iaṙṙaiḋ ruġáin leir an ṫcóirte ḋo leaṙuġaḋ. Ní ṫeicpiḋ ṙé ċom raḋa rin ó'n ḋoṙur, aguṙ ní béiḋ ṫior aiṫe naċ ṫior é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ṙṫéal, a Síġle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, ġaḃ imeaṙṫ na nḋaoine aguṙ leiṫ an ṙún i ó. Innir ḋóiḃ caḋ tá aca le ráḋ—naċ bṙacaiḋ ḋuine aṙ bit ran tír reo ruġán féin riaṁ—aguṙ cuir cṙoicionn maiṫ aṙ an mbṙéiṫ, tú féin.

[Imtiġeann Séamuṙ ó ḋuine ṫo ḋuine aṫ coṫaṙnaiġ leó. Toṙaiġeann cuiḋ aca aṫ ġáire. Taġann an ṙiobaire aguṙ toṙuiġeann ré aṫ reinm. Éiriġeann tri no ceaṫṙar ḋe ċúṙlaċaiḃ, aguṙ toṙuiġeann riaḋ aṫ ḋaṁra. Imtiġeann Séamaṙ amach.]

MAC UI h-ANN. [aṫ éiriġe taṙ éir a beiṫ aṫ ṙéaċaint oṙṙa aṙ ṙeaḋ cúṙla móimiḋ.]—Pruit! ṙtopaġaiḋ! An ḋtuġann riḃ ḋaṁra aṙ an ṙtṙaṙaireaċt rin! Tá riḃ aṫ bualaḋ an uṙláiṙ maṙ beiṫ an oireaḋ rin ḋ'eallaċ. Tá riḃ ċom trom lé bulláin, aguṙ ċom ciotaċ le araiṫ. Ṫo ḋtaċtaṙ mo ṙiobán ḋá mb'ṙeaṙṙ liom beiṫ aṫ ṙéaċaint oṙṙaiḋ 'ná aṙ an oireaḋ rin laċain baċaċ, aṫ lé:mniġ aṙ leaṫ-ċoir aṙ ṙuḋ an tiġe! Páġaiḋ an t-uṙláṙ ṙá Úna Ní Rioġáin aguṙ ṙúm-ṙa.

ṙEAR [aṫá ḋul aṫ ḋaṁra].—Aguṙ caḋ ṙáṫ a bṙáġṙamaoir an t-uṙláṙ ṙúṫ-ṙa?

MAC UI h-ANN.—Tá an eala aṙ bṙuaċ na toinne, tá an Phoénicṙ Rioġḋa, tá péaṙla an bṙoillaiġ báin, tá an Bénuṙ ameaṙṫ na mban, tá Úna Ní Rioġáin aṫ reaṙaṁ ruaṙ liom-ṙa, aguṙ áit aṙ bit a n-éiriġeann riṙe ruaṙ úṁluiġeann an ġealaċ aguṙ an ġṙian féin oí, aguṙ úṁlóċaiḋ riḃ-ṙe. Tá ṙí ṙó áluinn aguṙ ṙó ṙṙéiṙeaṁail le h-aon ḃean eile ḋo beiṫ 'na h-aice. Aċt ran ṫo póil, ṙul tairbeánaim ḋaoiḃ maṙ ġniḋeann an buaċaill bṙeaġ Connaċtaċ ṙinnce, ḋéaṙṙaiḋ mé an t-aḃṙán ḋaoiḃ ḋo ṙinne mé ḋo Reult Ċúige Múṁan—ḋ'Úna Ní Rioġáin. Éiriġ, a ġṙian na mban, aguṙ ḋéaṙṙamaoiḋ an t-aḃṙán le céile, ġaċ le ḃéaṙṙa, aguṙ ann rin múinṙimiḋ ḋóiḃ caḋ é ir ṙinnce ṙíneannaċ ann.

[Eiriġeann riaḋ 7 ġaḃaiḋ aḃṙán.]

MAC UI h-ANN.

'Sí Úna bán, na ġruaiġe buiḋe,
An ċúilṙionn 'ċráḋ in mo láṙ mo ċroiḋe,
Ir ire mo ṙún, 'ṙ mo ċumann ṫo buan,
Ir cuma liom ċoiḋċe ḃean aċt í.

ÚNA.

A báiṙḋ na ṙúile ḋuiḃe, ir tú
Ṙuaiṙ buaiḋ in ran raoġal a'ṙ clú,
Ṫoiṙim ḋo béal, a'ṙ molaim tú féin,
Do ċuiṙiṙ mo ċroiḋe in mo ċléiḃ amúġ.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS *goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.*]

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phœnix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA *rises*).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UÍ H-ANN.

'Sí Úna bán na ġṙuaiġe óiṁ,
Mo ṙeaṙc, mo ċumann, mo ġṙáḋ, mo ṙtóṁ,
Racaiḋ ṙí féin le n-a báṙd i ġcéin,
Do loiṫ ṙí a ċṙoiḋe in a ċléiḃ ġo móṁ.

ÚNA.

Níoṁ bṙaṫa oiḋċe liom, ná lá,
Aġ éiṙteaċt le do ċóṁṙáḋ bṙeáġ.
Is binne do béal ná ṙeiṁ na n-éan;
Óm' ċṙoiḋe in mo ċléiḃ do ṙuaiṙiṙ ġṙáḋ.

MAC UÍ H-ANN.

Do ṙiúḃail mé féin an doṁan iomlán,
Sacṙana, Éiṙe, an Ṙṙainc 's an Spáin,
Ní ṙacaiḋ mé féin i mbaile ná 'ġcéin
Aon ainniṙ ṙa'n nġṙéin maṙ Úna bán.

ÚNA.

Do ċualaiḋ miṙe an ċláiṙṙeaċ binn
San tṙṙáiṫ ṙin Ċoṙcaiġ, aġ ṙeiṁ linn,
Is binne ġo móṙ liom féin do ġlóṙ,
Is binne ġo móṙ do béal 'ná ṙin.

MAC UÍ H-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo ċaḋan boċt, tṙáṫ,
Níoṁ léiṙ ḋam oiḋċe ċaṙ an lá,
Ġo bṙacaiḋ mé í, do ġoiḋ mo ċṙoiḋe,
A'ṙ do ḋíbiṙ ḋíom mo bṙón 'ṙ mo ġṙáḋ.

ÚNA.

Do bí mé féin aṙ maiḋin inḋé
Aġ ṙiúḃal coiṙ coille le ṙáinne an laé,
Bí eun ann ṙin aġ ṙeiṁ ġo binn,
" Mo ġṙáḋ-ṙa an ġṙáḋ, a'ṙ naċ áluinn é! "

[Ġlaoḋ aġuṙ toṙann aġuṙ buaileann Séamuṙ O h-Iaṙainn an doṙuṙ aṙteaċ.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oċ ón í ó, ġo deó! Tá an cóiṙte móṙ leaġta aġ bun an ċnuic. Tá an mála a bṙuil liṫṙeaċa na tíṙe ann pléaṙġta, aġuṙ ní'l ṙneaṅ ná téad ná ṙópa ná daḋaiḋ aca le na ċeaṅġailt aṙíṙ. Tá ṙiaḋ aġ ġlaoḋaċ amaċ anoiṙ aṙ ṙuġáin féin do ḋéanaṁ dóiḃ—cibé póṙt ṙuiḋ é ṙin—aġuṙ deiṙ ṙiaḋ ġo mbéiṙ na liṫṙeaċa 7 an cóiṙte caillte aṙ caṙḃuiḋ ṙuġáin féin le n-a ġceaṅġailt.

MAC UÍ H-ANN.—Ná bí 'ġ áṙ mbodṙuġaḋ! Tá áṙ n-aḃṙán ṙáiḋte aġainn, aġuṙ anoiṙ támaoid ḋul aġ daṁṙa. Ní ċaġann an cóiṙte an bealaċ ṙin aṙ aon ċoṙ.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(*A shout and a noise, and* SHEAMUS O'HERAN *rushes in*).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Taġann ré an bealaċ ṙin anoiṙ—aċt iṙ ḋóiġ ġuṙ ṙtṙainṙéaṙ ċuṙa, aġuṙ naċ ḃṙuil eólaṙ aġaḋ aiṁ. Naċ ḋtaġann an cóiṙte ċaṙ an ġcnoc anoiṙ a ċóṁaṙṙanna?

1AD UILE.—Taġann, taġann ġo cinnte.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Iṙ cuma liom, a ċeaċt no ġan a ċeaċt. Aċt b'feaṙṙ liom ṙiċe cóiṙte ḃeiṫ ḃṙiṙte aṙ an mḃóṫaṙ ná ġo ġcuiṙṙeá ṗéaṙla an ḃṙollaiġ ḃáin ó ḋaṁṙa ḋúinn. Abaiṙ ċeiṙ an ġcóiṙteóiṙ ṙóṙa ḋo ċaraḋ ḋó féin.

SÉAMUS.—O muṙḋeṙ, ní ṫiġ leiṙ, tá an oiṙeaḋ ṙin ḋe fuinneaṁ aġuṙ ḋe ċeaṙ aġuṙ ḋe ṙṙṙeacaḋ aġuṙ ḋe lúṫ in ṙna caṙlaiḃ aiġeanta ṙin ġo ġcaiṫiḋ mo ċóiṙteóiṙ boċt ḃṙeiṫ aṙ a ġcinn. Iṙ aṙ éiġin-báiṙ iṙ féiḋiṙ leiṙ a ġceaṙaḋ ná a ġconġḃáil. Tá faiṫċioṙ a anam' aiṙ ġo n-eiṙeóċaiḋ ṙiaḋ in a ṁullaċ, aġuṙ ġo n-imṫeóċaiḋ ṙiaḋ uaiḋ ḋe ṙuaiġ. Tá ġaċ uile feiṫṙeaċ aṙṫa, ní facaiḋ tú ṙiaṁ a leiṫéiḋ ḋe ċaṙlaiḃ ṙiaḋáine!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Má tá, tá ḋaoine eile inṙ an ġcóiṙte a ḋéanfaṙ ṙóṙa má'ṙ éiġin ḋo'n cóiṙteóiṙ ḃeiṫ aġ ceann na ġcaṙall: faġ ṙin aġuṙ leiġ ḋúinn ḋaṁṙa.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá ṫṙiúṙ eile ann, aċt maiḋiṙ le ceann aċa, tá ré aṙ leaṫ-láiṁ, aġuṙ feaṙ eile aċa,—tá ré aġ cṙiṫ aġuṙ aġ cṙaċaḋ leiṙ an ṙġannaḋ ḟuaiṙ ré, ní ṫiġ leiṙ ṙeaṙaṁ aṙ a ḋá ċoiṙ leiṙ an eaġla aṫá aiṙ; aġuṙ maiḋiṙ leiṙ an ṫṙíoṁaḋ feaṙ ní'l ḋuine aṙ biṫ ṙin tíṙ ḋo leiġṙeaḋ an ḟocal ṙin "ṙóṙa" aṙ a ḃeul in a ṙiaḋnuiṙe, maṙ naċ le ṙóṙa ḋo cṙoċaḋ a aċaiṙ féin anuṙṙaiġ, maṙ ġeall aṙ ċaoiṁiġ ḋo ġoiḋ.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Caraḋ feaṙ aġaiḃ féin ṙuġán ḋó, maṙ ṙin, aġuṙ fáġaiḋ an t-uṙláṙ ḟúinn-ne. [Le Úna] 'Noiṙ, a ṙéiṙt na mḃan ṫaiṙḃeáṙ ḋóiḃ maṙ imṫiġeann lúnó imeaṙġ na nḋéiṫe, no Helen fá'ṙ ṙṙṁoṙaḋ an Ṫṙaoi. Ḋaṙ mo láiṁ, ó ḋ'éaġ Ḋéiṙḋṙe, fá'ṙ cuiṙeaḋ Naoiṙe mac Uiṙniġ ċum báiṙ, ní'l a ṅoiḋṙe i nÉiṙinn inḋiú aċt ṫu féin. Toṙóċamaoiḋ.

SÉAMUS.—Ná toṙaiġ, ġo mḃéiḋ an ṙuġán aġainn. Ní ṫiġ linn-ne ṙuġán ċaraḋ. Ní'l ḋuine aṙ biṫ annṙo aṙ féiḋiṙ leiṙ ṙóṙa ḋo ḋéanaṁ!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ní'l ḋuine aṙ biṫ ann ṙo aṙ féiḋiṙ leiṙ ṙóṙa ḋéanaṁ!!

1AD UILE.—Ní'l.

SÍĠLE.—Aġuṙ iṙ fíoṙ ḋaoiḃ ṙin. Ní ḋeaṙnaiḋ ḋuine aṙ biṫ inṙ an tíṙ ṙeo ṙuġán féin aṁaṁ, ní ṁeaṙaim ġo ḃṙuil ḋuine in ṙan tiġ ṙeo ḋo ċonnaiċ ceann aċa, féin, aċt miṙe. Iṙ maiṫ cuiṁniġim-ṙe, nuaiṙ naċ ṁaiḃ ionnam aċt ġiṙṙeaċ ḃeaġ ġo ḃṙaċaiḋ mé ceann aċa aṙ ġaḃaṙ ḋo ṙuġ mo ṙean-aċaiṙ leiṙ aṙ Connaċ-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; its not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To* OONA] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taiḃ: Bíoḋ na ḋaoine uile aġ ṁáḋ, "Aṁa! cia 'n ṙóṁt ṁuiḋ é ṙin ċoṁ aṁ biḃ?" aġuṙ ḋuḃaiṙt ṙeiṙean ġuṙ ṙuġán ḋo bí ann, aġuṙ ġo ġniḋíṙ na ḋaoine a leiṫéiḋ ṙin ṙíoṙ i gConnaċtaiḃ. Ḋuḃaiṙt ré ġo ṁaċaḋ ṙeaṙ aċa aġ conġḃáil an ṙéiṙ aġuṙ ṙeaṙ eile ḋ'á ċaraḋ. Conġḃóċaiḋ miṙe an ṙéaṙ anoiṙ, má ṫéiḋeann tuṙa ḋ'á ċaraḋ.

SÉAMUS.—Ḃéanṙaiḋ miṙe ġlaċ ṙéiṙ aṙ ṫeaċ:

[Imṫiġeann ré amaċ.]

MAC UI N-ANN [aġ ġaḃáil].—

Ḋéanṙaiḋ mé cáineaḋ cúiġe Múṁan,
Ní ṙáġann ṙiaḋ an t-uṙlár ṙúinn;
Ni'l ionnta caraḋ ruġáin, ṙéin!
Cúiġe Muṁan ġan ṙnaṙ ġan ṙeun!

Ġṙáin ġo ḋeó aṙ ċúiġe Múṁan,
Naċ ḃṙáġann ṙiaḋ an t-uṙlár ṙúinn;
Cúiġe Múṁan na mḃaillṙeóiṙ mḃṙéan;
Naċ ḋtiġ leó caraḋ ruġáin, ṙéin!

SÉAMUS [aṙ aiṙ].—Seó an ṙéaṙ anoiṙ:

MAC UI N-ANN.—Taḃaiṙ 'm ann ṙo é. Taiṙḃeánṙaiḋ miṙe ḋaoiḃ caḋ ḋéanṙaṙ an Connaċtaċ ḋeaġ-ṁúinte ḋeaṙláṁaċ, an Connaċtaċ cóiṙ cliṙte ciallṁaṙ, a ḃṙuil lúṫ aġuṙ lán-ṙtuaim aiġe in a láiṁ, aġuṙ ciall in a ċeann, aġuṙ coṁáiṙte in a ċṙoiḋe, aċt ġuṙ ṙeól mi-áḋ aġuṙ móṙḃuaiḋṙeaḋ an tṙaoġail é ameaṙġ leiḃiḋini cúiġe Muṁan, atá ġan aoiṙḋe ġan uaiṙle, atá ġan eólaṙ aṙ an eala ḋaṙ an laċain, no aṙ an ṓṙ ḋaṙ an ḃṙiáṙ, no aṙ an lile ḋaṙ an ḃṙóṫanán, no aṙ ṙeult na mḃán óġ, aġuṙ aṙ ṙéaṙla an ḃṙollaiġ ḃáin, ḋaṙ a ġcuiḋ ṙtṙaoille aġuṙ ġiobaċ ṙéin. Taḃaiṙ 'm ciṙin!

[Sineann ṙeaṙ maiḋe ḋó, cuiṙeann ré ṙoṙ ṙéiṙ timċioll aiṙ; toṙaiġeann ré ḋ'á ċaraḋ, aġuṙ Síġle aġ taḃaiṙt amaċ an ṙéiṙ ḋó.]

MAC UI N-ANN [aġ ġaḃail].—

Tá ṙéaṙla mná 'taḃaiṙt ṙoluiṙ ḋúinn;
Ir í mo ġṙáḋ, ir í mo ṙún,
'S í Úna ḃán, an ṙiġ-ḃean ċluin,
'S ní ċuiġiḋ na Muiṁniġ leaċ a ṙtuaim:

Atá na Muiṁniġ ṙeo ḋalltа aġ Ḋia,
Ní aiṫniġiḋ eala ḋaṙ laċa liaṫ,
Aċt tiucṙaiḋ ṙí liom-ṙa, mo Ńéilen ḃṙeáġ
Maṙ a moiṙaṙ a ṙeaṙṙa 'ṙ a ṙġéiṁ ġo ḃṙáṫ.

Aṁa! ṁuiṙe! ṁuiṙe! ṁuiṙe! Naċ é ṙeo an ḃaile ḃṙeáġ láġaċ; naċ é ṙeo an ḃaile ḋaṙ ḃáṙṙ, an ḃaile a mḃíonn an oiṙeaḋ ṙin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
They do not leave the floor to us,
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
The province of Munster without nicety, without prosperity.
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
That they do not leave us the floor;
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and* SHEELA *giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
She is my love; she is my desire;
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
These Munstermen are blinded by God.
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

póġaire cnoċta ann naċ mbíonn aon earḃuiḋ póra ar na ḋaoiniḃ, leir an méaḋ póra ġoiḋeann riaḋ ó'n ġcnoċaire Cnáiḋteaċáin atá ionnta. Tá na póraiḋ aca agus ní tuġann riaḋ uaċa iaḋ—aċt go gcuipeann riaḋ an Connaċtaċ boċt as caraḋ ruġáin ḋóiḃ! Níor ċar riaḋ ruġán féin in ran mbaile seo amaċ—agus an méaḋ ruġán cnáibe atá aca de ḃárr an ċnoċaire!

Gniḋeann Connaċtaċ ciallmar
Róra ḋó féin,
Aċt goiḋeann an Muimneaċ
Ó'n gcnoċaire é!
Go ḃfeiciḋ mé póra
Ḃneaġ cnáibe go póill
D'á fárgaḋ ar rgóigiḃ
Gaċ aoinne ann ro!

Mar ġeall ar aon mnaoi amáin d'imċigeaḋar na Gnéagaiġ, agus níor rcoraḋar agus níor mór-ċómnuigeaḋar no gur rgriosaḋar an Traoi, agus mar ġeall ar aon mnaoi amáin ḃéiḋ an baile seo ḋamanta go deó na n-ḋeóin agus go bruinne an ḃráċa, le Día na nġrás, go fíorruiḋe ruċain, nuair nár ċuigeaḋar gur ab í Úna ní Riogáin an ḋara Helen do ruġaḋ in a mearg, agus go ruġ rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Bénur, ar a ḋtáinig roimpi agus ar ḋtiucfar 'na diaiġ.

Aċt tiucfaiḋ rí liom mo ṗéarla mná
Go cúige Connaċt na n-ḋaoine ḃneáġ;
Geoḃaiḋ rí ṗéarta fíon a'r feóil,
Rinnceanna árḋa, rpórt a'r ceól.

O! muire! muire! nár éirniġiḋ an ġluan ar an mbaile seo, agus nár laraiḋ ṗéalta air, agus nár——

[Tá ré ran am ro amuiġ ċar an ḋorur. Éirniġeann na fir uile agus ḋúnaiḋ é d'aon ruaiġ amáin air. Tuġann Úna léim ċum an ḋoruir, aċt beirid na mná uirri. Téiḋeann Séamur anonn ċuici.]

ÚNA.—O! O! O! ná cuirniġiḋe amaċ é. Leiġ ar air é. Sin Tomár O h-Annraċain, ir file é, ir bárd é, ir ṗear iongantaċ é: O leiġ ar air é, ná déan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A Úna bán, agus a ċuirle ḋílear, leiġ dó. Tá ré imċiġte anoir agus a ċuid pirtreóg leir. Béiḋ ré imċiġte ar do ċeann amárach, agus béiḋ tura imċiġte ar a ċeann-ran. Naċ ḃruil fíor agat go maiṫ go mb'ṗearr liom cu 'ná céad mile Déirore, agus gur tura m'aon ṗéarla mná amáin d'á ḃruil in ran domhan.

MAC UÍ H-ANN [amuiġ, ag bualadh ar an ḋorur].—Forgail! forgail! forgail! Leigiḋ arteaċ mé. O mo ṗeaċt gcéad mile mallaċt orraiḃ,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it.* Oona *runs towards the door, but the women seize her.* Sheamus *goes over to her.*]

Oona.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

Sheamus.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

Hanrahan (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Ḃuaileann ré an ḋoṙuṙ aṙíṙ agus aṙíṙ eile:]

Mallaċt na laġ oṙṙaiḃ 'ṙ na láiṙiṙ,
Mallaċt na ṙaġaṙt agus na mḃṙáṫaṙ,
Mallaċt na n-Eaṙball agus an Ṗápa,
Mallaċt na mḃaintṙeaḃaċ 'ṙ na nġaṙlaċ:
Foṙġail! foṙġail! foṙġail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé ḃuiḋeaċ ḋíḃ a ċómaṙṙanna, agus ḃéiḋ Úna ḃuiḋeaċ ḋíḃ amaṙaċ. Ḃuail leat, a ṙġṙaiṙte! ḋéan ḋo ḋaṁṙa leat féin amuiġ ann ṙin, anoiṙ! Ní ḃṙuiġiḋ tú aṙteaċ ann ṙo! Óṙa, a ċómaṙṙanna naċ ḃṙeáġ é, ḋuine ḋo ḃeiṫ aġ éiṙteaċt leiṙ an ṙtoiṙm taoḃ amuiġ, agus é féin ġo ṙocaiṙ ṙáṙta coiṁ na teineaḋ. Ḃuail leat! Ġṙeaḋ leat. Cá 'uil Connaċt anoiṙ?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822

EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duald MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MacDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MacDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

JOHN MacDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MacDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,'" which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the Iliad it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.[1]

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

[1] This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "Anthologia Hibernica" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MacFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 ——)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
Save Doun[1] and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

[1] The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim;
But Phelim and Heber,[1] whose children betrayed it,
The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
The fleet is prepared, proud Charles[2] is commanding,
And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
And love and devotion be poured in the strain;
Ere "Samhain"[3] our chiefs shall in Temor[4] assemble,
The "Lion" protect our own pastors again.
The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation.
And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
Away! to each heart the proud tidings to tell:
Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you!
The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
Surround him! sustain! Shall the gorged goal descending
Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending?
Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe!

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
To make my good customers merry;
But at times their finances
Run short, as it chances,
And then I feel very sad, very!

Here's brandy! Come, fill up your tumbler;
Or ale, if your liking be humbler;
And, while you've a shilling,
Keep filling and swilling—
A fig for the growls of the grumbler!

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure;
When Margery's bringing
The glass, I like singing
With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation! I pour a libation,
I sing the past fame of our nation;
For valorous glory,
For song and for story,
This, this, is my grand recreation.

[1] Renegade Irish who joined the foe. [2] The Pretender.
[3] The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. [4] Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisetown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of smallpox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

Referring to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Rumold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

"'SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brIghtest and whItest
LOW lIes on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sIghts to be seen,
Both hIghlands and Islands
THERE sIgh for the Queen.'"

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic épopées, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian [1] was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called Leabhar na Féinne, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior; another is called Ossian's madness; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odyssic type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic épopées, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

[1] In Irish *Oisin*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

Richard Stanihurst was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "De rebus in Hibernia gestis" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "Descriptio Hiberniæ," which is to be found in "Holinshed's Chronicle," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "De Vita S. Patricii" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "Hebdomada Mariana" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "Hebdomada Eucharistica" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "The Principles of the Catholic Religion"; "The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

Little is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

Father Dinneen is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

Mr. James J. Doyle, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 ($125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

Thomas Hayes was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891–92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oircachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchalh Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called Sgeuliugheacht Chírige Mumham, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

Mr. P. J. O'Shea is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Teampole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others

IRELAND
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40
Railroads
Steamship Routes
Canals
Battlefields
Size of type indicates relative importance of places
SCOTLAND
CANTIRE
Campbeltown
Mull of Cantire
North Channel
Irish Sea
Atlantic Ocean
Londonderry
LONDONDERRY
DONEGAL
TYRONE
ANTRIM
DOWN
ARMAGH
FERMANAGH
Enniskillen
MONAGHAN
CAVAN
LEITRIM
SLIGO
MAYO
GALWAY
ROSCOMMON
LONGFORD
LOUTH
MEATH
Strabane
Omagh
Belfast
Newry
Dundalk
Drogheda
Sligo
Castlebar
Westport
Ballinasloe
Carrick on Shannon
Boyle
Longford
Donegal Bay
Clew Bay
Lough Neagh
Belfast Lough
Carrickfergus
Black Hd.
Garron Hd.
Fair Hd.
Benmore Hd.
White Hd.
Giants Causeway
Bengore Hd.
Inishowen Hd.
Malin Hd.
Glengad Hd.
Dunaff Hd.
Fanad Pt.
Bloody Foreland
Dawros Hd.
Teelin Hd.
Carrigan Hd.
Erris Hd.
The Mullet
Achil Hd.
Emlagh Pt.
Clare I.
Aran I.
Tory I.
Mull of Cantire

ATLANTIC
Maoe Hd.
St. Macdarras
Golam Hd.
Galway
Galway Bay
Black Hd.
Islands of Aran
Inishmaan
Inishmore
Hags Hd.
Mal Bay
Mutton I.
Dunbeg B.
Donegal Pt.
Kilkee
Loop Hd.
Kerry Hd.
Brandon Hd.
Brandon B.
Mt Brandon
Smerwick Har.
Dunmore Hd.
Dingle Bay
Bray Hd.
Valencia I.
Bolus Hd.
Kenmare R.
Scariff
Quoylach B.
Cods Hd.
Bear I.
Bull Rks.
Bantry Bay
Sheep Hd.
Dursey I.
Mizzen Hd.
Crook Haven
Long Island B.
Cape Clear
C. Clear I.
Skerkin I.
Baltimore
Toe Hd.
Glandore Har.
Castletownsend
Gally Hd.
Seven Hds.
Courtmacsherry B.
Old Hd. of Kinsale
Kinsale Har.
Cork Harbor
Ram Hd.
Youghal B.
Knockadoon Hd.
Ardmore B.
Dungarvan B.
Heluick Hd.
Hook Hd.
Tuskar Rk.
Carnsore Pt.
Greenore Pt.
Wicklow Hd.
Mizen Hd.
Kilmichael Pt.
Cahore Pt.
Wexford Haven
Wexford B.
Blackwater
Lough Derg
Shannon R.
Fergus R.
Feale R.
Maine R.
Lee R.
Blackwater R.
Suir R.
Barrow R.
Nore R.
Slaney R.
Liffey R.
Boyne R.
Dodder R.
Dublin B.
Howth Hd.
Kingstown
Dalkey Is.
Killiney
Bray
Newton Mt.Kennedy
Wicklow
Arklow
Gorey
Riverchapel
Courtown
Ballycanew
Ferns
Enniscorthy
Wexford
Duncannon
Passage
Waterford
Dungarvan
Youghal
Cork
Queenstown
Kinsale
Bandon
Skibbereen
Clonakilty
Roscarberry
Dunmanus B.
Crookhaven
Castletownbere
Kenmare
Killarney
Lakes of
Tralee
Dingle
Listowel
Ballybunnion
Tarbert
Kilrush
Ennis
Scattery I.
Limerick
Tipperary
Clonmel
Carrick
Cahir
Thurles
Cashel
Roscrea
Nenagh
Templemore
Borrisoleigh
Ballinasloe
Athlone
Tullamore
Philipstown
Kilbeggan
Mullingar
Longford
Granard
Edgeworthstown
Carrick-on-Shannon
Boyle
Sligo
Ballina
Killala
Belmullet
Erris Hd.
Achill I.
Clew Bay
Westport
Newport
Castlebar
Ballinrobe
Tuam
Athenry
Loughrea
Gort
Ardrahan
Kinvarra
Kilcolgan
Oranmore
Clarenbridge
Kilconnel
Aughrim
Ballinasloe
Portumna
Lough Derg
Killaloe
Scarriff
Tulla
Ennistymon
Lisdoonvarna
Kilfenora
Corofin
Ennis
Clare
Limerick
Kilkenny
Carlow
Kildare
Naas
Athy
Maryborough
Portarlington
Portlaoighise
Abbeyleix
Durrow
Castledermot
Baltinglass
Wicklow
Rathdrum
Arklow
Gorey
Enniscorthy
Wexford
Duncannon

GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL (*A bhuachaill*).....Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ !.....To victory ! Hurrah !
A CHARA, A CHORRA.....Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN (*a chuilin ban*).....her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA (*a chuisle*) vein—ACUSHLA MACHREE.....Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (*a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe*).....O pulse and treasure of my heart !
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (*a chuisle geal mo chroidhe*).....O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH (*a ghradh*).....Love, my love.
A-HAGUR (*a theagair*).....O dear friend ! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON (*Eibhlin a ruin*).....Ellen, dear.
ALANNA (*a leinbh*).....child.
ALAUN.....a lout.
ALPEEN (*alpin*).....a stick.
AN CHAITEOG.....The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN (*an chuileann*).....the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE (*aindiseoir*).....a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON.....the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH.....wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL (*a ghradh geal*).....O bright love !
AROON (*a ruin*).....O secret love ! beloved, sweetheart.
ARRAH (*ar' eadh*).....(literally, Was it?) Indeed !
ARTH-LOOGHRA (*arc luachra* or *arc-sleibhe*)..a lizard.
ASTHORE (*a stoir*).....Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (*a stoir mo chroidhe*)..Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (*a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe*).....Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SUILISH MACHREE (*a sholais mo chroidhe*) Light of my heart.
A THAISGE.....Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
AVIC (*a mhic*).....Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN (*a mhuirnin*).....Darling.

BAITHERSHIN (*b'fheidir sin*).....That is possible ! Likely, indeed ! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN.....scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE (*bean-an-tighe*).....woman of the house.
BANSHEE (*bean-sidhe*) (literally, fairy-woman).....the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

BANSHEE (*bean sidhe*).....fairy woman.
BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.
BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.
BAWN, BADHUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
BEAN AN FHIR RUAIDH.....the red-haired man's wife.
BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!
BEAN SHEE (*bean sidhe*). See BANSHEE.
BEINNSIN LAUCHRA..... little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.
BIREDH (*baireadh*).....a cap.
BLADDHERANG — BLATHERING (from *bladaire*).....flattering.
BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
BOCCAGH (*bacach*)..... a cripple, a beggar.
BOCCATY (*bacaide*).....anything lame.
BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.
BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.
BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.
BOLLHOUS.....rumpus.
BONNOCHT (*buanadh*).....a billeted soldier.
BOREEN (*boithrin*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.
BOUCHAL (*buachaill*).....a boy.
BOUCHELLEEN BAWN (*buachaillin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.
BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.
BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.
BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.
BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.
BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.

CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.
CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
CAILIN OG.....a young girl.
CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.
CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.
CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.
CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.
CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.
CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.
CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.
CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.
CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipin dearg*).....a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (*caibin*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *Cannawaun.*
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acheann dubh dhilis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH.....harp.
CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (*clochan*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (*coileainin*).....a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)....a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (*cailin ban*).....a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (*cailin deas*).....pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOTHA NABO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *donn*, brown.
COLLEEN RUE (*cailin ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.
COLLOGUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.
COLUIM CUIL (*St. Columbcille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (*cuilin*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cul*, back.
COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.
COULAAN (*cuileann*).....a head of hair.
CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEVEEN (*Chraoibhin aoibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (*croimbheal*).....a mustache.
CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.
CROPPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (*crosan*).....gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (*crub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL.....Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
CRUISTIN.....throwing.
CRUIT.....a harp.
CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.
CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.
CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!
CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*)..Pulse of my heart.
CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.

DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child; also a puppy.
DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*).....By Christ!
DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.
DAWNSHEE (from *damhainsi*).....acuteness.
DEESHY.....small, delicate.
DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RIOGH.....Health to the King!
DHUDEEN (*duidin*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.
DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.
DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*).....the good people, the fairies.
DOONY. See DAUNY.
DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o! mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.
DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhileas*).....Dear brown cow.
DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.
DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.
DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.
DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.
DROLEEN (*dreoilin*).....the wren.
DROOTH.....thirst (*cf.* "drought").

EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.
EIBHUL (*uibeal*).....clew.
ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
ERIC (*eiric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.
ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.

FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.
FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh!*
FAUGHED.....despised.
FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.
FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.
FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass; a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.

FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.
FUIRSEOIR.....a juggler, buffoon.

GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.
GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; *i.e.* Farewell.
GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
GORSOON, GOSSOON (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE. MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.
GRAWLS.....children.
GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.

GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

HULLAGONE (*Uaill a chan*).....an Irish wail, grief, woe.

IAR CONNAUGHT.....Western Connaught.
INAGH (*An-eadh*).....Is it? Indeed.
INCH (*inse*).....an island.
IRISHIAN.....(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.

JACKEEN.....a fop, a cad, a trickster.

KATHALEEN BAWN (*Caitlin ban*).....Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILLE FAULTE (*cead mile failte*).....A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE.....the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO.....Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS.....sly tricks.
KINKORA (*Cionn Coradh*).....“The Head of the Weir,” the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN (*cipin*).....a bit of a stick.
KISH (*ceis*).....a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE (*cuiseog*).....a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN.....anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE (*ciotog*).....the left hand.
KNOCKAWN (*cnocan*).....a hillock.
KNOCK CUHTHE (*cnoc coise*).....the mountain-like foot.

LAN.....full.
LANNA.....*i.e. alanna*, child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH (*Lan an Mhala*).....the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE.....Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA.....a platform or deck.
LENAUN (*leanan*).....a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN.....a mischievous elf or fairy.[1]
LONNEYS.....expression of surprise.
LULLALO (*Liuigh liuigh leo*).....Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES (*lus mor*).....a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.

MA BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
MACHREE (*mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO.....“The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow,” a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH (*amach go bragh*).....out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL (*Mo chorp on deabhal*)..My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE.....to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN (*Mo mhuirnin*).....My darling.
MERIN (*meirin*).....a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDHER (*mile murder*).....A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTHER.....A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON.....My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (*Mo chraoibhin cno*)...My little branch of nuts.

[1] The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

Mo croidhe (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
Moidhered.....same as "bothered."
Mo leun (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
Mo mhuirnin.....My darling.
Monadaun (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
Mononia (Munster).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
Moreen (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
Moryah (*mar 'dh eadh*).....but for.
Moy mell (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
Mulvathered.....worried.
Musha (*Ma is eadh*).....well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!

Nach mbaineann sin do.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
Neil Dhuv (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
Nharrough (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
Nigi (*naoi*).....nine.
Ni mheallfar me aris.....I shall not be deceived again.
Nora creina (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).

Och hone.....exclamation expressing grief.
Ochone Machree (*Ochon mo chroidhe*).....Alas, my heart!
Oge (*og*).....young.
Oh, magra hu, Ma grienchree hu (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*.....O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
Ollaves (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
Omadhaun (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
Oro.....an exclamation.
Owna bwee (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
Owny na coppal (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.

Padhereens (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
Pastheen finn (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
Pattern.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
Paudareens. See Padhereens.
Paugh.....flutter, panting.
Pearla an bhrollaigh bhain.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
Phaidrig na Pib (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
Phillalew (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
Pincin. See Pinkeen.
Pinkeen (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
Planxty (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
Pogue (*pog*).....a kiss.
Polshee.....diminutive of Polly.
Polthoge (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.
Poreens (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

POTEEN (*poitin*).....(literally, a little pot) a still; hence illicit whisky.

RANN .....a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATH.....a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ireland, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS (*Righ Seamus*).....King James.
RHUA (*ruadh*).....red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBH.....Black Little Rose.
ROSE GALB (*Roise Geal*).....Fair Rose.
RORY OGE (*Ruaidhri og*).....young Rory.

SALACHS (*salach*) .....dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES (*saileog*).....a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*'S amhuirnin dhilis*)And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from *scalp*).....a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT (*scud*).....a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*).....poor old woman.
SHAMOUS (*Seamus*) .....James.
SHAN DHU.....dark John.
SHAN MORE.....big John.
SHANE RUADH.....red-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
SHAROOSE (*Searbhas*) .....bitterness.
SHEBEEN (*sibin*).....a place for sale of liquor, generally illicit.
SHEEIN.....young pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH (*Sighle*).....Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Si Molly mo stor*)..It 's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ni Ghadhra*).....Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*).....red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLOO.....a shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Seoithin seoidh*) Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLING.....strolling, wandering. From the word *siubhal*, tramping.
SHOUGH (*seach*).....a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN (*'Seadh go deimhin*).....Yes, indeed!
SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... .....Walk, love; *i.e.* Come, my love.
SHULERS (*siubhaloir*, a walker) .....tramps.
SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....Up with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN .....Bright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*).....Health forever!
SLAN LEAT!.....Adieu! Farewell!
SLEEVEEN.....a sly, cunning fellow. From *sliobh*, sly.
SLEWSTHERING.....flattering.
SLIABH NA M-BAN.....The Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHER.....to break. From *smiot*, a fragment.
SMIDDHEREENS .....small fragments. Probably from *smiot*, as above.

SMULLUCK (*smullog*).....a fillip.
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*).....Dear Priest!
SONSY.....happy, pleasant. Probably from *sonas*, happiness.
SOOTHER.....to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINS.....soul.
SPAEMAN.....fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*).....a common laborer; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.
SPARTH (*spairt*).....wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*).....a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*).....an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (*straoileadh*).....a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*).....a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAIGING.....rambling.
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*).....a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE.....a sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*).....a rope of hay or straw.

TARBH.....bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*).....My soul to God!
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*).....Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*).....a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*).....an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (*tulach*).....small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*).....Land under the wave—Holland.
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*).....Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*).....Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (*troman*).....a reel on a spindle.
TUG.....the middleband of a flail.

UCHLUAIM.....the breast or front hem of a sail.
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
USHA. See MUSHA (*mhuise*).

VO.....Alas! Oine, ay de mi!

WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*).....O treasure.
WEESHEE (*weeshy*).....little. From *wee*.
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
WHAT *Hollg* IS ON YOU?.....What are you about?
WIRRASTHRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*).....O Mary, it is sad! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*).....Mary! 't is a pity!
WISHA. See MUSHA.
WOMMASIN.....strolling.
WURRA (*A Mhuire*).....O Mary! (*i.e.* the Blessed Virgin).

YEOS.....(English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

THE FOLLOWING SHOWS THE TYPOGRAPHICAL PLAN:

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First line of poetry — Am I the slave they say?

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